Jan. 13, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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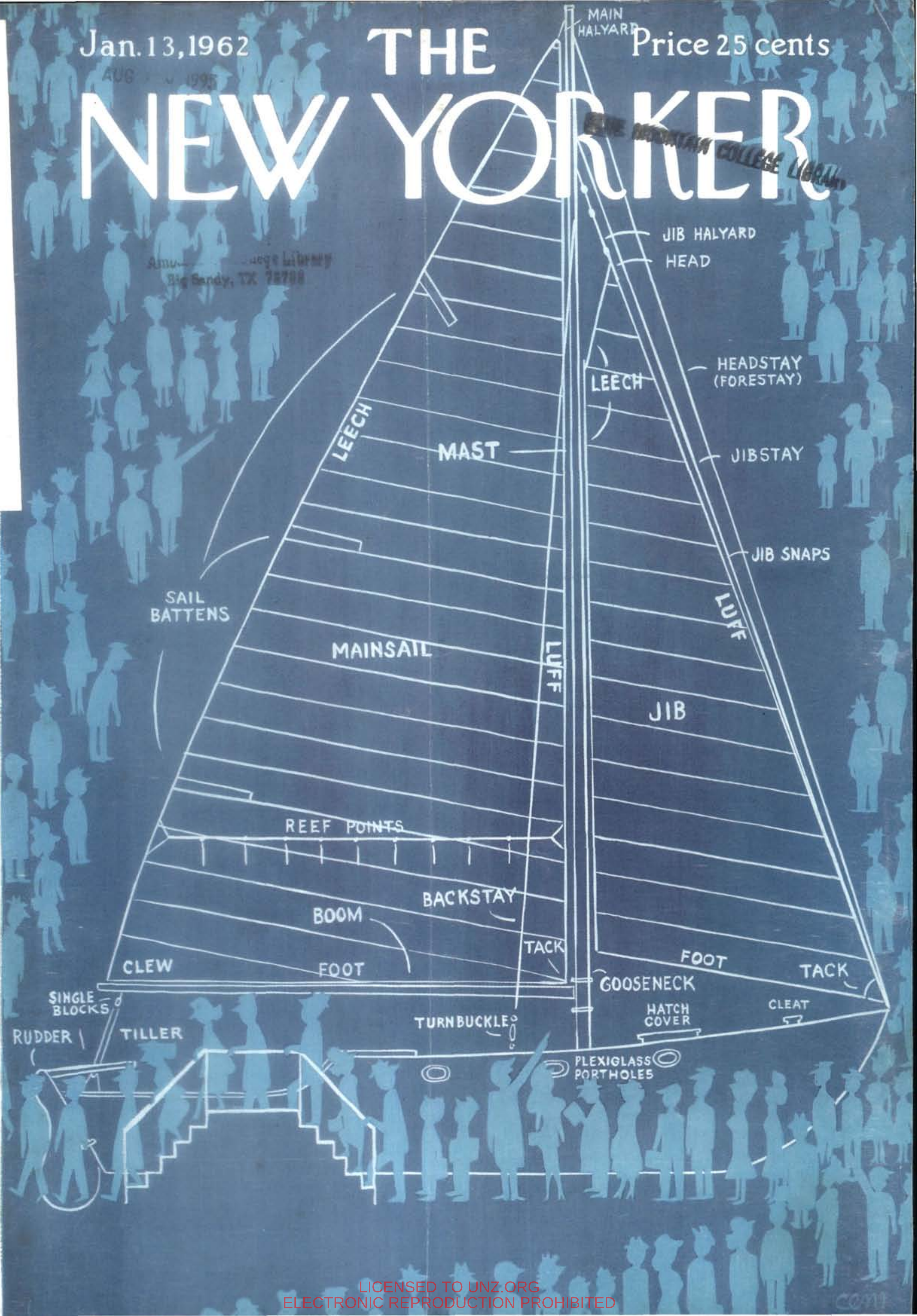
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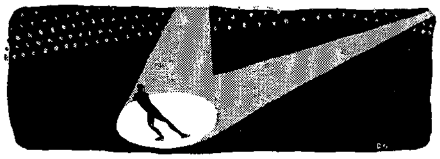
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caretaker—A moth-eaten tramp moves in on two brothers in London, and the results, whether comic or dreadful or puzzling, are consistently fascinating. The playwright is Harold Pinter; the actors are Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alex Davion; and the director is Donald McWhinnie. All of them are English imports of the highest quality. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Complaisant Lover—Graham Greene's comedy about a dentist in England who is cuckolded by a second-hand-book dealer is intermittently funny, being at its best in a broadly farcical scene in a hotel bedroom, where Michael Redgrave, as the dentist; Googie Withers, as the wife; Richard Johnson, as the lover; and Gene Wilder, as a valet, and Bert Nelson, as a friend of the husband, get into a hilarious entanglement. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

First Love—The theme here is Momism, French-style. Samuel Taylor's adaptation of Romain Gary's memoir, "Promise at Dawn," describes the antics of a doting mother who is dedicated to the proposition that her son is the greatest man in the world, but there is really not enough dramatic tension to see the thing through. Lili Darvas is the mother, and Hugh O'Brian is the son. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 13.)

Giants, Sons of Giants—A play written and directed by Joseph Kramm, with Nancy Kelly and Claude Dauphin. The producers are Charles A. Totero and William F. Cioffi. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—A Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky in which Fredric March, as a Lord both wrathful and whimsical, tries to make Douglas Campbell, as Gideon, appreciate the fact that a lover of God has to put all traces of selfish pride behind him. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and is acted with enthusiasm by the large cast. However, the central idea grows a trifle thin before the drama has run its course. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—It's a good bet that this is the best play you'll encounter all year. The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably assisted by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, Jack Creley, David J. Stewart, and, particularly, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, where are assembled an unfrocked minister, a lusty widow who runs the establishment, an ancient poet and his granddaughter, and a number of other types from Mr. Williams' zoo. Patrick O'Neal is the former cleric, Bette Davis is the carnal proprietress, and Alan Webb and Margaret Leighton are the poet and his granddaughter. They are all quite estimable, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable ancient. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—A sketch of Lawrence of Arabia, told in flashbacks from the time he was allegedly seeking anonymity as an obscure airman at an English base to the days of his glory as the terror of the Turks. John Mills is arresting as the hero of the play by Terence Rattigan, but the main question about T. E. Lawrence—was he a fake or a genius, or maybe a bit of both?—is never satisfactorily resolved. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama (adapted by Harry Kurnitz from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard) in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 14.)

Something About a Soldier—Adapted by Ernest Kinoy from a novel by Mark Harris, this odd commingling of standard Army comedy and offbeat mysticism winds up with a bright Jewish recruit being tossed into the safety of a psychiatric ward because his captain thinks it would be a shame for him to be slaughtered when he has such interesting views on peace. Sal Mineo is appealing as the recruit, Kevin McCarthy is almost convincing (quite a trick) as the captain, and Ralph Meeker, Gretchen Walther, and the others in the cast make up a most praiseworthy crew. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A girl's difficulty in remaining virginal and still keeping the boys on edge is explored relentlessly in the first act of this endeavor by Norman Krasna; the second act affords a funny fifteen-minute relief. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play, written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—Although this homicidal exercise by Frederick Knott may not be as tense as his "Dial 'M' for Murder," it is full of the tantalizing complications so dear to the hearts of mystery-drama fanciers. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies do well in the leading roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy, by Jean Kerr, has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Egg—Dick Shawn in Félicien Marceau's comedy, translated by Robert Schlitt. Directed by Lamont Johnson and produced by Alexander Ince, Zev Bufman, and Pierre Cossette. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Romulus—A comedy by Gore Vidal, based on Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play and starring Cyril Ritchard, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Howard Da Silva. Presented by Roger L. Stevens, in association with Henry Guettel, and staged by Joseph Anthony. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Gay Life—The title is completely misleading, but Barbara Cook, who is adrift in the torpid atmosphere with Jules Munshin, Walter Chiari, and Loring Smith, has a lot of style, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, are handsome. Lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, book by Fay and Michael Kanin. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets into high gear, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, and Ruth Kobart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kean—An overblown account of the amorous cavortings of the celebrated nineteenth-century actor. Sorely lacking in good songs and dances and sprinkled with jokes that were old hat when Kean was in his heydey. Alfred Drake plays the title role. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—The songs, book, and direction of this only so-so musical are by Noël Coward. Elaine Stritch, Alice Pearce, Patricia Harty, James Hurst, and Grover Dale head the cast, and the setting is a British cruise ship with a cargo of Americans aboard. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but torpor as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. Michael Kidd, who arranged the dances and directed the play, did not overextend his imagination. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** A town about twenty miles from Astolat. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet figure in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DO RE MI:** Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. With Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 13.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Horatio Alger's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** The ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's new play is horrifying, funny, and repellent, though seldom all at once. The setting is a coffeehouse, and among the seven characters are a spastic and a mad drunk who drops dead at the end of Act I but revives to participate in Acts II and III. Judith Malina's direction and the performances of Marilyn Chris, John A. Coe, James Earl Jones, Julian Beck, and the other members of the cast are nothing short of astonishing. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 2; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Black Nativity—Langston Hughes' Christmas celebration is appropriately jubilant and moving. Most of the music is provided by two sets of gospel singers, one headed by Marion Williams and the other by Professor Alex Bradford. The company also includes a soloist, three dancers, and a narrator. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., heads a bright cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and Alan Nunn, as the caretaker of the lodgings, are especially good in this most satisfactory revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Huis-Clos and **La Cantatrice Chauve**—Sartre's "No Exit" and Ionesco's "The Bald Soprano" performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2; Monday, Jan. 15, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2:30 and 8:40; and Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:40. For tickets, call BA 5-4453.)

In the Jungle of Cities—This 1922 Bertolt Brecht play, concerning a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

Misalliance—Philip Minor, who directed this revival of Shaw's comedy, rates high marks for its breeziness and clarity. The actors do well, too, especially Donald Moffat, as Mr. Tarleton; Lidia Prochnicka, as the Polish acrobat who drops in on his house party; and Emery Battis, as Lord Summerhays. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—A triple bill of one-act plays by Thornton Wilder: "Infancy," "Childhood," and "Someone from Assisi." Opens Thursday, Jan. 11. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Martyn Green in Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Signs Along the Cynic Route—Will Holt, Dolly Jonah, and Robert Barend are the whole cast of a revue for which Mr. Holt did the songs and he and Miss Jonah did the sketches. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Ticket-of-Leave Man—A nineteenth-century melodrama by Tom Taylor. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

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one-act plays that make up the pair. The first is a murky, brooding fable. The second, as nutty and jolly as a Christmas party, is first-class Saroyan—or at least several members of a generally good cast persuade us that it is. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

WHO'LL SAVE THE PLOWBOY?—A play by Frank D. Gilroy. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 11: "Symphony in C," "Webern Symphony," "Scotch Symphony," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 12: "La Sonnambula," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 13: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 13: "Creation of the World," "La Sonnambula," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 14: "Swan Lake," "Con Amore," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Valses et Variations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 14: "Serenade," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 16: "Valses et Variations," "Creation of the World," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 17: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Première for the benefit of the New York City Ballet Production Fund.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 18: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Donizetti Variations," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 19: "Con Amore," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 20: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 4.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, at 8:30.)

NEW DANCE GROUP—Donald McKayle, Sophie Maslow, and Anna Sokolow. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1962." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are the dance musicians.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has another of its homemade musical whatnots, this one (which is especially whatnot) involving the valuable services of Wilbur Evans and Fay De Witt. Tuesdays through Saturdays, it happens at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty; on Sundays, just at nine-thirty. For dancing, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio take the usual turns. On Tuesday, Jan. 16, Jerome Kern's "Music in the Air," which dealt with a Munich we will never see again, replaces the incumbent stuff and nonsense. Mr. Evans will be assisted by Martha Errolle and Harry Snow in this effort. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are lusty operatic interludes by Saverio Saridis, late of the New York Police Department, who is now singing for his dinner and supper instead of for the D.A. Betweentimes, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte roll out an endless carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a glissando sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's vast orchestra is handing out goblets of soothing syrup. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, a close approach to a throne room, there is Vicky Autier, a bright, perky little songbird who is (a) glad to be Parisian and (b) glad to be a girl. She is right on both counts. Chauncey Gray's small orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band burble happily from early evening until curfew. Mlle. Autier will be succeeded on Thursday, Jan. 18, by a compatriot, Charles Trenet, who hasn't sung hereabouts in a dozen years. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seekers of space find enough of it in the middle of the Columns, a placid and moonlit pavilion, for the most expansive dance forms. Gunnar Hansen's little band does knife-and-fork music from seven to eight-thirty, then alternates with the breezy trio of Arturo Arturos in the production of prance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. Closed Sundays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to Lazaro Quintero's orchestra and a trio from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

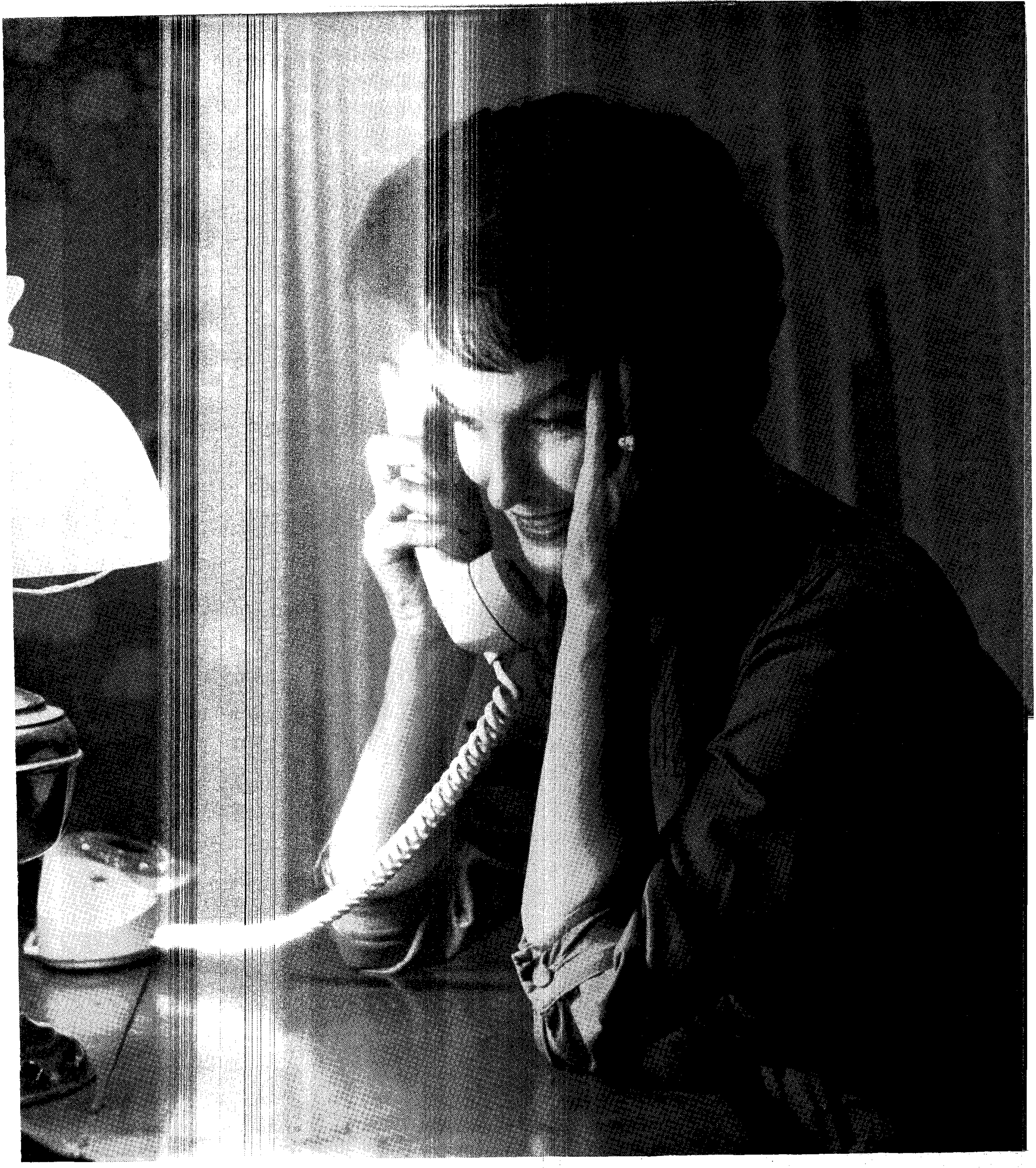
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Carol Channing, who'd trade a philosopher's stone for a diamond any time, is reminiscing about her childhood in Little Rock and her salad days in Las Vegas. It's an "Arabian Nights" tale, all right. This happens during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The dance orchestras of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch come earlier and stay later. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley now has piano, both single and double, from five-thirty to one in the morning, by Sam Hamilton and George Corey, who know the score. They're at leisure on Sundays.

NOTE—The Twist, a form of physical violence that seizes impartially upon both young and old, has made rapid inroads upon our civilization. The in-patients are being given the best of care in a number of humanitarian institutions, among them the **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310), where the Orchids, who twitch to their own music, and Ronny Hawkins' band urge on the madding crowd every night; the **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135), where Alan Freed, now disc jockey without portfolio, spurs a brace of Twist bands into action night after night; and the **PEPPERMINT LOUNGE**, 128 W. 45th St. (CI 5-9363), where another pair of bands cleave asunder every night of the week and every Sunday afternoon from two to seven.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Freddie Fassler's violin, which has a bowing acquaintance with many old favorites. Mondays are dedicated, if that is the word, to the Twist. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old playground at its second remove, to this new address. The concert artists perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by Herman Honigsberg's crew of mobile violinists and a set of outriding accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift an accordionist and a violinist, as bewildered as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out to some extent by the chef, the sommelier, and the zither of Hans Durst (which twangs away from six until ten), but it is crystallized by Greta Keller, who—serene, regal, and yet offhand—arrives soon after ten for a few goes at Kurt Weill and other worthy authors of lieder. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Stampede time along *las ramblas* of Seville, with flamenco by the ton. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's piano, which interferes with nothing, cruises aimlessly along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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LEFT BANK, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): In the town's smallest art gallery, after ten, there are words and music from Andy Hamon, a night-owl crooner, and just music from Ronnell Bright's trio, which will be replaced on Monday, Jan. 15, by the threesome of the long-absent Billy Rubenstein. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He functions from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Some of the vocalizing is Viennese, some of it is catch-as-catch-can, and most of it is urgent. Liane, who actually has seen the inside of a Vienna café, is the best of the lot. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the song that sighs, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's *plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish* guitar, piano, voice, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6138): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a flamenco sextet suddenly goes up in flames a couple of times every night but Sunday. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This segment of the St. Moritz offers the pulsing tonic devices of the Jimmy Lyons trio from dinner through supper every night but Monday, and from two until eight Sundays as well.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The biggest girls' school in town, devoted entirely to the decorative arts, among which all the undergraduates must be ranked. There are also hors d'oeuvres by Rafael de Cordova's young troupe of perfectly furious flamenco dancers and singers, as well as such honorable turn-of-the-century variety acts as the Arnaut Brothers and the aerial Wallendas. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., is the entire population of a world he certainly made himself, and practically a world without end. Hal and Barbara Loman do several pas de deux better than most, and there's a gaggle of giggling young belles of *the ballet. On Thursday, Jan. 18, another* troupe, led by Della Reese, a vehement soprano, and Charlie Manna, a humorist who's a real fast worker, moves in. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

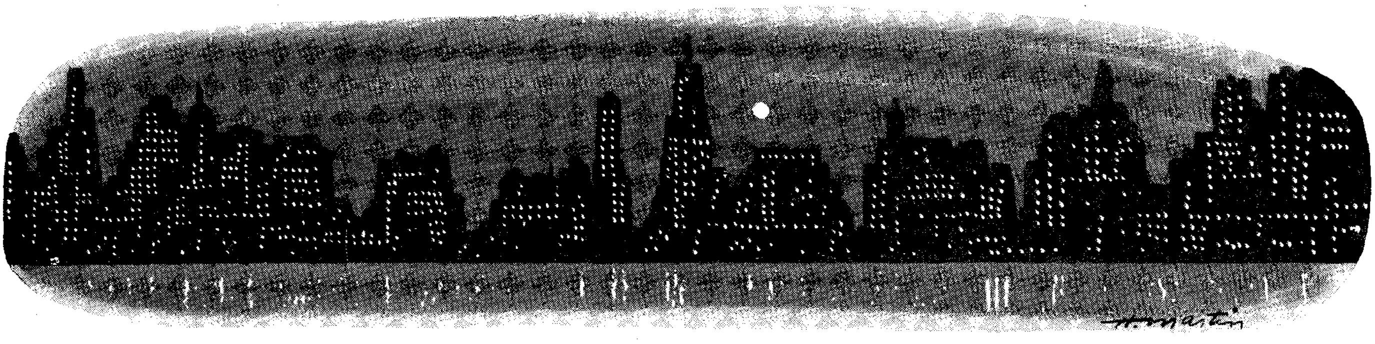
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, a giddy girl, is presenting—in song and story—her own bill of rites, in which mockery is an essential oil. Among her compatriots are Peter, Paul, and Mary, possibly the funniest and definitely the most picturesque *assortment of folk musicians in months,* as well as Hughes Aufray, an under-American-influence Parisian tenor who nevertheless is very Paris-for-Parisians. Otis Clements's piano gives the whole cast a nice cushion to fall back on. . . . ¶ The lounge is the playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano appear from ten until as late as the law allows. He skips Saturdays, but does a Sunday matinée, five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's winter revue, "Seven Come Eleven," is a peppery biography of New York and the Western world in their dotage. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, who can cast an aspersion with fearsome accuracy, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, Philip Bruns, and Donna Sanders. William Roy and Carl Norman bring the two-piano or*chestra thoroughly to life. Closed Sundays.* . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): One more agreeable example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The dramatis personae are a lissome girl named Lovelady Powell, a girl firecracker named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): A handsome new *mise en scène*—bar, restaurant, and stage—for "Time, Gentlemen Please!," a potpourri of Victorian music-*hall turns (some of which did not survive* the passage out) by ten pleasurable members of London's Players Theatre. Fred Stone, their master of ceremonies, is the one to watch. They show up at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine the rest of the week; on Sundays, they're at leisure. On Tuesday, Jan. 16, the cast will start in on a new set of period turns. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The incumbent floor show has been whipped into shapelessness with great good will. The chorus (reputedly Greek, Italian, and Spanish) is in fact from Amazonia, and as innocent and as lovely as *the night is long. Mingled with them is the* minute Mexican Puck known as Tun Tun. Pupi Campo's dance band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado describe in fervid detail the by-love-obsessed night life of Spain. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): Most of the "Second City" troupe (such as Severn Darden, Barbara Harris, and Alan Arkin) and most of its skits have been transplanted here from Broadway to continue thumbing their smart little noses at a long list of irks. Guests should be at table by eight-thirty and eleven-fifteen; there's a one-fifteen extra on Saturday nights, and nothing at all on Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Isobel Robins, merry evensong on her lips, is *brightening a corner of this forest primeval,* and Cal Bostic is chirruping along to the prancy sound of his own piano. Their last night is Sunday, Jan. 14. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Betty Kean, tomgirl though she loves to be, is nevertheless a funny girl even when she's driving Lew Parker, her husband onstage and off, into overt despair. Karen Chandler sings ballads in old-trouper style, Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames unload quantities of completely improbable jazz, and Burke McHugh is master of what ceremonies there are in this rough-and-ready evening. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky, like any other proper Bostonian, is steeped in tradition, and so is his band, in which Bob Wilber takes part. Mr. Condon sits in when the spirit moves. Sundays are for Twisters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The clamor is supplied by Cannonball and Nat Adderley, coming to blow after blow on their stentorian growlers. Their quintet and Shirley Horn's sentimental trio evaporate on Sunday, Jan. 14; on Tuesday, *Jan. 16, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which has* now managed to perfect perfection, will take over. Bill Evans' trio will also arrive. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Ballad or bop, Ella Fitzgerald is head and shoulders above the crowd. Ray Bryant's busy trio is blithe, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, *to say nothing of Don Frye, the inter*mission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity some competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, who can drive all night without a falter, is conducting his trio, musicians of tomorrow, at a very steady pace when he's not adventuring in soliloquies and



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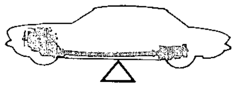

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tone poems. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is sufficient unto the night even without its supporting cast of traditionalists. There is dancing for the customers again, after all these years. Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman's Herd, dwindling with time but still dauntless, makes the loudest noise in this clamorous saloon. Sundays, though, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is at work in its own unassuming happy little hunting ground. The hunt, naturally, is for modern idioms. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's swarm of coyotes fill the night with their *outré* cries, which may or may not be for help; Slide Hampton's octet works its way through plenty of well-decorated orchestrations. Thursday, Jan. 18, brings a new convocation and a new mood—the Jazz Workshop of Charlie Mingus, who casts only pearls, of music as well as wisdom, before his audiences. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' horn, which can attain a blast-furnace hue, is the main event of his quartet; Lee Evans' trio is the other outfit that tries to stem the tide of ringside conversation. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone's siren songs ride along on her piano and the efforts of two diligent sidemen. The establishment operates, at the moment, only on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, should be Buck Clayton, Russell Moore, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Eddie Barefield, Cliff Leeman, André Persiany, Kenny Davern, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The gentle melancholy of Stan Getz, who has a quintet, and the long, long windward passages of John Coltrane's brass blunderbuss, which heads another quintet, do indeed make for contrast. On Tuesday, Jan. 16, Olatunji and his collection of Nigerian dancers will replace the present tenants. Visiting musicians show up in force on Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Alexander Archipenko—Bronzes; through Feb. 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery—Landscapes, seascapes, and figure studies, on paper; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann—Paintings (1925-50) by the late German Expressionist; through Jan. 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Bomar—Fluently handled abstract oils and water colors done at Cape Cod and in Greece; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Jim Dine—Works on canvas. (Jackson and Anderson galleries, both at 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays. The Anderson show closes Feb. 1, the Jackson show Feb. 3.)

Robert Gwathmey—Paintings; through Feb. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Angelo Ippolito—Abstract collages; through Thursday, Jan. 18. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Kallem—Abstract metal sculptures; through Jan. 31. (Roko, 925 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Gérard Koch—Expressionist sculptures, mostly acrobats and seated figures; through Jan. 23. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Open Sundays, 3 to 6.)

Jean Liberte—Paintings of Mexico and Italy; through Jan. 27. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

Peter Lipman-Wulf—Sculptures and graphics; through Monday, Jan. 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Reginald Marsh—Oil and tempera paintings (1928-36); through Jan. 27. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Early and late paintings; through Feb. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Paintings, collages, and montages (1941-61); through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William Palmer—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Peter Passuntino—Abstract oils; through Jan. 27. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Picasso—Graphics; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Carl Pickhardt—The second section of a three-part survey, covering thirty years of his paintings and drawings; through Jan. 27. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Mainly landscapes and seascapes; through Jan. 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Leon Saulter—Expressionist oils and stone and metal sculptures by a West Coast artist; through Jan. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

William Scharf—Surrealist oils; through Jan. 31. (Herbert, 14 E. 69th St.)

Manfred Schwartz—Etretat, on the coast of Normandy, serves as the theme for a series of recent paintings; through Jan. 27. (Laudry, 111 E. 79th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Joachim Torrès-Garcia—Stylized abstract paintings, gouaches, and drawings (1928-45), by the late Uruguayan artist; through Feb. 10. (Marks, 50 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tseng Yu-ho—Paintings by a Chinese-Hawaiian artist; through Jan. 27. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Robert Watts—Sculptural assemblages, many of them mechanized; through Jan. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Sculptures—Pieces dating from 1880 to 1961 by Rodin, Gauguin, Lipchitz, and others; through Jan. 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Drawings—At the **AMEL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Gustav Klimt, Elie Nadelman, and Yves Tanguy are three of the artists represented in a showing of American and European works; through Feb. 3. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Old-master drawings by, among others, Delacroix, Turner, and Hubert Robert; through Jan. 27.

Chinese Art—Paintings by masters of the Ming (1368-1644) and Ch'ing (1644-1912) dynasties; through Jan. 27. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: A holiday show of works in various mediums by Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, August Mosca, and other members of the gallery; through Saturday, Jan. 13.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings, water colors, and sculptures by Feininger, Lachaise, and Redon (to name a few); through Saturday, Jan. 13. . . . **THIBAUT**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Jean Fautrier, Antonio Music, Paul Jenkins, and Stuart Devlin are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Jan. 27. . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists introduced at the gallery between 1936 and 1948, including Lyonel

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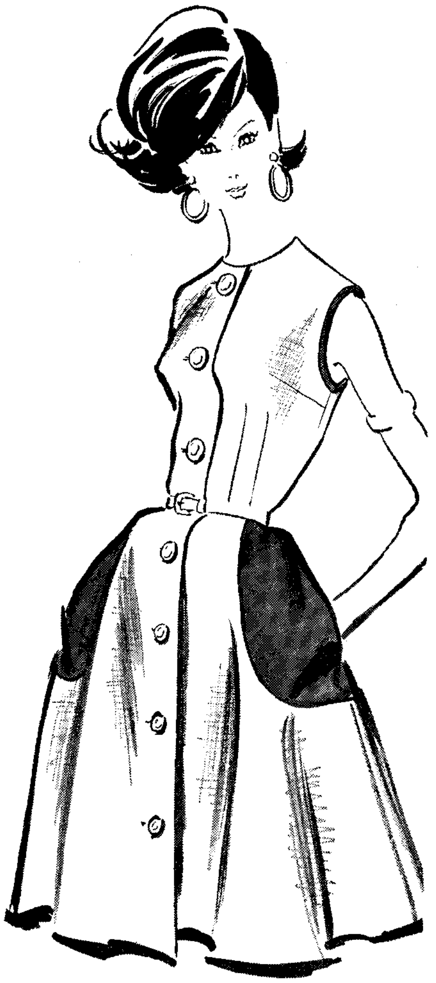

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Feininger, Vieira da Silva, and David Smith; through Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Show—Drawings, water colors, and lithos from Delacroix to Renoir to Picasso; through Feb. 17. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately sixty recent additions to the collection of European drawings, including examples by Boucher, Rubens, and Veronese; starting Wednesday, Jan. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Three nineteenth-century French symbolists: Odilon Redon (paintings, drawings, and prints), Gustave Moreau (paintings), and Rodolphe Bresdin (prints and drawings); through Feb. 4.... ¶ Studies by the late Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco for a series of murals that he was commissioned in 1932 to do for the Dartmouth College library; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, ceramics, and enamelware by students of the Brooklyn Museum Art School; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.: For the first time in New York, an exhibition of sculptures produced by the Khmers (ancestors of the present-day Cambodians) in the centuries (eighth to fifteenth) that gave rise to the Angkor Vat and other temples of Angkor; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Three exhibitions: Paintings by the late Jan Müller; sculptures from the Museum's collection; and 1961 acquisitions. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.: "Artists and Autographs," an exhibition of drawings by Michelangelo, Rubens, Fragonard, and others, along with a selection of their letters; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Selections from the collections of René d'Harnoncourt and Gertrud A. Mellon—masks, sculptures, ritual vessels, fetishes, and weapons (from such diverse regions as Africa, the Americas, and Oceania); through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics, dating from 1920 to the present, by Zygmunt Menkes, Marsden Hartley, Louise Nevelson, and others, plus Tibetan seventeenth- to nineteenth-century tankas and art objects; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1961 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, consisting of one work apiece by a hundred and thirty-six artists, including Elaine de Kooning, Conrad Marca-Relli, and Reuben Tam; through Feb. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Mildred Miller, Giorgio Tozzi, and Kim Borg.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Laurel Hurley, Charles Anthony, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 1: "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Jean Madeira, Hans Hopf, George London, and Paul Kuen.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Anna Moffo, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Frank Guarrera, and Salvatore Baccaloni.... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Eileen Farrell, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (A benefit for the West Side Institutional Synagogue.)... ¶ Monday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Irene Dalis, Heidi Krall, Jean Madeira, Karl Liebl, Jerome Hines, and Ralph Herbert.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Laurel Hurley, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Mildred Miller, Giorgio Tozzi, and Kim Borg. ... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Rosalind Elias, William Olvis, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Gladys Kuchta, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Walter Cassel, and Gottlob Frick.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Eileen Farrell, Jan Peerce, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Georg Solti conducting on Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 12, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3 (all with Irmgard Seefried, soprano).... ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 3 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Ruth Glasser, cello. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting Beethoven's Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. The second in a series of seven concerts presenting a Beethoven cycle of orchestral works. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting a new American chamber orchestra, with Rosina Lhevinne, piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

I Musici—Italian chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

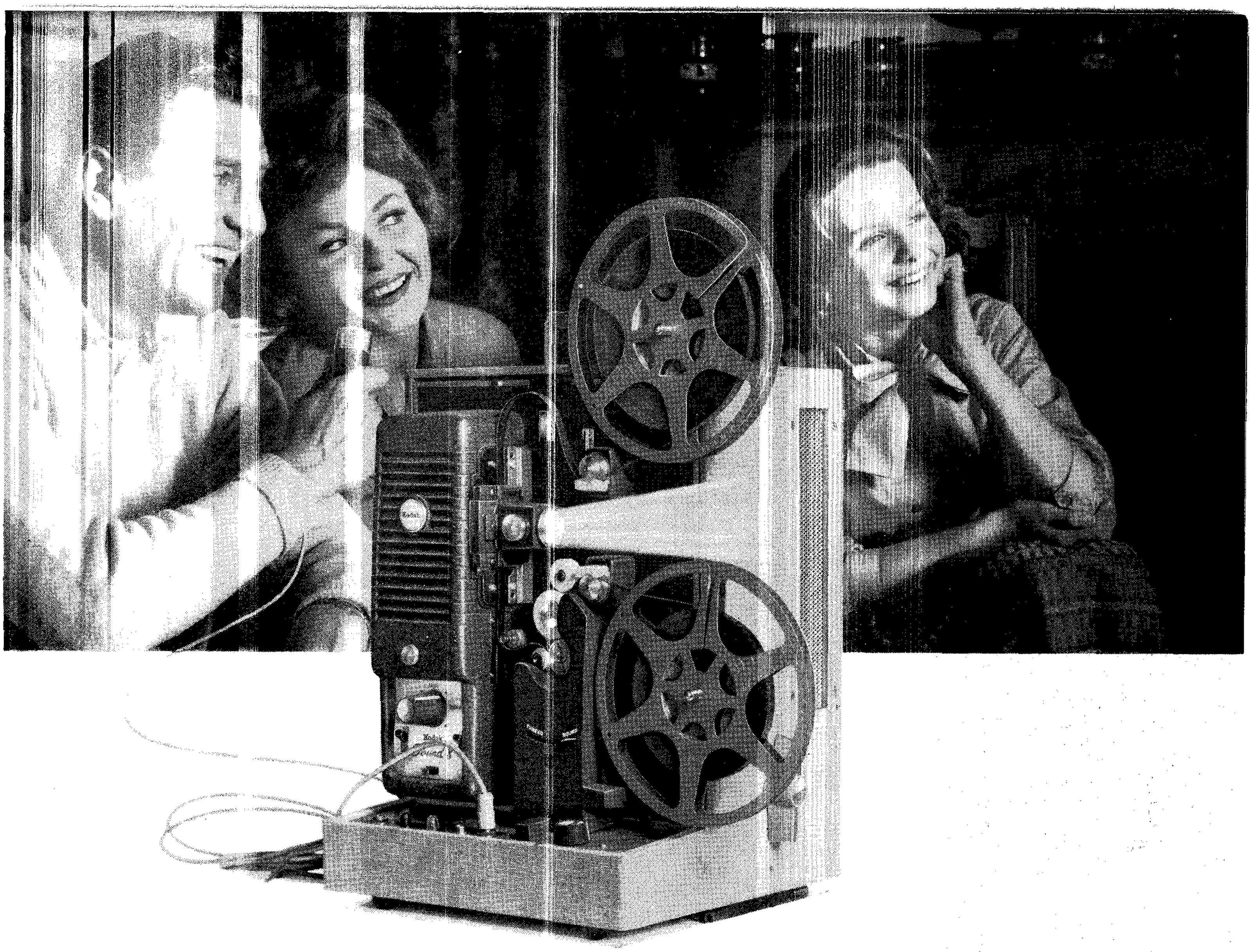
A Renaissance and Baroque Evening—Charles Bressler and Hugues Cuénod, tenors; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and Joseph Iadone, lute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Samuel Baron—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 5:15.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord and clavichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, harpsichord music; Saturday, Jan. 13, clavichord music of Bach; and Sunday, Jan. 14, harpsichord music of Bach and Scarlatti. Each evening at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Matthew Raimondi, violin, with Paul Price, vibraphone; David



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Soyer, cello; and Yehudi Wyner, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:40.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of music by Flemish composers in sixteenth-century Italy. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

VIDA CHENOWETH—Marimba. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

KROLL QUARTET—The first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

NORMAN SHETLER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH SILVERSTEIN—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

ANNIE FISCHER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NOTE—Ania Dorfmann and Raya Garbousova will give a piano-and-cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 15, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

VIENNA ON PARADE—Singers and dancers from the Vienna State Opera, the Deutschmeister Band conducted by Julius Herrmann, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in an all-Prokofieff program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator, and Jamie Buswell, fifteen-year-old violinist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)... ¶ "Music 'Round the World," a program of folk dancing and music from France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and North Africa, with Skitch Henderson, narrator. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2:30.)... ¶ The New York Pro Musica in a program of Elizabethan music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Inside Out Adventure." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) ... **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silent Music Box." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) ... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) ... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Alice in Wonderland," Saturday, Jan. 13. ... ¶ "The Firebird," Saturday, Jan. 20. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) ... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) ... ¶ "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan 20, at 2:30.) ... **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 12:30.)... **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and paper mosaics by children of Jordan; through Feb. 18. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Design of the Universe," explores the structure of the world and how it came into being. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday, except Jan. 13, from 10 to 12. On Saturday, Jan. 13, at 10:30, there will be an ice carnival, sponsored by the *Mirror*, made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

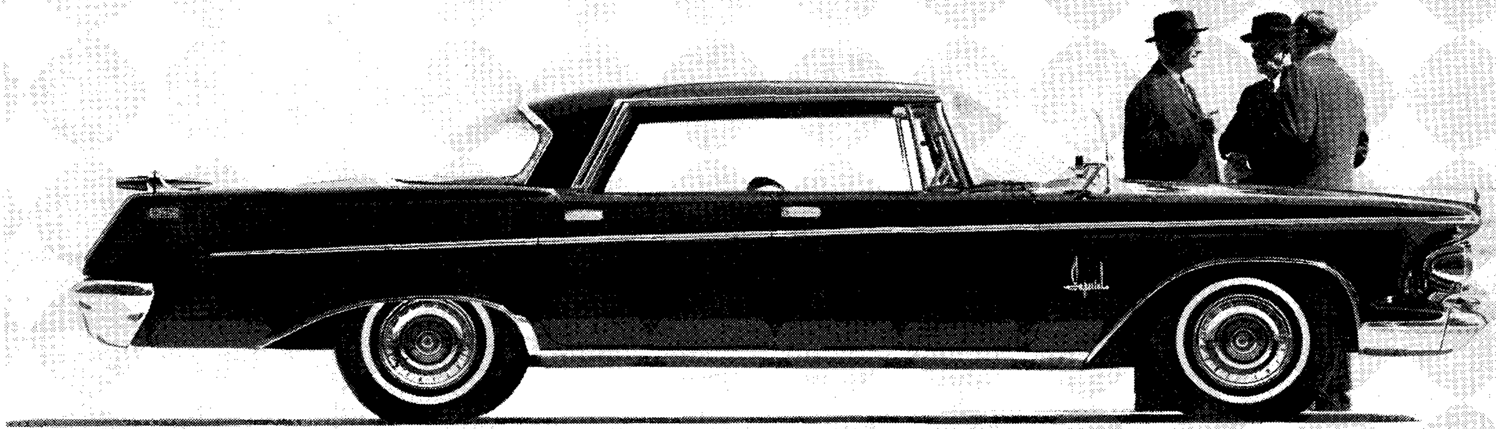
OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT KENNEDY—Delivering his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Thursday, Jan. 11, at 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

UNITED NATIONS—The sixteenth session of the General Assembly is tentatively scheduled to reconvene on Monday, Jan. 15. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—The fifty-second annual dry-dock regatta, with cruisers, sailboats, runabouts, and accessories unlimited. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 13 and 20, from 10:30 to 10:30; Sundays, Jan. 14 and 21, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 15-19, from noon to 10:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 11, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Hartley, Rouault, and Epstein; from several collectors, among them David Rust.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 10:30 and 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and silver, tapestries, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs; from the estate of Baron Maurice V. de Vaux.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 1:45: Autographs and historical documents of Washington, Jefferson, and others, together with letters and manuscripts by Mary Shelley, Whittier, and other literary figures; from the collection of the late Forest H. Sweet and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 1:45: Lithographs, etchings, and drawings by modern artists, including Braque, Matisse, Rouault, and Picasso; the property of Herman Roth and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 12.



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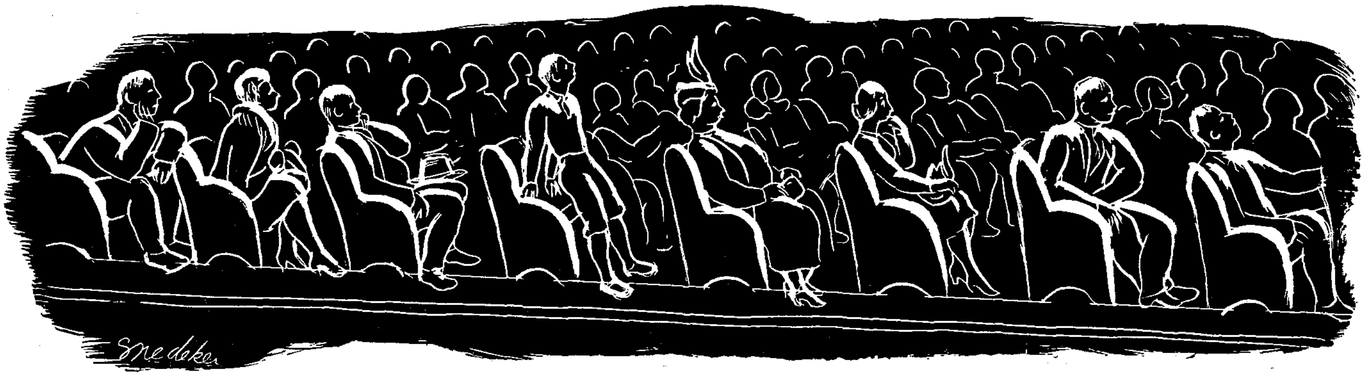
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC-2-1200; starting Jan. 17.)

La Belle Américaine—All heaven breaks loose when a poor young couple in Paris contrive to purchase an enormous American automobile. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and innumerable colleagues, human and canine, keep this comedy rolling at ninety miles an hour for a hundred minutes. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 17.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 17, tentative.)

The Five Day Lover—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Or so this racy comedy would have us believe, with the help of the acrobatic Jean-Pierre Cassel and the doting Micheline Presle and Jean Seberg. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—A high-spirited translation into modern speech and dress of a famous and shocking eighteenth-century novel. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt, and the victims include Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Daily at 2:30, 7, and 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Wonderfully acted by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Night Affair—Jean Gabin is an impassive detective, Nadja Tiller is a pretty wretch who seduces him to no avail, and Danielle Darrieux is a coldhearted pharmacist in this confused but entertaining Parisian melodrama. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 16.)

No Love for Johnnie—Peter Finch is a middle-aged politician on the make in this English import, which gives glimpses of Parliamentary hanky-panky that one hopes is wholly fictional. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney plays the manager of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in West Berlin, and by the time the director, Billy Wilder, gets through inventing preposterous situations for him to blow his stack in, West Berlin seems every bit as suitable a subject for ridicule as Atlanta, Georgia. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Paris Blues—Two handsome couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad over finding themselves in love in Paris, as others have been before them. Beautifully photographed, and full of good, loud music. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Jan. 17.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Jan. 14-16.)

Purple Noon—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderees. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is *la jeune fille souffrante*. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 17, tentative.)

A Summer to Remember—Life through the eyes of a five-year-old. A Russian picture, humorous and occasionally sentimental, with a brilliant performance by Master Borya Barkhatov, who looks like Carl Sandburg, only more serious. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from the novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Jan. 14-16.)

Easter Parade (1948)—Music by Irving Berlin and dancing by Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Ann Miller. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 12-15.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 16.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 17.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 11.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 16.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Jan. 13.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 16.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse in a movie version of the Broadway musical, based on the old film called "Ninotchka." (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 17.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (*1928*)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 13: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. ... ¶ Starting Jan. 14: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Jan. 11: "The Wonders of Aladdin," Donald O'Connor, Vittorio De Sica.
From Jan. 12: "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Jan. 17: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 17 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Jan. 11: "Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin; and "The Sergeant Was a Lady," Martin West.
Jan. 12-16: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens; and "World by Night," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From Jan. 17: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 16 (tentative): "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
From Jan. 17 (tentative): **EXODUS.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 13: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens; and "World by Night," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
Jan. 14-16: **PARIS BLUES**; and "Teenage Millionaire," Jimmy Clanton, Rocky Graziano.
From Jan. 17: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 13: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival.
Jan. 14-16: **CARMEN JONES**, revival.
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Murder, She Said," Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Kennedy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 16: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens; and "World by Night," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From Jan. 17: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 17: **PARIS BLUES**; and "Teenage Millionaire," Jimmy Clanton, Rocky Graziano.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 17: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** and "Arsenal" (both silent Russian films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 14: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.
Jan. 15-16: "Boris Godunov" and "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Jan. 17: **EXODUS.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 17 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MARK.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 17: **PARIS BLUES**; and "Teenage Millionaire," Jimmy Clanton, Rocky Graziano.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 16: **NIGHT AFFAIR** (in French); and "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.
From Jan. 17: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE FIVE DAY LOVER (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 17: **PARIS BLUES**; and "Teenage Millionaire," Jimmy Clanton, Rocky Graziano.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival; and **EASTER PARADE**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 16: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "Rhapsody," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.
From Jan. 17: **GIGI**, revival; and **SILK STOCKINGS**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 11: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.
Jan. 12-15: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
From Jan. 16: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and **THE GHOST GOES WEST**, revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 16: "Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin; and "The Sergeant Was a Lady," Martin West.
From Jan. 17: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 16: **NIGHT AFFAIR** (in French); and "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.
From Jan. 17: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 17: **PARIS BLUES**; and "Teenage Millionaire," Jimmy Clanton, Rocky Graziano.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 16: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens; and "World by Night," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From Jan. 17: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.

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CHARPENTIER
STEAKS LOBSTERS CHOPS
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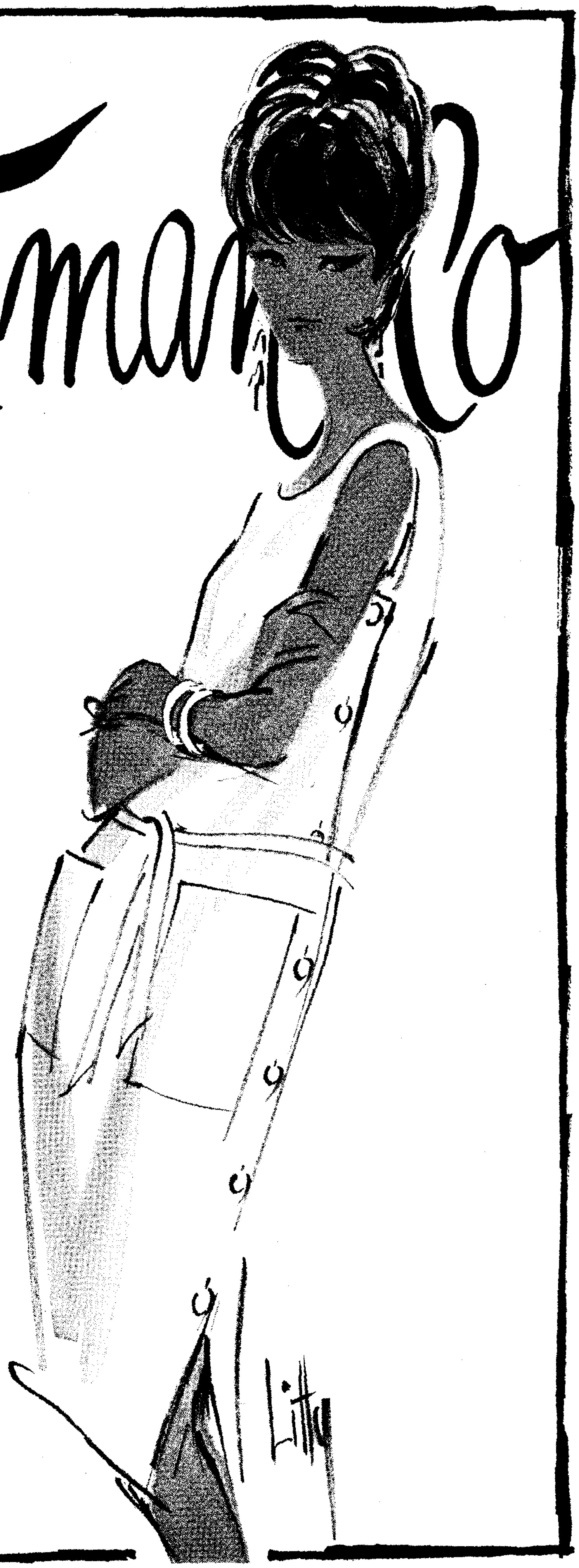

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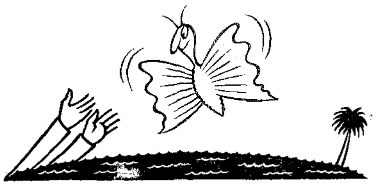
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a recent issue of the *Science News Letter*, containing an itemized digest of the past year's major scientific discoveries, the following brief entry engaged our attention: "A moth found in England with radioactive dust from an atomic bomb test in the Sahara strengthened the theory that some moths in England winter in Africa." A modest statement, but we find ourself awed, humbled, and saddened by all it bespeaks of the wondrous yet thankless pursuit of human knowledge. We envision the miraculous improbability of the events that must have precipitated the discovery: the merciful quirk of fate that spared this English moth, adrift in the African winds, from nuclear extinction (perhaps that fierce conflagration seemed to it the very apotheosis of the moth's desire); its rigorous return flight north on radioactive but unruffled wings; and, most marvellous of all, its chance, stray fluttering, home at last, into the hands of some enterprising English entomologist, who, on piecing together all the extraordinary facts of his precious find, could conclude only that the theory was now strengthened (alas, not even confirmed) that *some* English moths winter in Africa.



Biddle Revisited

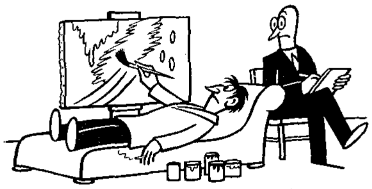
OUR last official chat with George Biddle, the painter and lithographer, took place twenty-six years ago, not long after the Federal Art Project was set up as the result of some correspondence he had with Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been four years ahead of him at Groton. We rebuttonholed him the other day, now a wiry, lively, and forthright seventy-six-year-old, at the Cober Gallery, where he was having a retrospective show of fifty years of his work—eighty oils, twenty-three drawings and water colors, and one pastel—and found him still full of a visit he and his wife, Hélène Sardeau, the sculptress, made to Japan and India three years ago. They spent a month in Japan and four months in India, where the father of federal artistic relief, who likes to ask questions, drew, and drew out, or sought to draw out, a great many people, among them Nehru, who sat for him moodily and did not ask to look at his portrait.

"Tokyo is the most sophisticated art center I have ever been in," Mr. Biddle said. "A little too sophisticated, perhaps. The work of Japanese abstract painters is so incredibly skillful that it drips in four directions and from on top. It has the accomplished beauty of seventeenth-century Japanese embroidery—nothing like the New York Action School. India is less sophisticated, but it has such a passionate curiosity about American painting that it's very interesting to show your work there."

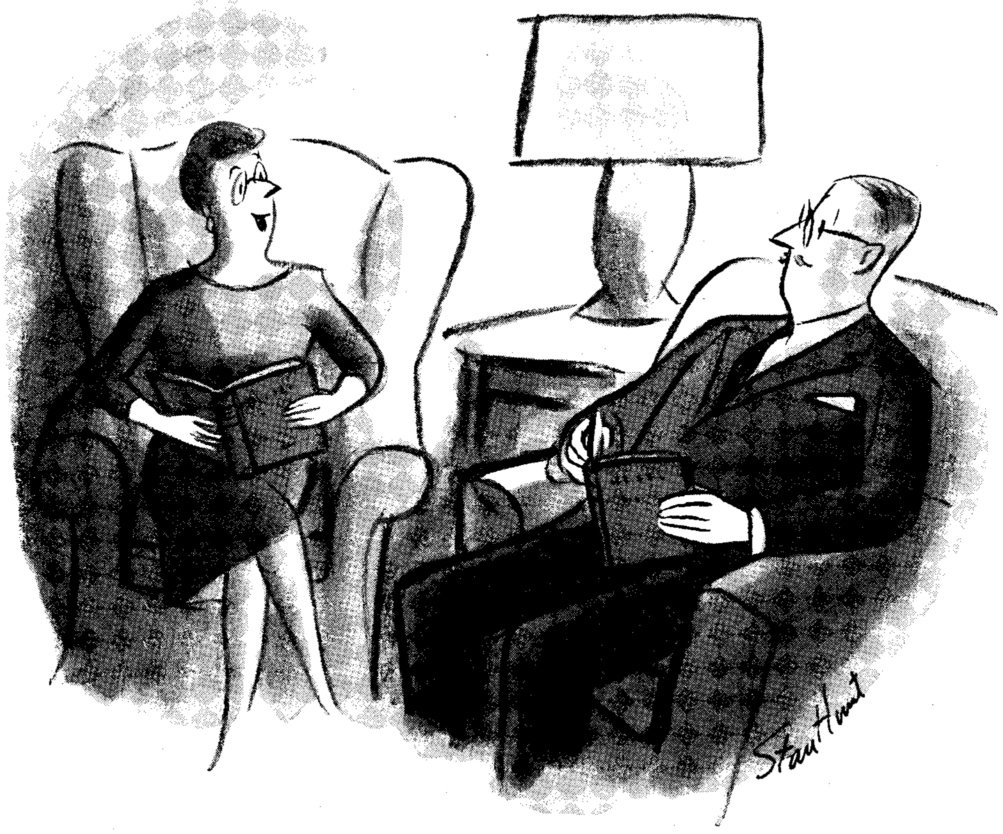
Mr. Biddle, who leads a reasonably sophisticated life at Croton-on-Hudson and at Truro, on Cape Cod, took fifty of his lithographs with him and exhibited them in Tokyo, New Delhi, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and at the University of Baroda. "I showed them on my own in Tokyo, but the U.S.I.A. took them over in New Delhi and channelled them through India," he said. "Here in America, art criticism is concerned mostly with technique, but in India people are interested in the explicit or implicit meaning of the work, and in Europe, too, they always ask, 'What does it mean?' Several Japanese and Indian artists bought my things—among them Shiko Munakata, a leading Japanese painter, who also gave me one of his large Zen Buddhist ideographs, symbolizing strength and joy. I'm not an abstract artist, as you know, and many critics regard my output as old-fashioned. I do think my idiom has remained the same, but I like to feel that in it I've expressed, as much as any other artist, the various phases our civilization has gone through."

We asked Mr. B. whether he believes that abstract art is on the skids.

"I'd rather see a live abstract painting than a traditional representational painting that is dead," he replied, "but I do feel that abstract art has very definite limitations, and that its influence in jettisoning drawing and tradition—the fundamentals of the plastic arts—has tended to make it impossible to teach young students today. So you have a waste of a whole generation. I find myself quite out of sympathy with the New York Action School—Abstract Expressionism. Its exponents have gone on record as believing in the validity of direct revelation, which is nonsense. I'm sure any psychologist would conclude that this group—probably more successful financially than any other American group of artists in history, and one that for the first time in our history has had a marked influence on painting all over the world—shows emotional insecurity and a deep-rooted inferiority-and-persecution complex. That is to me the incredible thing. I've seen enough of the work of these artists to know that they are able and sensitive, with great aptitudes in their field, but they're barking up the wrong tree; to me, what they're doing is inconsequential. Why, the Metropolitan has paid twenty thousand dollars for one of their pictures—the highest price paid for a contemporary American since Sargent was in his heyday. The New York art market is like a bourse—purely speculative."



Aware that Mr. Biddle enjoys a wide acquaintance, we asked whether he



"Let's turn on the television, Heywood, and watch people sock each other."

• •

ever argues with his abstract colleagues. "No more than I'd argue with a High Episcopalian or a friend who happened to be a Communist," he said. "It wouldn't be polite." He smiled a Biddle smile, and continued, "My own approach is middle-of-the-road. I'm not in sympathy with such realists as Winslow Homer, Sargent, and Wyeth. I *am* in sympathy with Kuniyoshi, Max Weber, Bill Zorach, and Ben Shahn. Shahn's idiom is less traditional and more modern than mine, and around ten years ago the Museum of Modern Art wanted to sponsor a televised debate between us, but after our first meeting to discuss this it was found we were in such close agreement that the Museum decided to call the debate off. Shahn and I originally met in Washington on a government mural program. We went to see one of the labor unions, in the belief that liberal labor organizations would be sympathetic toward modern, left-wing mural art, but I discovered that on the whole they were more suspicious—if not actually hostile—than even the conservative Fine Arts Commission."

Since our 1936 talk, Biddle, as chairman of the War Department's Art Advisory Commission, had made sketches of front-line combat troops in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy, and had covered the Nuremberg trials for *Look*. He said that this experience had confirmed him in a preoccupation with the problems of guilt and evil. "I've tried to express it in my work," he said, "and I was able to do so, to some extent, in 1943 and 1945, when I painted murals commissioned by the governments of Brazil and Mexico. One of them, called 'The Contrast of War and Fascism with Education and Democracy,' in the main lobby of the National Library in Rio de Janeiro, made me realize that the Latin mind is not afraid of ideas as such. In the Mexican mural, which is in the main lobby of the Supreme Court building, in Mexico City, I showed 'The Cannibalism of War Contrasted with the Creative Elements of Peace.' It has a symbolic figure of Maternity, and I gave Maternity a couple of wings to balance some clouds in the background. The Minister of Education thought the wings meant something religious—he suspected an angel—and questioned me about them. 'We're a little afraid of the anticlerical party here,' he said. But after I explained the situation he let the wings ride. Sort of a switch, don't you think?"

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OVERHEARD in a Peter Cooper Village playground, tall lady to short son: "Money, money, money, *money!* Is that why we got you the Book of Knowledge for Christmas?"

La République du Congo (Brazzaville)

IN our running survey of newly created African countries, we come to the Republic of the Congo, and at once face a semantic embarrassment of riches, because there are, in fact, two Republics of the Congo, one of them the former French Congo, which gained its independence in 1958, and the other the former Belgian Congo, which gained its independence in 1960. To distinguish between the two in formal parlance, the names of their capital cities are usually appended in parentheses; to wit, La République du Congo (Brazzaville) for the ex-French one and La République du Congo (Léopoldville) for the ex-Belgian one. This week, we'll take up the comparatively small and simple Brazzaville Congo, leaving the complex and troubled Léopoldville Congo for a later occasion.

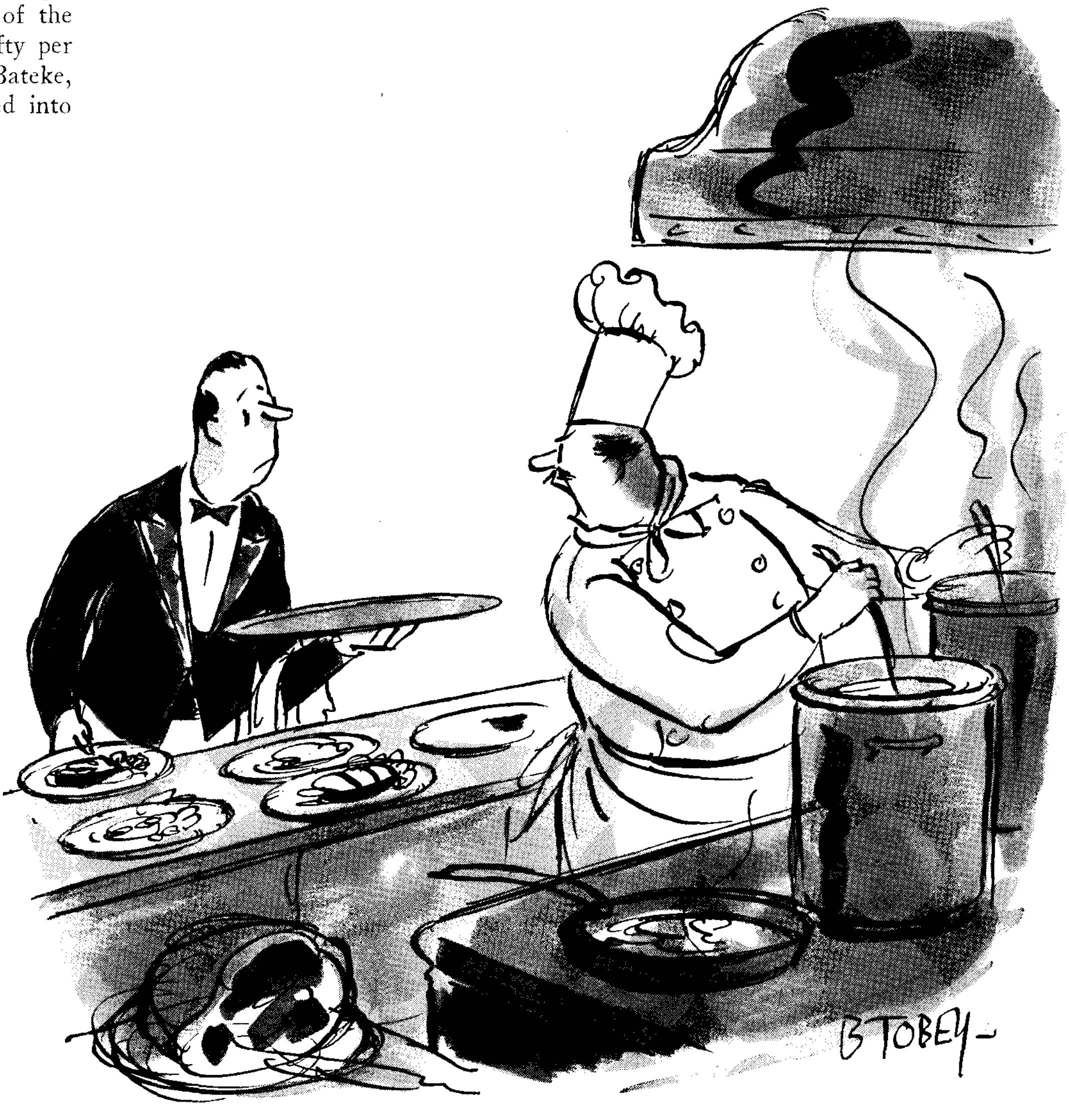
La République du Congo (Brazzaville) shares with its neighbor La République du Congo (Léopoldville) not only its name but a superb inland waterway (a combination of the great river from which both countries got their names and its northern tributary, the Ubangi), a couple of tribal groups (the Bakongo, along the coast, and the Bateke, around Stanley Pool, which is a broad section of the Congo River), a national language (French), and an invisible line (the equator). The Brazzaville Congo, which is only a sixth the size of its formidable neighbor, is six hundred and twenty-five miles long and, at its narrowest, less than a hundred and forty miles wide, and, reading clockwise, is bounded on the northwest by Gabon, on the north by the Cameroun and the Central African Republic, on the east and south by the Léopoldville Congo, on the southwest by the Portuguese enclave of Cabinda, and on the west by the Atlantic.

Abbé Fulbert Youlou, who is President, Prime Minister, Minister of Defense, and Minister of the Interior of the Brazzaville Congo, has described the country as a "land of broad savannas, deep forests, [and] immense rivers that cause us to live close to the very sources of our life." Travelling inland from the sea, one passes through five different geographical regions: a treeless coastal plain; a range of low mountains, known as the Mayombé escarpment, running parallel to the sea; the twisting, fertile Niari Valley; a series of high, arid plateaus; and, finally, the humid swamps and dense rain forests of the Congo River basin. The country's population—some seven hundred and ninety thousand—is concentrated along the coast and in three cities: Brazzaville, which is on the north shore of Stanley Pool, and has a hundred thousand inhabitants; Pointe-Noire, which is on the coast, and has half that many inhabitants; and Dolisie, which is a railroad stop between the two, and has about eighteen thousand inhabitants. The tropical forests of the north and the grassy plateaus of the central region are practically empty, having an average population of one person per square mile. (Nevada, our most sparsely populated state, has two and six-tenths lonely souls per square mile.) Brazzaville has four daily newspapers, a radio station powerful enough to be heard in Japan, nine hotels, eight banks, six cinemas, about a hundred bars and cabarets, twelve Roman Catholic churches, two Protestant churches, and one mosque.

The Brazzaville Congo embraces four major ethnic groups: the Bakongo, who occupy the southern half of the country and make up nearly fifty per cent of the total population; the Bateke, who built a kingdom that lasted into the early twentieth century; the M'Bochi, of the river valleys, who are mostly fishermen; and the Sanghas, who occupy small clearings in the remote rain forests of the far north. Babingas, better known as Pygmies, also live in these forests, many of them being held in semi-bondage by their bigger Sangha neighbors. President Youlou is a member of the Balali tribe, which is the most Westernized of the Bakongo group. He is an example of a genre well known in equatorial Africa, the political priest; other examples are Barthélémy Boganda, the late Premier of the Central African Republic, and Joseph Kasavubu, President of La République du Congo (Léopoldville), who studied for the priesthood but wasn't ordained. Politics and religion are closely linked in the Brazzaville Congo. Abbé Youlou owed his first success in part to his having convinced many of his fellow-Congolese that he was the reincarnation of André Matsoua, an anti-colonial agitator of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, who died in a French prison in 1942 and has since attained almost divine stature.

The Congo's first visitors were the Portuguese, who during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries started trading for slaves, ivory, and an occasional parakeet or monkey with the two great kingdoms that then dominated the area—the Bakongo kingdom of Loango, along the coast, and the Bateke kingdom of Anzico, north of Stanley Pool. Loango disintegrated into feeble separate states in the eighteenth century, but Anzico remained whole and independent for several hundred years. On September 10, 1880, the explorer Pierre Paul François Camille Savorgnan de Brazza signed a treaty with the elderly Makoko of Anzico, placing the kingdom under the protection of France and providing for the establishment of trading posts for "peaceful commerce between the two countries." De Brazza, an Italian count and naturalized French citizen, thus laid the foundations for France's equatorial empire, while at the very same time Henry Morton Stanley was staking out claims for Léopold II. De Brazza founded a French trading post at Ncouma, on the north side of Stanley Pool. A year later, Ncouma was renamed Brazzaville, and de Brazza himself settled down there, at the age of thirty-two, to supervise the French occupation of the country.

Until his dismissal, in 1898, de Brazza energetically opposed any attempt at large-scale economic exploitation of the French Congo; in that year, a number of big French companies moved in for what proved to be literally the kill. Their ruthless methods of collecting rubber and ivory resulted in the death or emigration of many thousands of natives and, ultimately, in so many atrocity scandals in Paris that in 1905 the government was obliged to send de Brazza back to the Congo on a fact-finding mission. The facts he found were apparently damning ones, for to this day his full report has never been published; in 1929 a French journalist estimated that seventeen thousand natives had died in the course of laying a



"For you, a fat fifteen-per-cent tip! For me, compliments!"

hundred miles of railroad track, and forced labor wasn't abolished until 1946.

The Congo-Ocean Railroad, the building of which required the labor of a hundred and twenty thousand natives over a period of twelve years, is a three-hundred-and-twenty-mile single-track line, traversing ninety-two bridges and twelve tunnels, that connects Pointe-Noire and Brazzaville; it is a crucial factor in the economy not only of the Brazzaville Congo but of the Central African Republic and the Republic of Chad. Timber is a major source of foreign income for the Brazzaville Congo; other exports include palm kernels, palm oil, peanuts, lead ores, gold, tobacco, and bananas. Discovered but not yet exploited are deposits of diamonds, silver, corundum, phosphates, bitumens, and lateritic clays, used in the manufacture of bricks and tiles. Oil and natural gas have been found a few miles north of Pointe-Noire. Among a number of infant industries now flourishing in the republic are sawmills, palm-oil, palmetto-oil, and peanut-oil factories, and factories producing beer, soft drinks, canned fish, soap, cigarettes, furniture, sheet metal, sugar, clothing, and aluminum pots and pans.

Only about a third of the Brazzaville Congo is fit for farming, and, except in the exceedingly fertile Niari Valley, its soil produces mediocre harvests of certain local staples—cassava, sweet potatoes, yams, rice, and sugar cane. Sizable herds of cattle resistant to the tsetse fly have been slowly built up on the eastern slopes of the Mayombé escarpment, but the Congolese seem to prefer raising sheep and hogs. In the past eight or ten years, a number of collective farms have been established in the Niari Valley; with the help of government-supplied experimental seed, mechanized agricultural equipment, and beneficial marketing arrangements, the average income of members of the collective farms has gone up five hundred per cent. Interestingly, the first substantial cultivation in the Niari began when, in 1946, a group of twenty French families from Aubeville, near Bordeaux, emigrated to the Congo and settled there on a thirteen-thousand-acre collective grant. The tough French peasants built their own homes and workshops, and even hired themselves out to nearby African farmers in order to help make ends meet. After five years, during which they struggled desperately against droughts, hailstorms, insects, and innumerable plant diseases, the coöperative began to pay off; today it markets a variety of cash crops—fruits, vegetables, peanuts, rice, and tobacco—at a handsome profit. An important, if intangible, by-product of the Aubeville collective stemmed from the fact that its members were the first white people the Congolese had ever seen working with their hands. The Niari Valley is now the showplace of the Brazzaville Congo—one of the few spots on the African continent where Europeans and Africans work side by side on a basis of full social and economic equality.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Old Reliable Café, on Third Avenue, has disappeared.

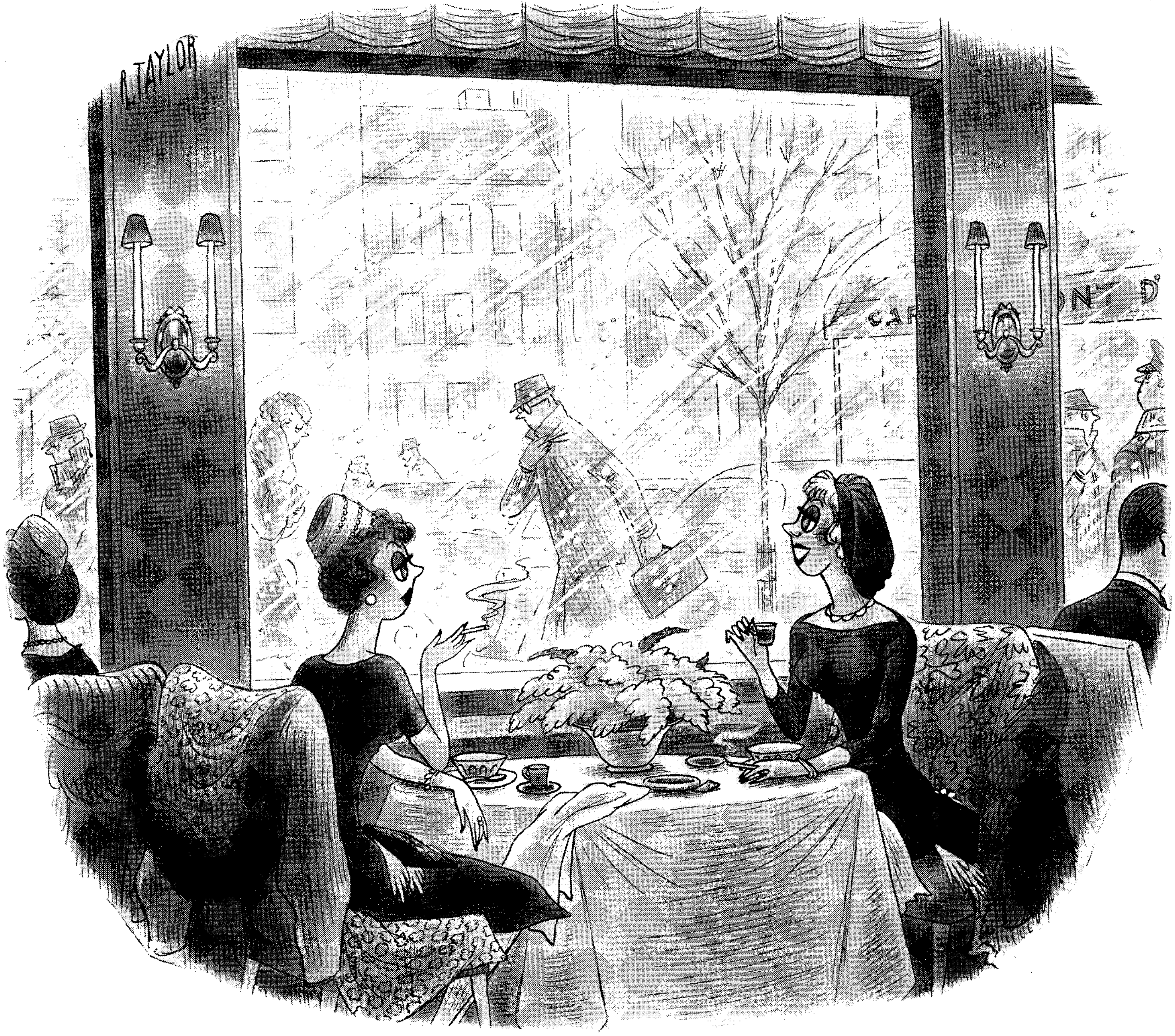
New Broom

THE third-term administration of Mayor Wagner, peppered with new faces in fulfillment of his campaign promises to reform his own party, was inaugurated, with the usual fanfare, on New Year's Day; the following morning, which was appropriately bright and nippy, it rolled up its sleeves and got to work, with us on hand to see how the new broom—or at least partly new broom—looked in action. When we arrived at City Hall, we found trucks lined up at the back door to carry away the folding chairs used at the previous day's ceremonies, and, in the front hall, the customary little knot of citizens, presumably aggrieved, awaiting a chance to speak their piece to the Mayor or one of his deputies. Having spoken *our* piece to a policeman at the gate leading to the office of the Mayor, we were presently met and taken in hand by Leslie Slote, a senior management consultant in the City Administrator's office, and a holdover from the old Wagner administration, who said that he was on temporary duty in City Hall to help bring about a smooth transition to the new one. "I'm trying to lessen complications," Mr. Slote said. "How do you get a car if you want to go somewhere? Where are the reporters? Where are the offices of the various commissioners? These are some of the things that the new people need to be told."

Mr. Slote led us into an office containing three desks—unoccupied for the moment—which, he said, belonged to Debs Myers, the Mayor's new executive secretary; Mrs. Jane Kalmus, the Mayor's new director of communications; and himself. "So far, two things have been changed, besides the personnel, in this particular office," Mr. Slote informed us. "That coat rack has been moved to a different corner of the room, and a couch that used to stand in here has been removed. The moving of the coat rack hasn't any symbolic significance, but the elimination of the couch has. No lying down on the job from now on! To get to more substantive matters, the Mayor, in his inaugural address and elsewhere, has already announced several changes that will mark the new administration. One, of course, is the creation of a Department of Transportation, to consolidate the handling of problems that were formerly distributed among several departments. Another is the creation of a separate Department of Commerce, to attract new industry to the city. Still another is the appointment of a Cultural Executive—Robert W. Dowling—to stimulate cultural activities. And a fourth is the Mayor's new campaign to raise the wages and living standards of people at the lower economic levels."

An attractive young woman and a heavyset, gray-haired man entered the room, and Mr. Slote introduced them as Mrs. Kalmus and Mr. Myers. Mrs. Kalmus sat down at her desk and immediately became involved in a telephone conversation with a television station. Mr. Myers sat down at the other desk and became involved in a conversation with us, in the course of which he told us that he has been a newspaperman, a corporate public-relations man, and an administrative assistant to former Governor George M. Leader, of Pennsylvania. In his new job, he said, he will be working closely with Julius C. C. Edelstein, who for many years was adviser and chief assistant to former Governor Lehman and is now Mayor Wagner's executive assistant for program and policy planning. "I don't go in much for fancy public-relations gimmicks," Mr. Myers told us, fixing us with an earnest gaze. "I believe that if you do the right thing, it turns out to be the right thing politically. Julie Edelstein is a good-government guy, a decent-minded guy, and I hope I fit into the same category. Why are we here? It may seem a little naïve, but the answer is because we believe in what we're going to be doing."

Mr. Edelstein came in to have a word with Mr. Myers, and we seized the opportunity to ask him how he happened to enter city government after many years of working at state and federal levels. "As the Mayor's deputy campaign manager in the election last fall, I became deeply interested in city problems," he replied. "I sense a growing importance of local communities in carrying out the programs of govern-



"Well, a Mexican divorce is nice at this time of year."

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ment—local, state, and national. Our society is going through a process of urbanization. Without good city government, civilization would collapse."

After Mr. Edelstein had left, somebody stuck his head in to ask where the Mayor was. "Up at Gracie Mansion," replied Mr. Slote. The visitor disappeared, and Mr. Slote explained to us that the Mayor's absence from his office did not mean that he wasn't working. "As a matter of fact, the Mayor does a full day's work up at the Mansion before he comes down," Mr. Slote said. "He has breakfast meetings, and he also works late in the evening. He doesn't do his thinking down here. Too many ceremonies to go through. Paul Screvane, the new City Council president, is in his office now. Would you like a word with him?"

We said we would, and a few minutes later Mr. Slote turned us over to Miss Leona Johnpoll, Mr. Screvane's assistant, who led us down a long hallway and through an anteroom chaotic with movers, dollies, and pieces of furniture being moved—a consequence, said Miss Johnpoll, of Mr. Screvane's efforts to put the City Council president's part of City Hall on a more functional basis. When we reached Mr. Screvane's private office, we found it a pool of calm in the maelstrom, with the City Council president sitting militarily erect at a desk with a green-shaded lamp on it. "The City Council's responsibilities will be vastly increased under the new charter, which takes effect January 1, 1963," he told us. "During this year, we'll be taking various steps, such as building up a research staff, to prepare for that. Meanwhile, as of today, the Council has eleven new members out of twenty-five, and seven of the new ones are Reform Democrats. We can expect lively discussions during our 1962 meetings."

On our way out of the building, we found the same little knot of citizens, or else a new one, in the front hall. Peering at them, we found that they didn't look aggrieved; they looked the way we felt—wary, expectant, and hopeful.

Suspicion

THE wife of a senior partner in a renowned law firm was recently approached, over the telephone, by a federal agent, who requested an interview to discuss a man of her acquaintance who was about to be retained by the Defense Department for confidential work. She asked the agent to come around for a chat, and when they had talked about her friend for five minutes, the agent asked, "Have you ever seen him engage in any overt activity?"

SUNDAY MORNING

Marge Fairbanks had her second cup of coffee and third cigarette, then she put on her zippered arctics and polo coat and went back to the garage. On an impulse that she did not immediately recognize as defiant she started the Fiat, and she was well on her way to the village before she even wondered what had made her take the little car. Her car—that is, the car she was supposed to use—was the station wagon. In the Fairbanks household the station wagon seldom got to the station. It got everywhere else, but hardly ever to the station. Oh, no. The car that was driven to the station every morning, five days a week, and left there in the sun and rain and snow, was the Fiat, the little car that she loved but almost never got a chance to drive. The once bright little Fiat, with its stunning gray paint job and whitewall tires, and its maneuverability and parkability. She had chosen it and had contributed four hundred dollars toward its purchase, but a month after they bought it Allan expropriated it, and now it was referred to as *his* car. Her car was the Chevy, the station wagon, that was twice as old and twice as big as the Fiat; that needed new floor mats; that got a washing once or twice in the spring and once or twice in the summer; that she tried to keep clean inside but could not seem to, what with the dog hair, bobby pins, candy wrappers, matchbooks, Kleenex, comic books, pencil stubs, and the rest of the accumulation of strange articles—souvenirs of family activity and car pool. The inside of the Fiat was not spotlessly clean, but at least it was not disorderly, and the upholstery of the driver's seat was the only place that showed wear.

She passed the Catholic church and waved to Patty O'Brien in her four-year-old mink and her white gloves, but obviously Patty did not recognize her in the Fiat. On a weekday Patty would have waved automatically at the Chevy. Patty, and Kevin, and the O'Brien twins, trying not to be late for the nine-o'clock Mass. Marge Fairbanks wondered who felt worse this morning, Patty or Kevin. They must have had to get up at seven-thirty, to be all dressed up and shaved and the children given their breakfast and made to look presentable. The O'Briens' car was nowhere to be seen, although it was probably parked somewhere near; but how had Kevin got his car, or had they all come to Mass in a taxi? The Fairbankses had driven the O'Briens home from Ethel Canning's party, somewhere around four o'clock, having persuaded Patty and Kevin that if they were picked up by the police, someone would lose his or her license. With the hangovers they must have, the O'Briens were still risky drivers, but the police never stopped anyone on Sunday morning. Come to think of it, Marge Fairbanks could not remember when she had seen a policeman this early on Sunday morning. A little later, yes, when all the churches would be holding services, but not at this hour.

She pulled up in front of Mr. Goldstein's store and got out. In this weather Goldstein kept the Sunday papers inside. In the summertime the papers were piled on boards in front of the store and you helped yourself, but on a sloppy day like this—rain, snow, gusts of wind—you had to go inside. Goldstein was standing behind the cigar counter.

"Good morning," said Marge Fairbanks.

"No papers," said Goldstein.

"What's the matter? A strike?" she said.

"Don't ask me, all I know is they didn't deliver. You can have the advance stuff, but the news and sports sections you'll have to come back later."

"Have you any idea how soon they'll be here?"

"Don't ask *me*, Mrs. Fairbanks. Maybe an hour, maybe two hours."

"What do you mean, don't ask *you*? Who else *shall* I ask, if not you? You know I have to drive four miles in and four miles back."

"Lady, don't take it out on me," said Goldstein. "I ain't responsible *how* many miles you drive."

She left the store and got in the car. She was busy lighting a cigarette when there was a startling horn blast behind her. She looked in the mirror and said, "Oh, go to hell," and then recognized the car, Ralph Shipstead's Cadillac. He got out and walked to the Fiat.

"I just told you to go to hell," she said. "Don't you know it's Sunday morning, blowing your horn like that?"

"Jesus, do I know it's Sunday morning. Move over."

"No I won't. Get in the other side, if you want to."

He did so. "You haven't got another cigarette, have you?"

"Yes," she said. "Here."

"I came out without any."

"Well, Goldstein sells them. No papers, by the way."

"I know. I was around earlier and I went back to the house and then I came out without any cigarettes. I must have left them on—I don't know where I could have left them. . . . *I* know, I was wearing a different coat. How do you feel?"

"I feel all right. I didn't have much to drink. I never do."

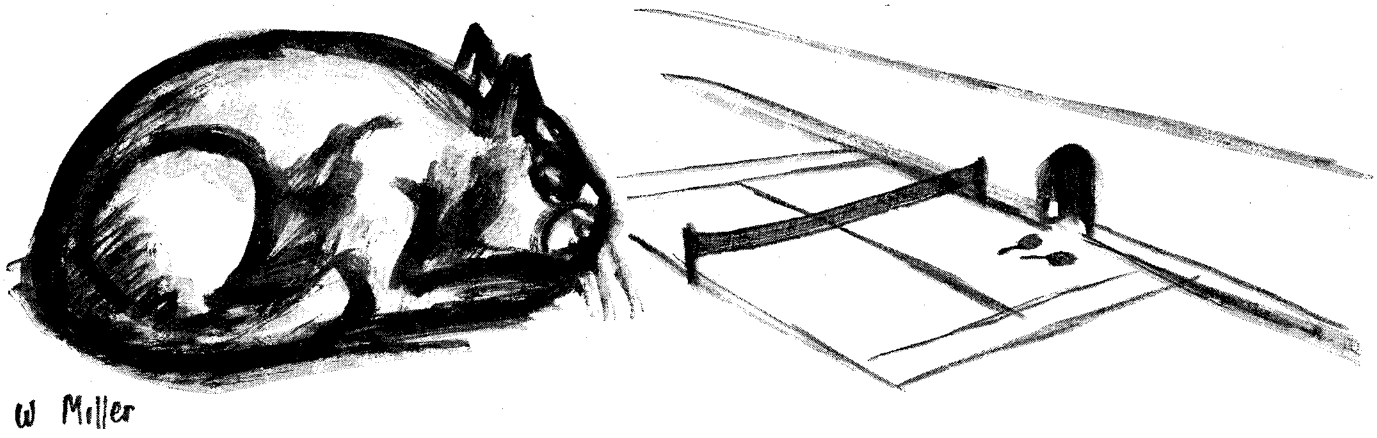
"Well, your boy Allan made up for it. Not to mention ten others. I saw Kevin O'Brien a few minutes ago, trying to park his car. He had a space big enough to park a trailer truck, but he couldn't make it today."

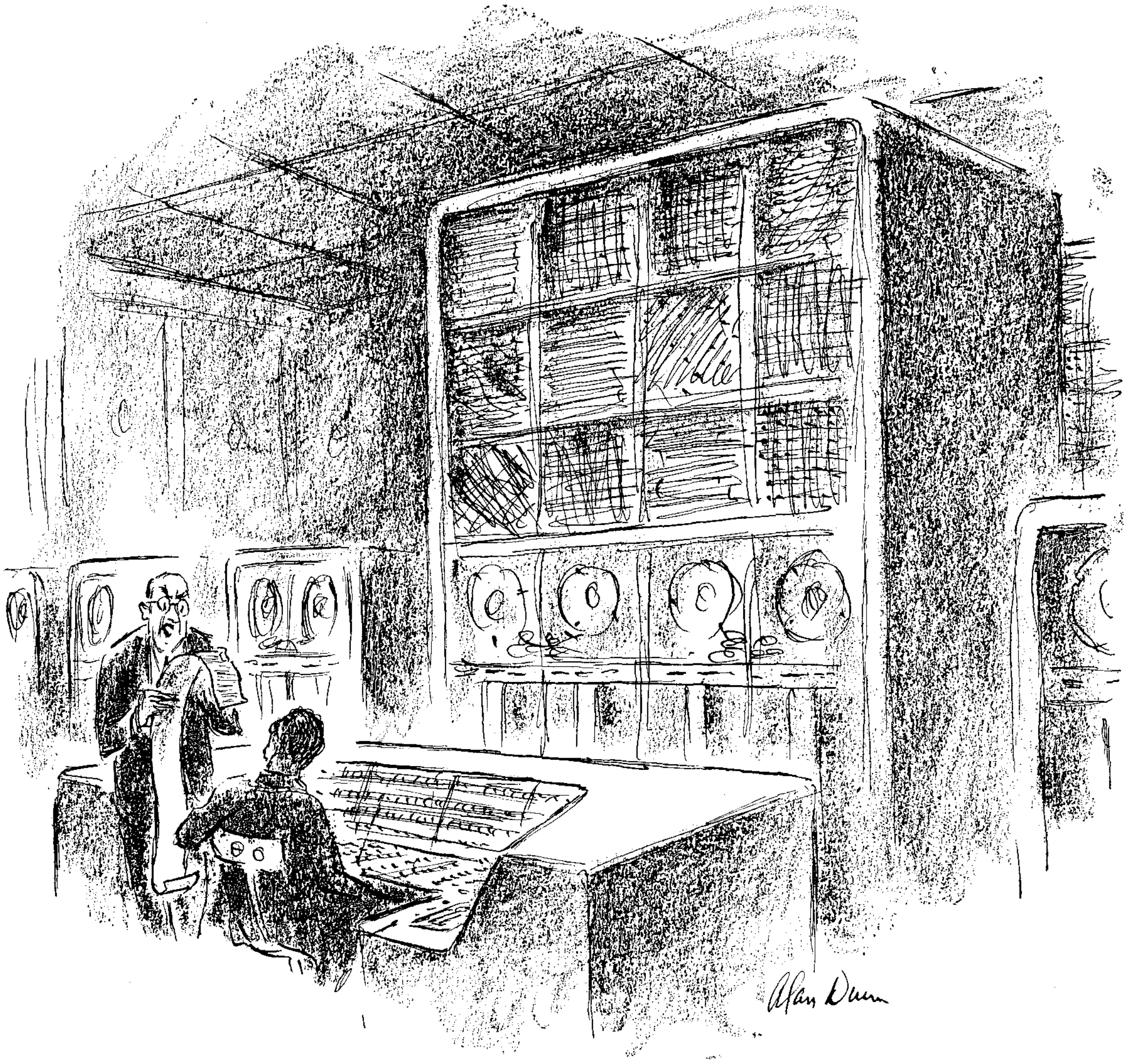
"He had his own car?"

"That's right, you gave them a ride home. Yes, he had his own car. They must have had to take a taxi to Ethel's."

"That was my guess, too. I saw them going into church."

"Then he finally got it parked. Are





“Amazing! It would take four thousand mathematicians four thousand years to make a mistake like that!”

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you going to wait around for the papers?”

“No, I have to go back and get breakfast for Allan.”

“No hurry about that, is there?”

“No, but then I have to take the children to Sunday school.”

“Thank God ours are away at school. Let’s go for a ride.”

“I can’t. Finish your cigarette and then you have to get out.”

“You don’t go for me, do you, Marge?”

“Not really, I guess.”

“Have you got somebody else—I don’t mean Allan.”

“No, but you don’t think I’d tell you if I had?”

“You might. I can’t figure you.”

“You don’t know me. You’ve only been here a short time.”

“Oh, it doesn’t usually take me long.”

“That’s the trouble with you, if you don’t mind my saying so. You find yourself irresistible.”

“Well, at least you’re giving me some plain talk, instead of that housewife routine. I know there’s more there than just the housewife, but this is the first time you’ve ever really talked.”

“There’s nothing there for you, Ralph, so don’t waste your time.”

“You’re really letting me have it, aren’t you? What are you sore about? You’re usually very polite and so forth.”

“I hate to have people blow their horns at me.”

“Mm. That’s not it, but I see I’m doing myself no good. You going to be at the club this afternoon?”

“We might. I don’t know.”

“There’s a football game on TV, and the reception’s very good at the club. Bunch of us are going to be there. Few drinks. Maybe get up a pool. If you’re lucky you might win a buck. I came away with two hundred dollars last week. A hat pool, based on the total score. All luck. You don’t have to know anything about football.”

“I never win.”

“You might this time.”

“Heavy double-entendre.”

“Well, what the hell, Marge? The way you said ‘I never win.’ That sounded like double-entendre.”

“Goodbye, Ralph.”

“Thanks for the cigarette,” he said.

SHE headed for home, thinking of her encounter with Ralph Shipstead. He was a loathsome man, who decorated his person with expensive haberdashery and surrounded himself with luxury, but never seemed quite dressed or established. It was not merely a matter of taste in his clothes or in the gadgeted house he had built, with its elaborate hi-fi and heated pool and pitch-and-putt golf course. Nor was it that the money for it all had come to him. It was a more positive thing—that he belonged elsewhere, that he should not have made money with his cleverness but with his muscles. If a pro-football player could have made his kind of money, it would have seemed all right; but his money, she knew, had come from shrewd deals involving depletions and depreciations and dodges. At this moment he wanted her and it excited her to think that in her present frame of mind he could almost have her. Almost.

She left the village behind her and began the slower drive along the narrow, twisting roads to her house. In a few minutes she was on Monument Road, more than a mile from her house, but always when the car was once on Monument Road she would say to herself, “Practically home.” She said it now, and she remembered that it was just about here that less than an hour ago she had first sensed the involuntary act of defiance that she had made in taking the Fiat. She slowed down until the little car almost stalled, and she was angry with herself for abusing the engine. She stopped the car and switched off the engine, and she immediately understood this unusual act: she was delaying as long as possible her return to her house, and if anyone came along she would wave them on. She would not even offer a lame excuse. “Just go

THE GLASS BLOWER

Canaries were his hobby.
Upstairs in the attic, with his knobby
hands, he put up small-gauge wire stalls;
copper gauze, from the slant roof to the floor,
huddled the birdflock in their drowsy ark.
There were a hundred or more
that sat on crusted bars, their claws locked tight—
upright albino bats, until the night-
time came. When he groped up the stairs the light
blazed and they awoke.
The hungry bodies quickened.
A few flew at the screen, but every dark
reflection glided skillfully on the walls
behind the gold wheelings—wheels of a clock
chirping every second on the second.

Gradually it unwound.
And going to work, a Jonah's underground,
he'd disappear into a warehouse: punch in,
check orders, stir a batch of sand, start
the wheel grinding out his daily payload
of undistracted art—
and shape a universe, a toy glass ball
one shakes, seeing the plastic snowflakes fall
within a pool, upon a parasol
of plastic (underneath,
a woman and a man
were frozen in their strolling). And the haloed,
high-stooled glass blower, leaning over a Bunsen
burner, at a wooden bench, would breathe
in thin glass straws a string of glass balloons.

They were sold—the rare
canaries, then pigeons, chickens, and a pair
of guinea pigs. Experiments, they arrived
and left, like courses in a covered dish.
He even bred, in an aquarium,
rainbow-colored fish;
then, streaked with orange scars, the slim swordtails
cut a wakeless way, and the milky sails
of angelfish, razor-thin, edged trails
of tendril over rock;
the snails neither sank
nor swam, but stuffed their pinkish horns with scum.
He also stocked black mollies. Short-lived,
their bulbous heads and tapering bodies, black
tear-shapes, cruised the bottom of the tank.

Lightheaded bubbles swirled
surfacewise. Wound in a filmy world,
a fetus feeding on its inmost part,
he'd circle bar to bar each night, without
going far, but staggering home stone blind,
his pockets inside out.
Fleeced, he made the cellar workshop a cage
of pipes and copper coils, trying to gauge
the distillation and advancing age
of alcohol. Ferment-
ing, dribbling from the lips,
he would sit wall-eyed with his wheeling mind
among odd junk. Near a dog-eared sea chart,
a bottle made a toppled monument
preserving remnants of a model ship.

—James Scully

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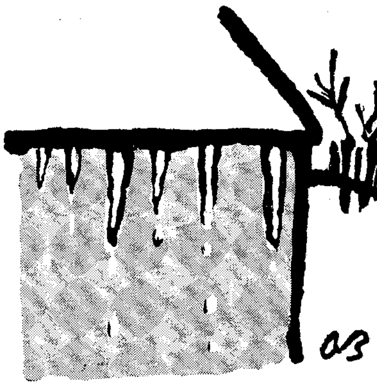
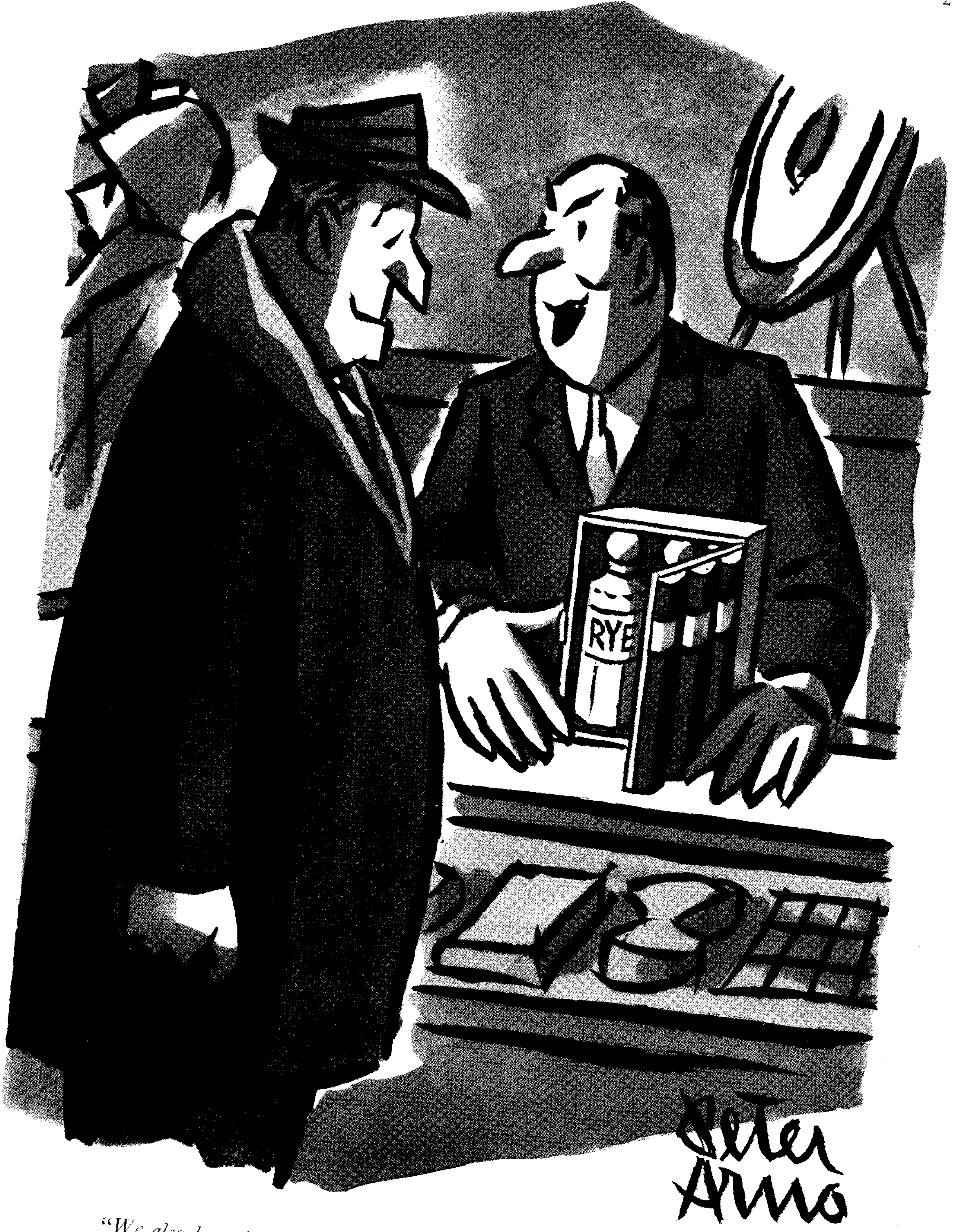
on and don't bother me," she would say—knowing that she would say nothing of the kind. But no one was likely to bother her at this hour. Between here and her house there were only the Martins, who never got their Sunday papers until after church; and the Greens, who always ate Sunday lunch at the club. What else did anyone want to know about the Martins and the Greens? She could tell them. Would anyone be interested to learn that Nannie Martin was thinking of changing to Presbyterian? Would the *Herald Tribune* send a reporter to interview Dixie Green if they knew that Dixie had once had a date with the gentleman who now sat in the White House?

She did not want to go home. The children would be up, messing around the kitchen, impatient because she had taken those few extra minutes to chat with Ralph Shipstead. And Allan would be in bed. Not really asleep, but not ready to get up. She knew how he would look when she went in to ask him if he wanted his breakfast: he would have his arms wrapped around a pillow and his pajamas would be drawn tight across his shoulder blades. Two hours ago he had made love to her and it had been all right. Oftener than not he made love to her on Sunday morning, and it was usually all right. Better than when he made love to her when they got home from a party like Ethel Canning's. After twelve years she had convinced him that she simply did not like to be made love to when he was tight. It had not actually taken twelve years to convince him of that. Twelve years was what they had been married. Five years was what it had taken her to convince him that alcohol did not make him a lover, and she conceded that in that respect he was considerate, even docile. Oh, in a lot of things he was considerate, when he was considerate. He was not mean, he was good about money, he was almost unquestionably faithful to her. By comparison he was a very good husband, and by comparison the children were dreams. But what was *she*, Marge Fairbanks? A secure wife, yes, and a conscientious mother, yes. But what else? But she, she, she? What was she, apart from husband and children, apart from Ralph Shipstead's mechanical lechery for her? And worst of all, what did she want, what could she be, other than what she had and what she was? Was this all? Was it worth it?



The drizzle on the windshield reminded her of tears, and she waited for the thought to bring the tears, but they did not come. She was not even that unhappy. She began to feel foolish and oddly conspicuous on this empty road. She sighed, and then turned the switch. The little car tried, but the engine would not start. She looked at the fuel gauge and the needle pointed to the far left. The son of a bitch! He hadn't even bothered to get gas.

She put the keys in her pocket and got out of the car, and as she began the homeward walk she kicked the front tire. It hurt her toe, and now she *could* cry, a little. —John O'Hara


RYE
Peter Arno

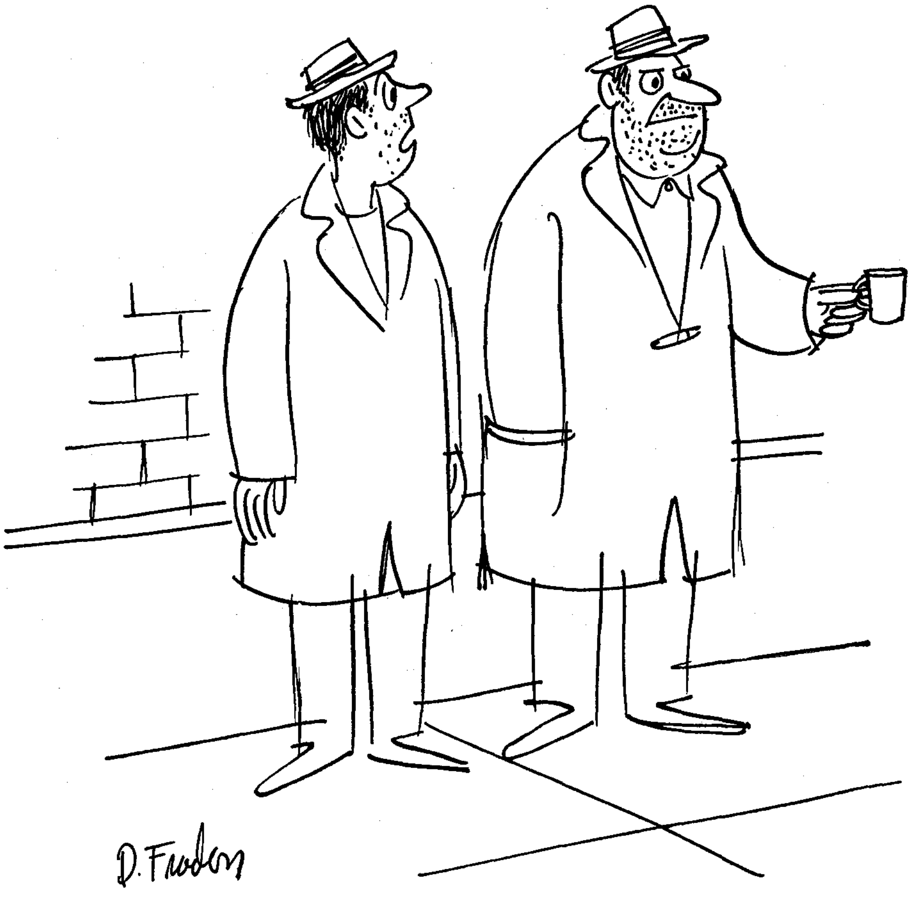
"We also have it in Kipling, Coleridge, and Louisa May Alcott."

THE BLESSED MAN OF BOSTON, MY GRANDMOTHER'S THIMBLE, AND FANNING ISLAND

I SAW him only for a moment, and that was years ago. Boston had been beaten by the White Sox. It was a night game, and when it was over, as the crowd, including myself and my friends, shoved with that suppressed Occidental panic up the aisles toward the exit ramps, he, like the heavy pebble of gold that is not washed from the pan, was revealed, sitting alone, immobile and smiling, among the green seats. He was an old Chinese man, solidly fat, like a Chevrolet dealer, and wore faded black trousers and a white shirt whose sleeves were rolled up. He sat with one arm up on the back of the seat beside him and smiled out toward the field, where the ground crew was unfurling the tarp across the foreshortened clay diamond and the outfield under the lights looked as brilliant and flat as a pool-table felt. And it flashed upon me, as I glimpsed this man sitting alone and unperturbed among the drained seats, that here was the happy man, the man of unceasing and effortless blessing. I thought then to write a novel, an immense book, about him, recounting his every move, his every meal, every play, pitch, and hesitation of every ball game he attended, the number of every house he passed as he walked Boston's Indian-colored slums, the exact position and shape of every cracked and flaked spot on the doorways, the precise scumble and glitter of every floriate and convoluted fancy of ironwork that drifted by his legs, the chalk marks, the bricks (purple-tinted, ochre-smeared, red), the constellations of lint and stain in his tiny bachelor's room (green walls, painted pipes coughing with steam, telephone wiring stapled along the baseboard), the unique curl of the smoke off his rice, the strokes of sound composing the hatchings of noise at his back, every stifled cry, every sizzle of a defective neon-sign connection, every distant plane and train, every roller-skate scratch, everything: all set sequentially down with the bald simplicity of intrinsic blessing, thousands upon thousands of pages; ecstatically uneventful; divinely and defiantly dull.

But we would-be novelists have a reach as shallow as our skins. We walk through volumes of the unexpressed and like snails leave behind a faint thread excreted out of ourselves. From the dew of the few flakes that melt on our faces, we cannot reconstruct the snowstorm.

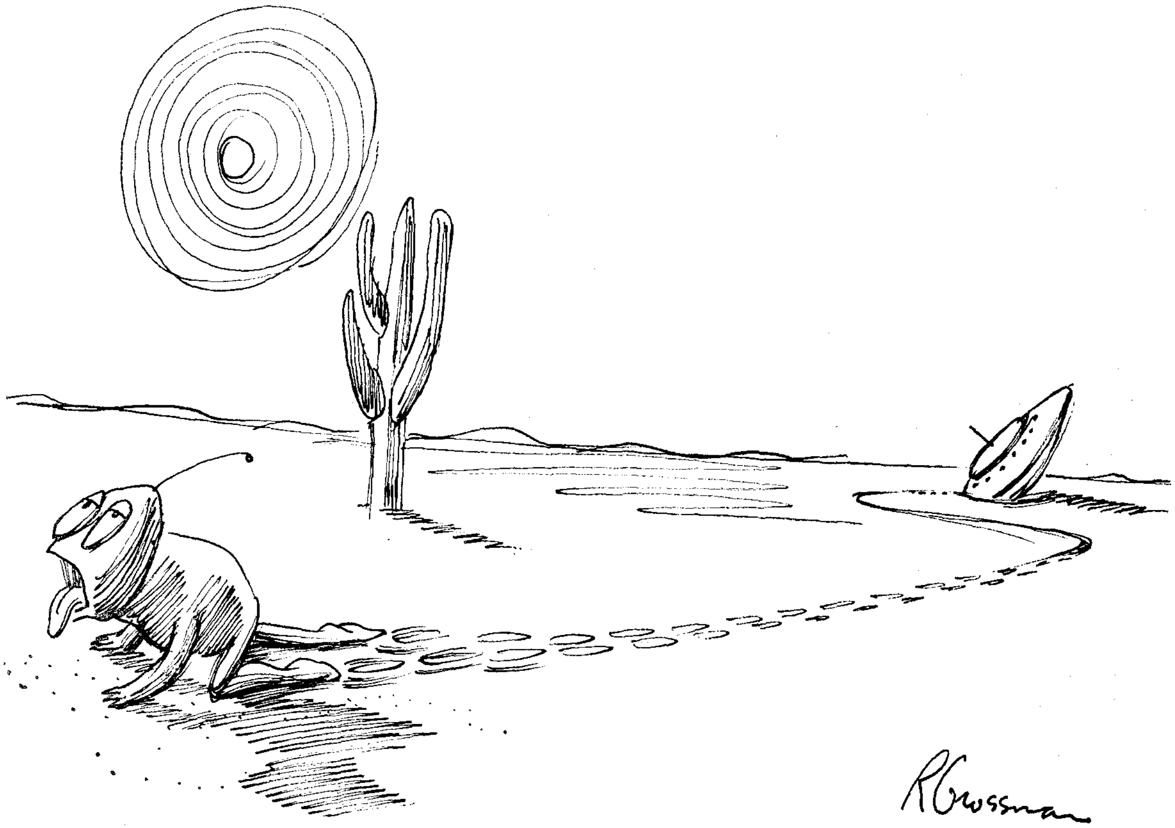
THE other night I stumbled downstairs in the dark and kicked my wife's sewing basket from the halfway landing. Needles, spools, buttons, patches scattered. In gathering the things up, I came upon my grandmother's thimble. For a second I did not know what it was; a stemless chalice of silver weighing a fraction of an ounce had come into my fingers. Then I knew, and the valves of time parted, and after an interval of years my grandmother was upon me again, and it seemed incumbent upon me, necessary and holy, to tell how once there had been a woman who now was no more; how she had been born and lived in a world that had ceased to exist, though its mementos were all about us; how her thimble had been fashioned as if in a magical grotto in the black mountain of time, by workmen dwarfed by remoteness, in a vanished workshop now no larger than the thimble itself and like it soon doomed, as if by geological pressures, to be crushed out of shape. O Lord, bless these poor paragraphs, that would do in their vile ignorance Your work of resurrection.



"*Gosh, Dad, why can't* I *hold the cup once in a while?*"

The thimble was her wedding present to me and my wife. I was her only grandchild. At the time I was married, she was in her late seventies, crippled and enfeebled. She had fought a long battle with Parkinson's disease; in my earliest memories of her she is touched with it. Her fingers and back are bent; there is a tremble about her as she moves about through the dark odd-shaped rooms of our house in the town where I was born. But she was strong then, and endowed with possessions and resources. When I was married, she had become so weak only her piercing will carried her up and down the stairs of the little country house to which we had moved—the very house where she had lived as a bride. She spoke with great difficulty; she would hang impaled in the middle of a sentence, at a loss for the word, her watery eyes and wild white hair transfixed. She had no possessions. Except for her clothes and her bed, the elegant silver thimble—a gift from her father, inscribed with her maiden initials—was her last property, and she gave it to us.

In those days, each departure from her I thought was the last. When I left to be married, I did not expect to see her alive again. But when, at the end of the summer, my wife and I returned, it was my grandfather, and not she, who had died. He had died minutes before we arrived. His body lay on the floor of their bedroom, his mouth a small black triangle in a face withered beyond recognition. The room was dimly lit by the warm glow of a kerosene lamp. I was afraid of his body; it surprised me that



“Ammonia! Ammonia!”

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she did not seem to be. I was afraid that his body would move. I called “Grandpa” in an experimental whisper, and flinched in fear of an answer.

My grandmother sat on the edge of the bed, dazed, smiling slightly to greet me. She was confused, like a craftsman who looks up after a long period of concentration. The sanest of old men, my grandfather had on his last day lost his mind. He had bellowed; she had struggled to restrain him. He thought the bed was on fire and sprang from it; she clung to him and in their fall to the floor his heart stopped.

She sat, worn and cleansed by her struggle, on the edge of the bed with two hollows. She was a little woman informed by a disproportionate strength. Carrying her husband through his death had been her last great effort. From that moment on, her will tried to arrange itself for defeat, and its power of resistance became an inconvenience to her. I hugged her quickly, afraid of even her body, which had so lately embraced the one on the floor. My mother, behind me, asked her if she wanted to come downstairs with the others. My grandmother refused, saying, “A little while yet,” and making a tremulous impatient motion of explanation or dismissal.

She knew, perhaps, what I was shocked to discover when, descending the steps with trembling knees, and tingling all over as if from a bath, I went downstairs: that we have no gestures adequate to answer the imperious gestures of nature. Among deaf mountains human life pursues a comic low road. The sherry that my mother had purchased toward our arrival was served; the wait for the undertaker became overlaid with a subdued version of the party she had meant to have. My mother, tautly calm, as if at the center of contradictory tensions, made one of her witticisms; my father’s telephone conversation with our Lutheran minister was as bewildered and bewildering as his conversations with this young man always were.

The minister came with a drawn white face that cracked in relief at finding laughter in the house. At church softball he had broken his ankle sliding into second base, and limped still. His prayers seemed to chip pieces from our hearts and float them away. The undertaker’s men, droll wooden figures like the hangmen of old, came and trundled the body out the door. Thus, as if through a series of pressure locks, we were rescued from the tunnel of death.

My grandmother did not attend the funeral. She was wise, for the Masons made it ridiculous with their occult presumption. My grandmother, whose love of activity had been intense, stayed inside the house, and more and more in bed. When my wife and I went away again—I had a year of college left—I said goodbye to her in my heart. But when we returned at Christmas, she was alive, and she was alive in June, though by now completely bedridden.

Blindly her will gave battle. My grandfather had been a vigorous booster of exercise as the key to longevity. Obeying, perhaps, an echo of her husband’s voice, my grandmother would ask to be lifted by her hands into a sitting position, and then lowered, and lifted again, until the person doing it for her lost patience and in exasperation quit. She liked company, though almost all power of speech had forsaken her. “Up. Up,” that fierce and plaintive request, was all I could understand. We knew that the disease touched only her tongue; that in that wordless, glaring head the same alert and appetitive mind lived. But a mind shorn of agency ceases to exist in our world, and we would speak together in her room as if it were empty. Certain, now, that this was my last time with her—my wife and I were going to England for a year—I spent some summer afternoons in my grandmother’s room. I knew she could hear, but we had never spoken much to each other, so I would read or write in silence. I remember sitting in the rocking chair at the foot of the bed, near the spot where my grandfather’s body had lain that night in warm lamplight, and writing, while the sun streamed in through the geraniums on the window sill, a piece of light verse about what I imagined the sea voyage I was soon to take would be like.

That line is the horizon line.
The blue above it is divine.
The blue below it is marine.
Sometimes the blue below is green.

Reading this stanza now, I see, as if over the edge of the paper, my grandmother’s nostrils as her head was sunk foreshortened in the pillow. The withering force pressed unevenly on her body, twisted it out of symmetry; one nostril was squeezed into teardrop-shape, and the other was a round black hole through which she seemed to seize the air. The whole delicate frame of her existence seemed suspended from this final hungry aperture, the size of a dime, through which her life was sustained.

In England I hesitated to tear open each letter from home, for fear it would contain the news of her death. But, as if preserved in the unreality of those days that passed without weight on a remote continent whose afternoon was our morning and whose morning was our night, she survived, and was there when we returned. We had had a baby girl. We put the child, too young to creep, on my grandmother's bed beside the hump of her legs, so that for an interval four generations were gathered in one room, and without moving her head my grandmother could see her entire progeny: my mother, myself, and my daughter. At her funeral, my child, by then alive to things around her, smiled and from my arms stretched her hand seemingly in recognition toward the drained and painted body in the casket.

My grandmother had died, finally, when I was far away, in Boston. I was at a party; it was a Saturday night. I went to the phone with a cigarette in my hand and Cointreau on my breath; my mother, her voice miniature with distance, began the conversation with the two words, "Grammy went." They had found her dead in the morning and considerately not called me until now. It was, of course, a blessing; my mother's health had been nearly broken by nursing her. Now we were all released. I returned to the party and told my news, which was received respectfully; it was a small party, of friends. But gaiety cannot be suppressed a whole evening, and when it revived I suppose I joined it. I vowed, groping for some fitness, for the commensurate gesture, to go to a Lutheran church the next morning. But when Sunday morning came, I slept late, and the vow seemed a troublesome and embarrassing whim. I did not go.

I did not go. This refusal seems to be a face at that party and I am about to quarrel with it, but other memories come and touch my elbow and lead me away.

THE AMBROSIA OF DIONYSUS AND SEMELE

Little slender lad, toad-headed,
For whom ages and leagues are dice to throw with,
Smile back to where, entranced, I wander,
Gorged with your bitter flesh,
Drunk with your Virgin Mother's lullaby.

Little slender lad, lightning-engendered,
Grand master of magicians,
When pirates stole you at Icaria
Wild ivy gripped their rigging, every oar
Changed to a serpent, panthers held the poop,
A giant vine sprouted from the mast crotch,
And overboard they plunged, the whey-faced crew!

Lead us with your song, tall Queen of Earth!
Twinned to the god, I follow comradely
Through a first rainbow limbo, webbed in white,
Through chill Tyrrhenian grottoes, under water,
Where dolphins roll among their marble rocks,
Through sword-bright jungles, tangles of unease,
Through halls of fear, ceilinged with incubi,
Through blazing treasure chambers walled with garnet,
Through domes pillared with naked Caryatids—
Then mount at last on wings into pure air,
Peering down with regal eye upon
Five-fruited orchards of Elysium,
In perfect knowledge of all knowledges.

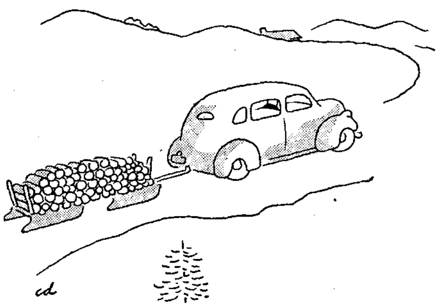
And still she drowsily chants
From her invisible bower of stars.
Gentle her voice, her notes come linked together
In intricate golden chains paid out
Slowly across brocaded cramoisy,
Or unfold like leaves from the jade-green shoot
Of a rising bush whose blossoms are her tears . . .
Oh, whenever she pauses, my heart quails
Until the sound renews.

Little slender lad, little secret god,
Pledge her your faith in me,
Who have ambrosia eaten and yet live.

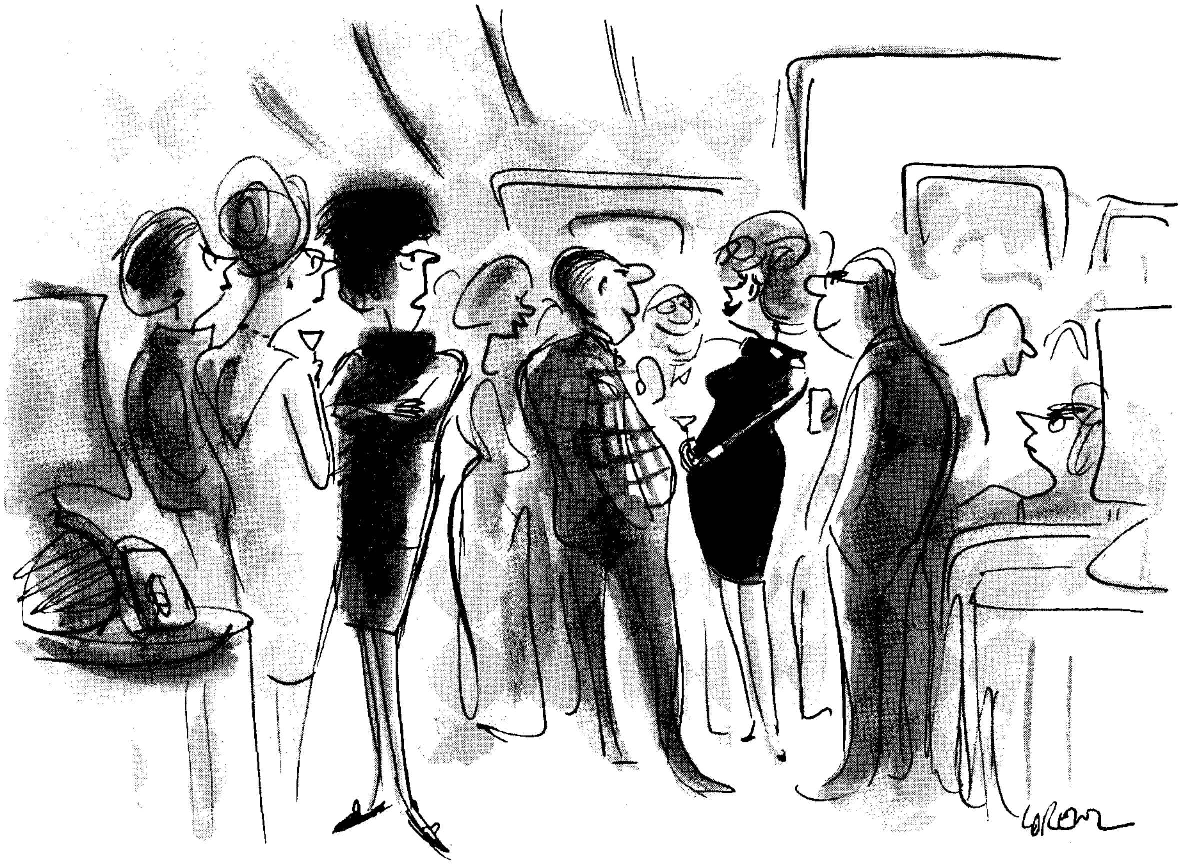
—ROBERT GRAVES

• •

WHEN we were all still alive, the five of us in that kerosene-lit house, on Friday and Saturday nights, at an hour when in the spring and summer there was still abundant light in the air, I would set out in my father's car for town, where my friends lived. I had, by moving ten miles away, at last acquired friends: an illustration of that strange law whereby, like Orpheus leading Eurydice, we achieve our desire by turning our back on it. I had even gained a girl, so that the vibrations were as sexual as social that made me jangle with anticipation as I clowned in front of the mirror in our kitchen, shaving from a basin of stove-heated water, combing my hair with a dripping comb, adjusting my reflection in the mirror until I had achieved just that electric angle from which my face seemed beautiful and everlastingly, by the very volumes of air and sky and grass that lay mutely banked about our home, beloved. My grandmother would hover near me, watching fearfully, as she had when I was a child, afraid that I would fall from a tree. Delirious, humming, I would swoop and lift her into the tree, lift her like a child, crooking one arm under her knees and cupping the other behind her back. Exultant in my height, my strength, I would lift that frail brittle



body weighing perhaps a hundred pounds and twirl with it in my arms while the rest of the family watched with startled smiles of alarm. Had I stumbled, or dropped her, I might have broken her back, but my joy always proved a secure cradle. And whatever irony was in the impulse, whatever implicit contrast between this ancient husk, scarcely female, and the pliant, warm girl I would embrace before the evening was done, direct delight flooded away: I was carrying her who had carried me, I was giving my past a dance, I had lifted the anxious caretaker of my childhood from the floor, I was bringing her with my boldness to the edge of danger, from which she had always sought to guard me.



"If you ask me, she's a-political and a-everything else, too."

There is a photograph of my grandmother and me at the side of the first house. There is snow on the ground. The brick walk has been cleared. I am in a snowsuit, and its bulk makes my walking doubly clumsy. We are both of us dark against the snow and the white brick wall of the house. I am unsteady; my grandmother's black shape bends over me with a predatory solicitude, holding one of my hands in a hand that has already become, under the metamorphosis of her disease, a little clawlike. She was worried that I would fall, that I would not eat enough, that the bigger boys of the neighborhood would harm me, that a cold would strangle me; and her fears were not foolish. There *was* danger in that kind house. Tigers of temper lurked beneath the furniture, and shadows of despair followed my father to the door and flattened themselves against the windows as he walked down the shaded street alone.

I remember watching my mother iron in the dining room. Suddenly her hand jumps to her jaw; her face goes white; shock unfocusses her eyes. Her teeth had given her a twinge that started tears flowing down her cheeks as she resumed ironing. I must have cried out, for she smiled at my face. I told her she must go to the dentist, and returned to my coloring book. The comforting aroma of heated cloth folded over the glimpsed spark of pain. Now around that cold spark, isolated in memory, the air of that house crystallizes: our neglected teeth, our poor and starchy diet, our worn floors, our musty and haunted halls. I sit on the carpet—which under the dining table had retained its fresh nap and seemed to me jungle-grass—and my mother stands at the board, and around us, like hieroglyphs haloing the rigid figures of a tomb mural, are the simple shapes of the other three: my grandfather a pyramid sitting rereading the newspaper in the dwindling light of the front parlor, my father a forked stick striding somewhere in the town, my grandmother, above us in her room or behind us in the kitchen, a crescent bent into some chore. As long as her body carried her, she worked.

The night we moved, my mother and I came through the wet black grass around the edge of the sandstone farmhouse and saw, framed in the doorway, close to us yet far away, like a woman in a Vermeer, my grandmother reaching up with a trembling match to touch the wick of a lamp on the high kitchen mantel. My mother's voice, in recalling that moment to me years later, broke as she added, "She was always doing things like that." Like lighting a lamp. Always lighting a lamp.

And through that "always" I fall into the volume of time that preceded my birth, where my grandmother is a figment of history made deceptively resonant by her persistence into my days. She was the youngest of a dozen children, all of whom, remarkably in that mortal era, lived to maturity. She was the baby, her father's favorite and her brothers' darling. Toward the end of her life, when hallucinations began to walk through the walls of her room and stand quietly in the corners, her brothers, all of whom she had long outlived, became again vivid to her. I became one of them; she would ask for me with Pete's name. He was her youngest brother, her own favorite. His brown photograph, mounted on stiff cardboard stamped with gold scrolls, had been set up on the table beside her bed. He had a hooked nose and the dandified hauteur of a rural buck braced to have his picture taken. Like the eyes of an icon, his snapping black eyes—alone in the photograph unfaded—overlooked her deathbed.

I believe her first language was Pennsylvania German. As some parents speak secrets in French in front of the children, my grandparents used this dialect to shelter my mother, who consequently resented the language. Only two words have descended to me—phonetically spelled, "*ferhoodled*" and "*dopick*," meaning "confused" and "lethargic." They were frequent words with my grandmother; it is the way other people must have looked to her. Shaped like a sickle, her life whipped through grasses of confusion and lethargy that in a summer month grew up again as tall as before.

As with the blessed man of Boston, *I should here provide a catalogue of* her existence: her marriage to a man ten years older, the torment of her one childbirth, the eddies of fortune that contained her constant labor. The fields, the hired men, the horses, the stones of the barn and the fireplace, the three-mile inns on the road to market. The birth of my mother: the lamplight, the simmering water, the buggy clattering for the jesting doctor, fear like a transparent paste on the ceiling, the hours of pain piled higher and higher—my grandmother was a little woman, and the baby was large. Her size at the outset my mother felt *as an insult ineradicably delivered to* the woman who bore her, the first of a thousand painful awkwardnesses. But to me, from my remote perspective, in which fable, memory, and blood blend, the point of the story is the survival. Both survived the ordeal. And in the end all my impressions of my grandmother's life turn on the thin point of her piercing survival.

When we returned to the farm where my mother had been born, my grandmother insisted on fetching the water from the spring. In spite of all our warnings she would sneak off with the bucket and on her unsteady legs tote it back up the slope of grass, brimful, strangely little of it spilled. One summer day my mother and I were standing at the side of the house. The air was vibrating with the noises of nature, the pressing tremolo of insects and birds. Suddenly my mother's face, as if from a twinge of her teeth, went rapt and white: "Listen!" Before I could listen she ran down the lawn toward the spring and there we found my grandmother doubled up over the water, hanging, by the pressure of one shoulder, to the sandstone wall that cupped the spring on three sides. The weight of the bucket had pulled her forward; she had thrown herself sideways and, unable to move, had held herself from drowning by sheer adhesion of will until her faint, birdlike whimper for help flew to the attuned ears of her child. Death had to take her while she slept.

She never to my knowledge went outside the boundaries of Pennsylvania. She never saw a movie; I never saw her read. She lived in our nation as a fish lives in the deep sea. One night, when she thought—wrongly—that she was dying, I heard her ask, "Will I be a little debil?" I had never before heard her curiosity range so far. When presented with disagreeable information, she *would look stunned, then with* a glimmer of a smile say slowly, "Ach, I guess not." Wishing the obstacle away as easily as a child.

Of course, I came upon her late, with a child's unknowing way of seeing. No doubt the innocence of my vision of her is my own innocence, her ignorance mine. I am told that in her day she was sophisticated and formidable. She liked fine clothes, good food, nice things. She was one of the first women in the region to drive a car. This *automobile, an Overland, spinning* down the orange dirt roads of rural valleys now filled with ranch houses and Philadelphia commuters, recedes into an imaginary landscape hiding a woman who is not my grandmother at all.

The initials were K.Z.K. Picking up that thimble, with its crown of stipples like a miniature honeycomb, and its decorative rim of five-petalled flowers tapped into the silver, I felt at my back that night a steep wave about to break over the world and bury us and all our trinkets of survival fathoms down. For I feel that the world is ending, that the mounting mass of people will soon make a blackness in which the glint of this silver will be obliterated; it is this imminent catastrophe that makes it imperative for me to cry now, in the last second when the cry will have meaning, that once there was a woman whom one of the continents in one of its square miles caused to exist. That the land which cast her up was harsher, more sparsely exploited, more fertile than it is now. That she was unique; that she came toward the end of the time when uniqueness was possible. Already identical faces throng the street. She was projected onto my own days by her willed survival; I lived with her and she loved me and I did not understand her, I did not care to. She is gone now because we deserted her; the thimble seems a keepsake pressed into my hand by a forsaken woman as in the company of others I launched out from an island into a wilderness.

SUCH *simplicities bring me to the* third of my unwritten stories. It is a simple story, a story of life stripped of the progenitive illusion, perfected out of history: the slam of a door in an empty house. "Let us imagine," Pascal invites us, "a number of men in chains, and all condemned to death. . . ."

Fanning Island is a bleak Pacific island near the equator. It now supports a relay station for the transoceanic telegraph. When Captain Fanning discovered it, it was uninhabited, but bore signs of habitation: a rectangular foundation of coral blocks, a basalt adze, some bone fishhooks, a few raised graves containing drilled porpoise teeth and human bones. All these things were old.

Understand that the Polynesian islands were populated accidentally, as seed in nature is sown. On the wide waste of ocean many canoes and praus were blown astray; short planned voyages were hazardous and extended navigation impossible. Some drifted to other populated islands and thorns there swallowed them. Some starved on the barren ground of the Pacific; some fell southward into antarctic ice. Some washed up on atolls with only the rats in the canoes still alive. A few—a very few; Nature with her mountain of time plays a spendthrift game—survived to reach an uninhabited but inhabitable island. When the company of survivors included a biologically useful woman, population took place. The souls shed by one nation became the seeds of an-

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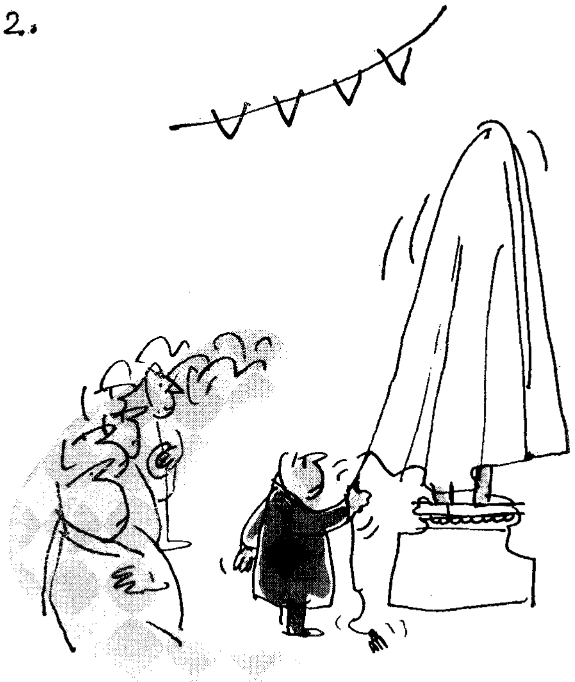

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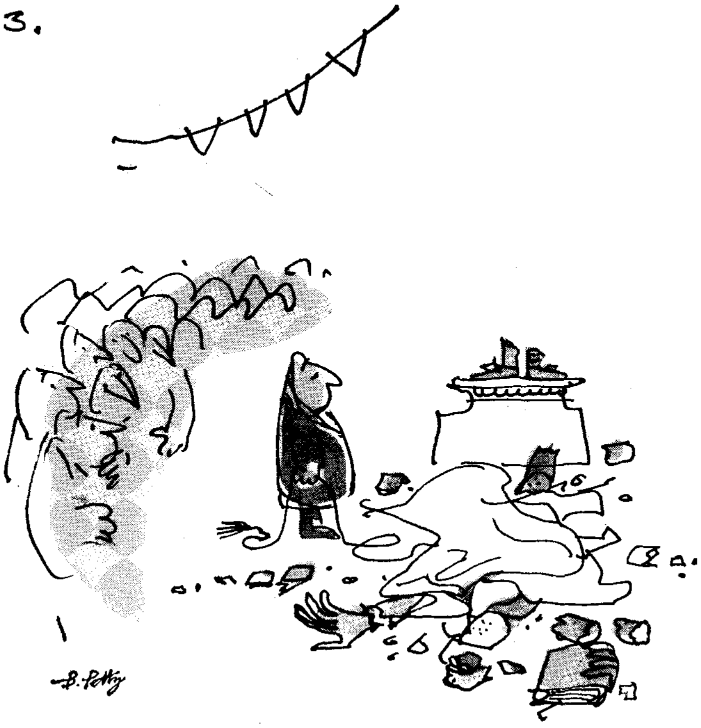

other. No return was possible. The stars are a far weaker guide than many theorists believe. Accident, here as elsewhere, is the generating agency beneath the seemingly achieved surface of things.

What must have happened is this. A company of men in a large canoe, sailing among the Marquesas, were blown away. Eventually they were cast up on Fanning Island. They built a house, fished, and lived. No women were among them, so their numbers could only diminish. The youngest among them may have lived for fifty years. The bones of this man whom no one remained to bury moldered away and vanished. No sign of disaster is found to explain the disappearance of the men. None is needed.

Qu'on s'imagine un nombre d'hommes dans les chaînes, et tous condamnés à la mort, dont les uns étant chaque jour égorgés à la vue des autres, ceux qui restent voient leur propre condition dans celle de leurs semblables, et, se regardant les uns et les autres avec douleur et sans espérance, attendent à leur tour. C'est l'image de la condition des hommes.

—We came from Hiva Oa, and carried pigs and messages for Nukuhiva, below the horizon. My father was chief. The tabu was strong, and we carried no women in the prau. The wind dropped, and returned from another quarter. The sea grew too smooth, and lustrous like the inside of a coconut; the southern sky merged with the sea. In the storm there were lost many pigs and an old man who had seen Nukuhiva as a boy. When the sky cleared, it was night, and the stars were scrambled. At dawn the horizon all around us was unbroken; we strained to see when the great waves lifted us up high. We sang to the sun, and slept in the shade of the bodies of the wakeful. The storm had torn away the hut. The cowards infected us. But the singing gave me comfort, and my father's presence sheltered me. He was the tallest and bravest, yet was among those first to yield up life. We devoured his body; his strength passed into me, though I was young. I long felt the island approaching. It gave the men hope and gaiety to touch me. The island first seemed a cloud; but Marheyo saw birds. Our sails were gone, and we paddled with hands that had lost shape. Our skin shredded in the water. Our throats had become stuck; we were silent. Two days and a night it took us to reach the island; at the second dawn its arms were reaching for us. We saw green bush and coconut palms above the rock. Before our strengths were fully revived, Karnoonoo and I fought. Though he had been a man feared in the village, I won, and killed him, grieving. We took thought to shelter. We built a house of stone, carving the soft rock, like ash, with our axes. We harvested fruit and fish, and learned to make tapa from the strange bark. We buried our dead. We carved a god from a log of the prau. We made women of each other. I was the youngest; I gave myself to those men whom I desired, the best-natured. It was not always the old who died. Demons of apathy seized Mehivi, and Kory-Kory, who had tended the god. The horizon seemed always about to speak to us; for what had we been brought here? We lived, and though we saw the others turn cold, and the jaws sink, and the body turn stiff and light like a child's canoe, those who remained were not sure that they would die. We buried them with the amulets we brought from the village. Now I am the last. I buried Marheyo, the three-fingered, a season ago, and at night he speaks to me.

THIS the outline; but it would be the days, the evocation of the days . . . the green days. The tasks, the grass, the weather, the shades of sea and air. Just as a piece of turf torn from a meadow becomes a *gloria* when drawn by Dürer. Details. Details are the giant's fingers. He seizes the stick and strips the bark and shows, burning beneath, the moist white wood of joy. For I thought that this story, fully told, would become without my willing it a happy story, a story full of joy; had my powers been greater, we would know. As it is, you, like me, must take it on faith.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Q. When is a tailcoat worn?

A. The tailcoat (of black mohair or worsted) is correct for a formal wedding held after six p.m. With it are worn a white piqué dress shirt with wing collar, pearl studs and links; piqué waistcoat and butterfly bow tie; black hose, patent-leather shoes; white kid gloves and high silk hat.—*Esquire.*

And a certain nonchalance.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

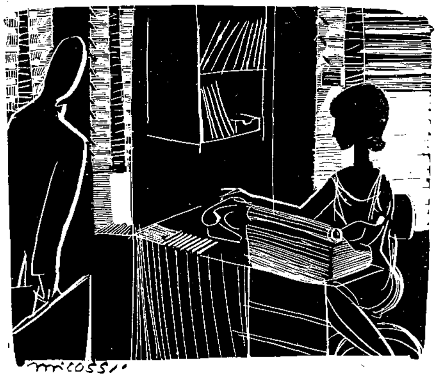
YOU GET IMBUED

Headquarters,
32nd Infantry Division,
Fort Lewis, Washington
January 1

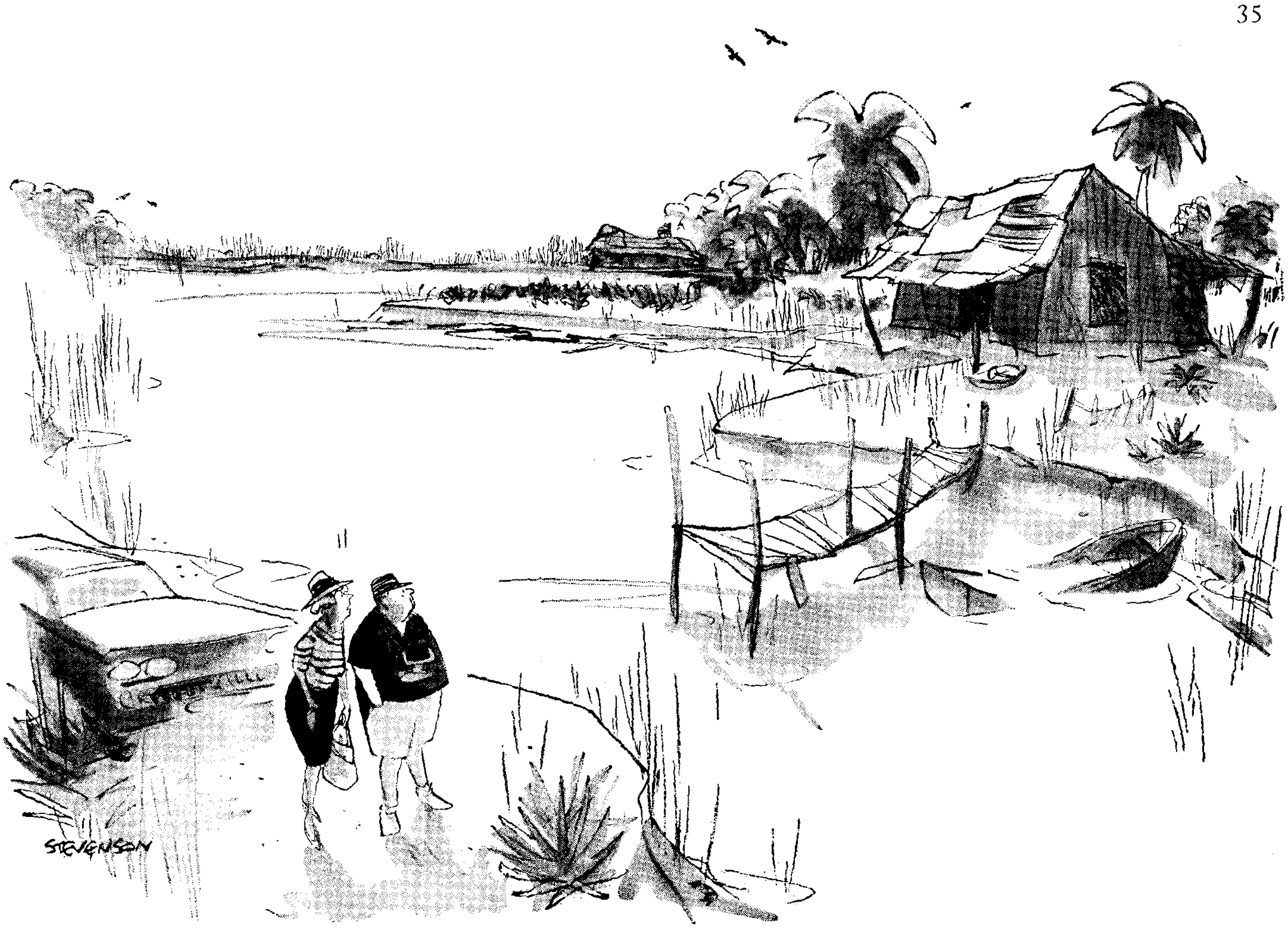
PERHAPS never before in peacetime has one of our Army divisions attracted as much attention as has been focussed in recent weeks upon the 32nd Infantry Division, the flower of the Wisconsin National Guard. Called to active service in mid-October and shipped nearly two thousand miles to this spacious, fir-trimmed Northwestern post, just outside Tacoma, the Wisconsin Guardsmen, ten thousand strong, together with some thirty-five hundred Reservists, who were added to their outfit to bring it up to full strength, have inspired a great deal of talk, much of it agitated and not all of it complimentary. Among the scores of people who have lately inspected the Thirty-second—and, in more cases than not, have subsequently issued statements about it—are seven of Wisconsin's ten congressmen, one of its senators, dozens of its newspapermen, and the Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Superior. As a result of all these visits, and of the concurrent scrutiny by quite a lot of brass from the Pentagon, the impression has got around that the morale of the division—and particularly of its "fillers," as the Reservists have become known—has been deplorably low, and that the snafu resulting from the Thirty-second's federalization was spectacular even by military standards.

Perhaps the noisiest of the visitors has been Congressman Alvin E. O'Konski, a Republican from Mercer, Wisconsin, whose bailiwick embraces fourteen counties in the northern part of the state and who is widely thought to be trying to make a statewide reputation for himself preparatory to running for the Senate next year. The Thirty-second had been at Fort Lewis less than a month when O'Konski, having heard that one of its soldiers had died in training—the man had grown nauseated in the course of a double-time march and, evidently out of embarrassment, had tried not to throw up, and had strangled—accused the Army of negligence. Soldiers do die, unfortunately, in training as in combat; just the other day a member of the 4th Infantry Division, the Regular Army outfit permanently stationed here at Fort Lewis, suffered a fatal heart attack. O'Konski paid the Thirty-second a five-day visit over the Thanksgiving weekend—a visit that the Seattle *Times* later called Congressman O'Konski's One-Man Raid. Before setting out for the post, O'Konski announced in Washington, D.C., that he had received hundreds of letters from men in the Thirty-second complaining about their lot. Some of his correspondents, it seemed, were Reservists who didn't think they should have been called up instead of other Reservists, and some were Guardsmen grumbling about shortages of bedsheets, shoes, food, weapons, tanks, and so on. During his visit, O'Konski, after climbing into a tank that *was* present, and firing off a cannon and a machine gun—which may have given him a thrill but could hardly have advanced the division's training or reduced its shortages—said, among other things, "If this is the Army, the American people had better start praying." By the time he departed, he had succeeded—despite a pious declaration that he didn't hold the division itself accountable for its alleged deficiencies, but, rather, the higher-ups in the Defense Department—in having the Thirty-second branded a "cry-baby division."

That upset me, because the Thirty-second is my division. During the Second World War, I was for a year a filler myself—a minor appendage of its headquarters. I sailed to Australia with the Thirty-second and was with it in combat—or as close to combat as divisional-headquarters personnel get—during the Buna campaign, in New Guinea. I have been in Wisconsin only once since the war, and although I am a member of the division's alumni association, I haven't attended any of its annual conventions, but I still have an old-school-tie feeling about the Thirty-second. To me, it will always be the finest division in the world, which is probably the way most soldiers feel about whatever division they served with in battle. So I decided to see for myself just how copious a flow of tears the Thirty-second was shedding nowadays, and headed for Tacoma, bravely disregarding a pronouncement made around that time by the doughty O'Konski, who said, "The boys are completely muzzled. Because of threats of court-martial, any further visits by anyone to Fort Lewis would be useless."



I HAD plenty of time on the plane to recall what I knew about the Thirty-second. It was one of the first Guard divisions to fight in Europe in the First World War, and its men earned from admiring poilus the nickname Les Terribles. It was the Thirty-second that cracked the Hindenburg Line, and this feat has been memorialized in the division's shoulder insigne, which shows a red arrow piercing a stylized line of resistance. The Thirty-second was also one of the first Guard divisions to be called into federal service prior to the Second World War, the date being October 15, 1940—twenty-three years after the division was formed, and twenty-one years to the day before it was called up this fall. In 1940, when infantry divisions were of the old-fashioned square type, with four regiments of troops, two of the Thirty-second's regiments came from Michigan and two from Wisconsin. En route to Fort Lewis, I couldn't remember all the words of the "32nd Division March," but I recalled one lyrical fragment that I used to sing with gusto: "On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin! Michigan, my Michigan!" Right after Pearl Harbor, the Army triangularized all its divisions, and one of the Michigan regiments was snipped off the Thirty-second. The three remaining regiments, with their artillery and other supporting units, trained in Louisiana and the Carolinas, and then were shipped to Fort Devens, Massachusetts—that was where I joined them—apparently in preparation for a transatlantic voyage. But General MacArthur urgently needed a division in Australia, where a Japanese invasion seemed imminent, and the next thing we knew we had entrained for San Francisco and embarked on a three-week sea journey to Adelaide. After several months of training in Australia, the Thirty-second underwent the ordeal of Buna, took a wound-licking respite back in Australia, and then returned to New Guinea. It served thereafter in most of the Philip-



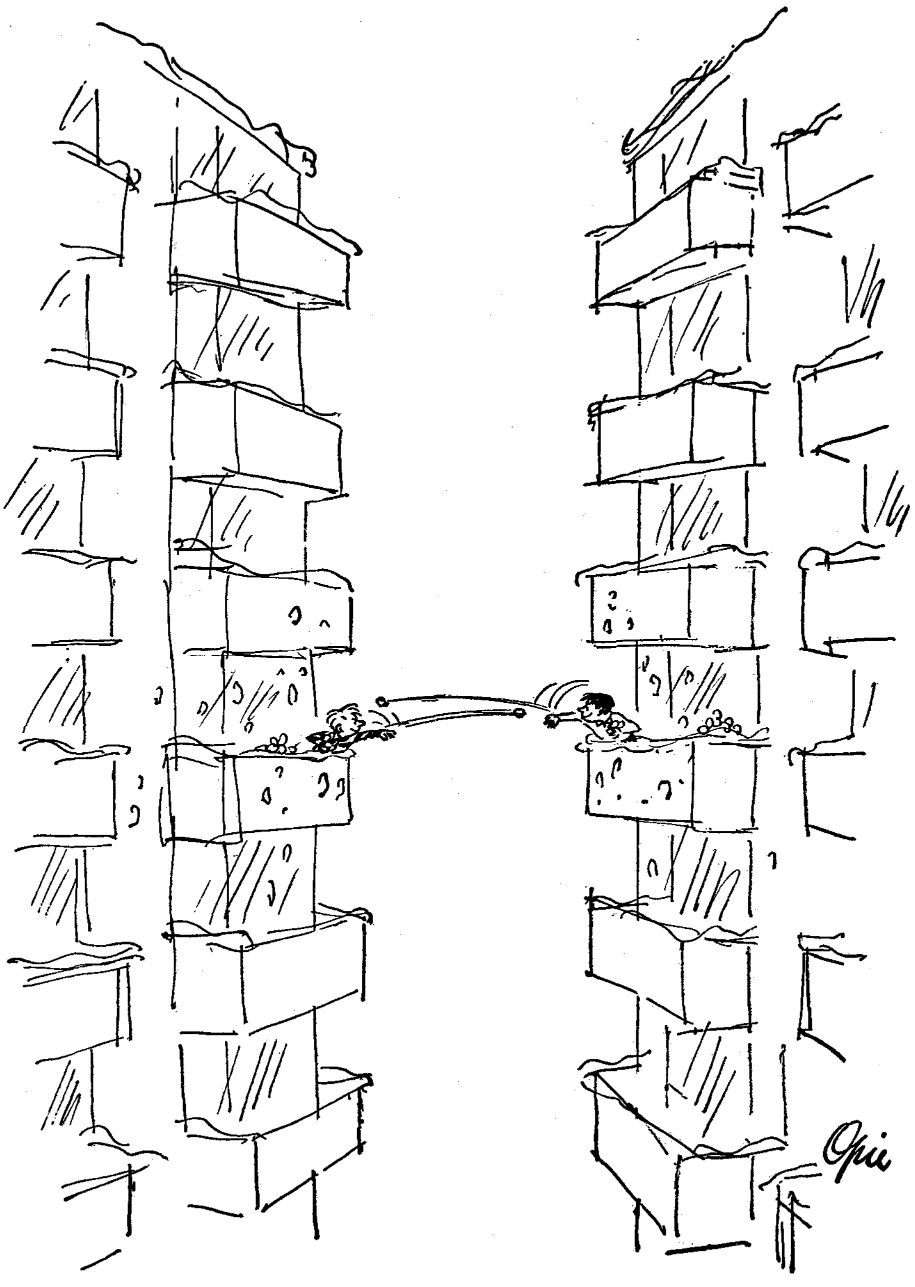
"*Just because I wanted to see the real London and the real Paris doesn't mean I want to see the real Florida.*"

• •

pine campaigns. By V-J Day, the division had to its credit six hundred and fifty-four days of battle—more, it believes, than any of the ninety-two other American divisions that saw action. After the war, it was decided by whoever makes decisions about National Guard affairs that Michigan and Wisconsin were to have separate Guard divisions. Each wanted the Thirty-second. Wisconsin won out, mainly because it had provided two of the three regiments that had served so well. (Michigan now has the 46th Infantry Division.) The Thirty-second was reconstituted, as an exclusively Wisconsin outfit, in the fall of 1946, and from then until the fall of 1961 its headquarters were in Milwaukee. In 1959, the Thirty-second, like the fourteen divisions of the full-time Army, and like the twenty-six other National Guard divisions, became five-sided, or what the Army calls pentomic; that is, its basic tactical units were no longer three regiments but five battle groups. Until the division reached Fort Lewis, it had only about seventy per cent of the theoretical complement of men, weapons, and equipment a division is supposed to have. Congress had so decreed. But whatever form the Thirty-second had assumed, and however its subordinate outfits might have been altered, it was still the Red Arrow Division, and, as such, still very much the object of my affections. (One does not stop loving a woman because *her* outfits change.) I hoped, as darkness fell and my plane approached the Seattle-Tacoma Airport, that I wouldn't find the division's morale at a really low ebb, because that would deflate my own morale. As I left the airport and headed by taxi for a Tacoma hotel, where I had decided to stay in preference to overburdening the already much put-upon Thirty-second, I passed a neon sign advertising the Milwaukee Road, short for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. The sign was a bright Red Arrow red, which seemed encouraging, but the "kee" was flickering and evidently about to peter out entirely. I was worried lest this imperfection prove portentous.

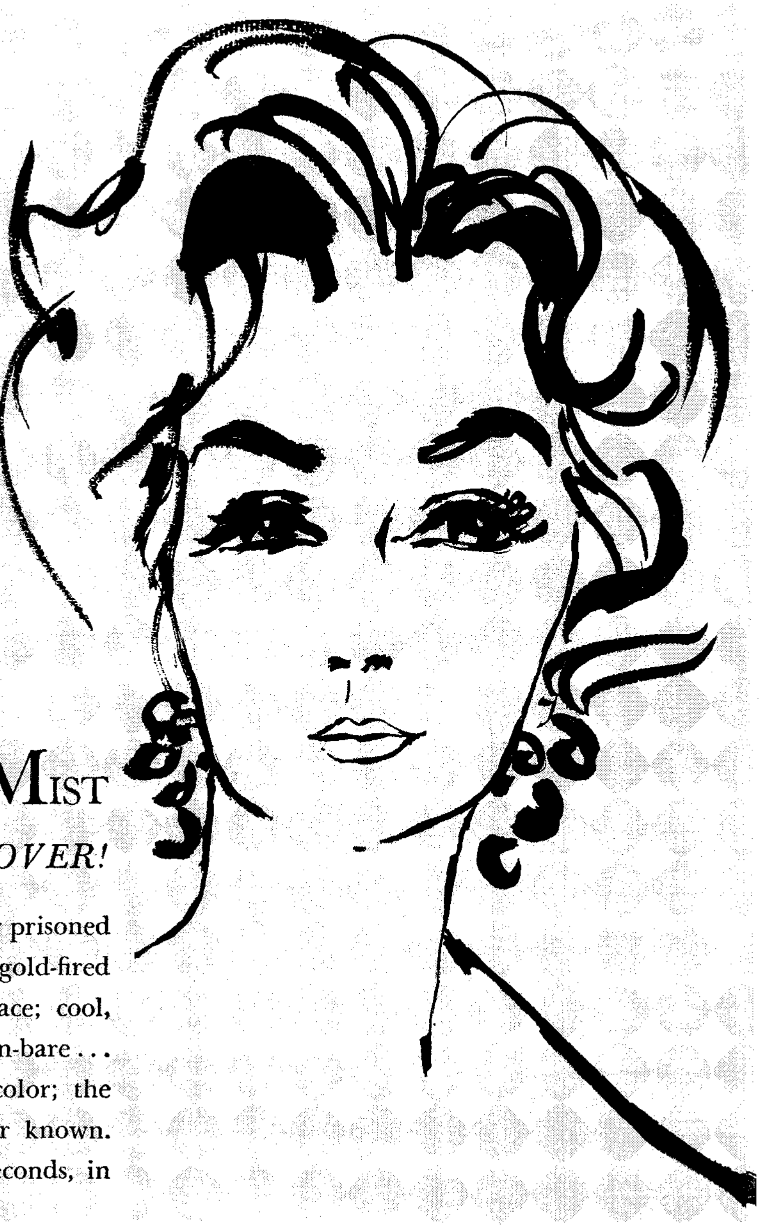
HOW does a layman—which I'm afraid is what I must call myself these days—go about assessing anything as big as an infantry division, anyway? The next morning, en route to Fort Lewis, I pondered—and rejected as unsuitable for me—the course of action followed a fortnight earlier by Senator William Proxmire, a Wisconsin Democrat who now sits in the chair once occupied by Joe McCarthy. Senator Proxmire, who, of course, could have had the full red-carpet treatment from the Thirty-second, had elected to arrive at the airport unheralded, to hitch a ride to Fort Lewis in an Army vehicle, which got him there late at night, and, since he was apparently unable to find division headquarters, to walk into a barracks and cadge a bunk from a private who was about to go on all-night duty. Well and good. But what if the enlisted man had been relieved of duty during the night? Where would *he* have slept? And do G.I.s—or does anybody—really like to have a United States senator barge in unannounced? I doubt it. He might have broken up a crap game. Barging in is what Cohn and Schine used to do when Senator McCarthy was going strong. And besides, I wasn't on the advise-and-consent level. So I decided to work not from the bottom up but from the top down, and, accordingly, to call by appointment as soon as possible on the commander of the Thirty-second, Major General Herbert A. Smith, of Oshkosh, who had been a lieutenant colonel when I last laid eyes on him, in New Guinea, nineteen years ago.

At Fort Lewis, I found that General Smith was not immediately available, so I wandered around the area where the division is quartered, stopping here and there to chat with officers and men, all of whom, not much to my surprise, turned out to be unmuzzled. I estimate that I have talked with about fifty Red Arrow men a day, which I confess is a feeble showing compared to Senator Proxmire's. After a three-day visit, the papers said that he had talked with a *thousand* men. (If he had talked nonstop for all the seventy-two hours he was there, he could have got in 4.32 minutes of conversation per man. I do not have the Senator's stamina.) As I strolled around, I noticed cars with Wisconsin license plates in one parking area after another, and outside a branch post exchange was a newspaper rack containing three-day-old copies of Milwaukee papers. On every hand were trucks and tanks and armored personnel carriers embellished with red arrows, and I felt right at home—the more so because the Thirty-second proved to be housed in those familiar double-decker wooden barracks that were thrown together all over the place for trainees during the Second World War. Fort Lewis also has a number of modern concrete-and-glass barracks, but they are all occupied by the 4th Division regulars, who have been stationed here since 1956, and quite a few of whom, as I write, are exchanging the scuttlebutt that they're on their way to Germany. Before the Thirty-second left Wisconsin, word somehow got around that the division would live in the classier barracks, and some of the written beefs O'Konski received apparently resulted from a misapprehension about who was going to sleep where. The Congressman seems to have urged some of his constituents to let him know if their accommodations weren't all they had expected.



The exteriors of the barracks that the newcomers did get are shabby, being in sore need of paint. But soldiers can and often do live under far worse aesthetic conditions, and the buildings I entered, picking them at random, looked perfectly clean and habitable. In fact, spit and polish was the order of the day, and I was dazzled by the proliferation of uniforms, shoes, and other gear left behind by men who were obviously off somewhere else, fully dressed. If there was any shortage of clothing in that unit, then it is my opinion that soldiers are too richly endowed nowadays. Most of the barracks were empty of their occupants, but in one of them I came upon a private first class, whose name I will not mention, because he may have been on duty as a barracks orderly, and then again he may have been goofing off. I had heard that a number of the men in the division were puzzled about why they had been called up, so I sounded him out on this point. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Not everybody agrees that we ought to be here. It's a question of philosophy. There are plenty of us—as there are plenty of you civilians, too—who go along with the Eisenhower philosophy that our security depends chiefly on our nuclear capability. I tend to favor the Maxwell Taylor concept—I suppose you've read the General's 'Uncertain Trumpet'—of maintaining a strong ground force in case of limited war, so we need not be forced to choose between holocaust and surrender. I personally like to have a wider range of choice. I don't want it to be a matter of my either having to be destroyed or having to give up my freedom. And as long as I'm here, and the rest of the division is here, I guess we're contributing to the wider range of choice I want." I blinked, and asked if I might inspect the latrine.

Next, I poked into a mess hall. It, too, had a dowdy façade, but the windows were curtained and the tables were decorated with potted plants. A white-capped cook came up, and I learned from him that there had been some complaints about the quantity of food when the division first arrived. The trouble was that quite a few fillers had been dumped on the division with faulty orders. These men had been shuffled into units they weren't officially



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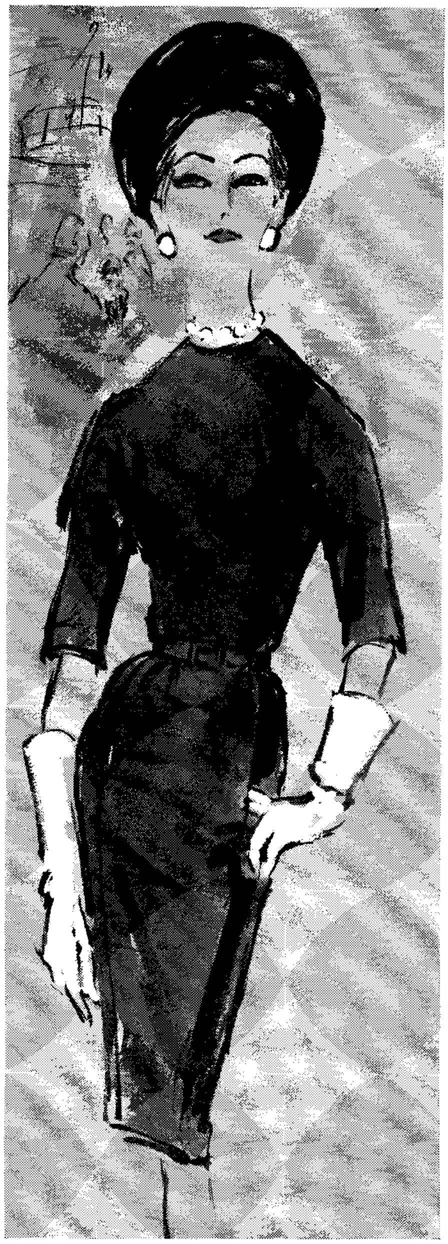

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assigned to, and the units, lacking either the authority or the means to draw rations for them, had been obliged to stretch whatever provisions they had in order to feed the newcomers. Now, the cook said, all that was straightened out; in fact, the division was drawing ten per cent *more* than the conventional military ration, because the powers on high had figured that men suddenly transferred from a sedentary life to an exceedingly strenuous one needed extra nourishment until they had adjusted to the new order of things. The cook said he'd gained ten pounds in six weeks. I complimented him on the horticultural display and asked where his unit had obtained its plants. After looking around hesitantly, he mumbled that they had been acquired by "a little bartering." I did not sense that muzzling from above had anything to do with his reticence.

IT was now nearly noon, so I proceeded to the Fort Lewis Officers Open Mess, where I had been told that I could catch up with General Smith at that hour. I specify the site of my rendezvous with the General chiefly because I am eager to record that the establishment is known through the encampment as FLOOM. General Smith, who in civilian life has been in the postal service in Oshkosh for twenty-five years and is now its Superintendent of Mails, is a unique soldier. He enlisted in the Thirty-second as an eighteen-year-old private back in 1919, and, except for a few trifling months, has stayed in its ranks for forty-two years, or longer than the life span to date of some current major generals. A soldier must wear the insigne of his current unit on his left shoulder and can sport the insigne of his combat unit—or his favorite combat unit, if he has served in more than one—on his right. General Smith wears red arrows on both shoulders, because the Thirty-second is his only unit. He commanded a battalion for most of the Second World War, and counts high among his postwar accomplishments his success in persuading the Red Arrow band to feature in its repertoire a marching version of "Waltzing Matilda," to which he became slavishly addicted while the Thirty-second was in Australia. Myself, I can take "Waltzing Matilda" or leave it alone, but then I never got beyond the rank of chief warrant officer.

General Smith, I knew, had directed some fairly peppery counter-fire at Congressman O'Konski, even telling him to his face that any military man who said some of the things the Congressman had said would be liable to a court-martial. (The two men had never met before Thanksgiving Day, though O'Konski went to school in Oshkosh.) The day I saw the General, he was in a relatively benign mood, possibly because Christmas was not far away, and he said nothing more scathing about the Congressman from Mercer than that he thought O'Konski had done the Thirty-second a disservice. Then Smith cited one example of the sort of thing he and his division had had to cope with. Some of its men, O'Konski and others had thundered, hadn't even been issued shoes. True enough, the General told me, but this state of affairs had lasted for a relatively brief time, and there was a sensible explanation for it. The division was issued enough shoes to go around, but because most of its men are larger than the Army norm (all that good Midwestern fresh air and those dairy products, I surmise), it found that it had too many pairs in small sizes and not enough in large sizes. Some of the men simply had to wear their own shoes until the cumbersome Army supply system could make amends for the fallibility of its law of averages. But by now that problem, and myriad comparable problems, had been pretty well solved, and the General hoped to be allowed to go ahead and whip his division into shape without having to spend valuable time explaining things to outside interrogators. (I naturally excluded myself from this category; I had *worn* the red arrow.) Getting, I hoped, straight to the point of why the division had been called up in the first place, I asked if the Thirty-second was combat-ready. The General has a slowly developing, somewhat gentle smile, and he broke it out as a professor might upon being asked a silly question by a freshman. "Nobody ever really gets combat-ready out of combat," he said. "Being combat-ready is a relative thing. But I'll tell you this: If the emergency had been great enough, the Thirty-second could have gone into combat—though we certainly wouldn't have liked to—the day we got here."

I asked General Smith if he planned to spend the rest of his life in the Thirty-second, and he told me ruefully that come June, 1963, when he reaches sixty-two, he will have to bow out, for sixty-two is the mandatory retirement age for major generals. It was clear that he would be somewhat at a loss when that day dawned. "You get imbued with this National Guard thing," he said. "Belonging to the Guard is a form of patriotism and it

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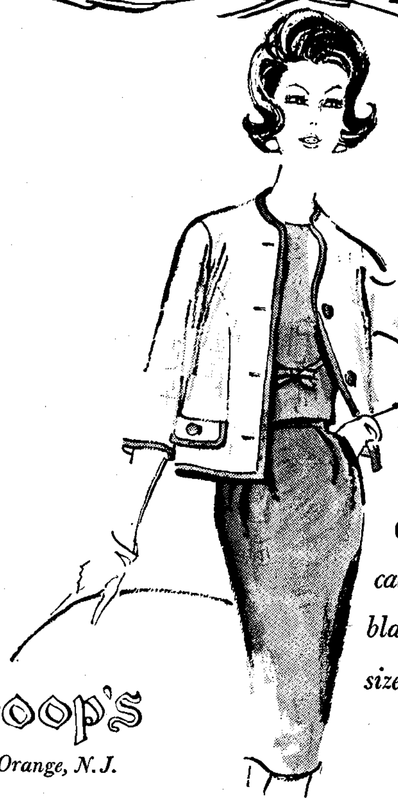

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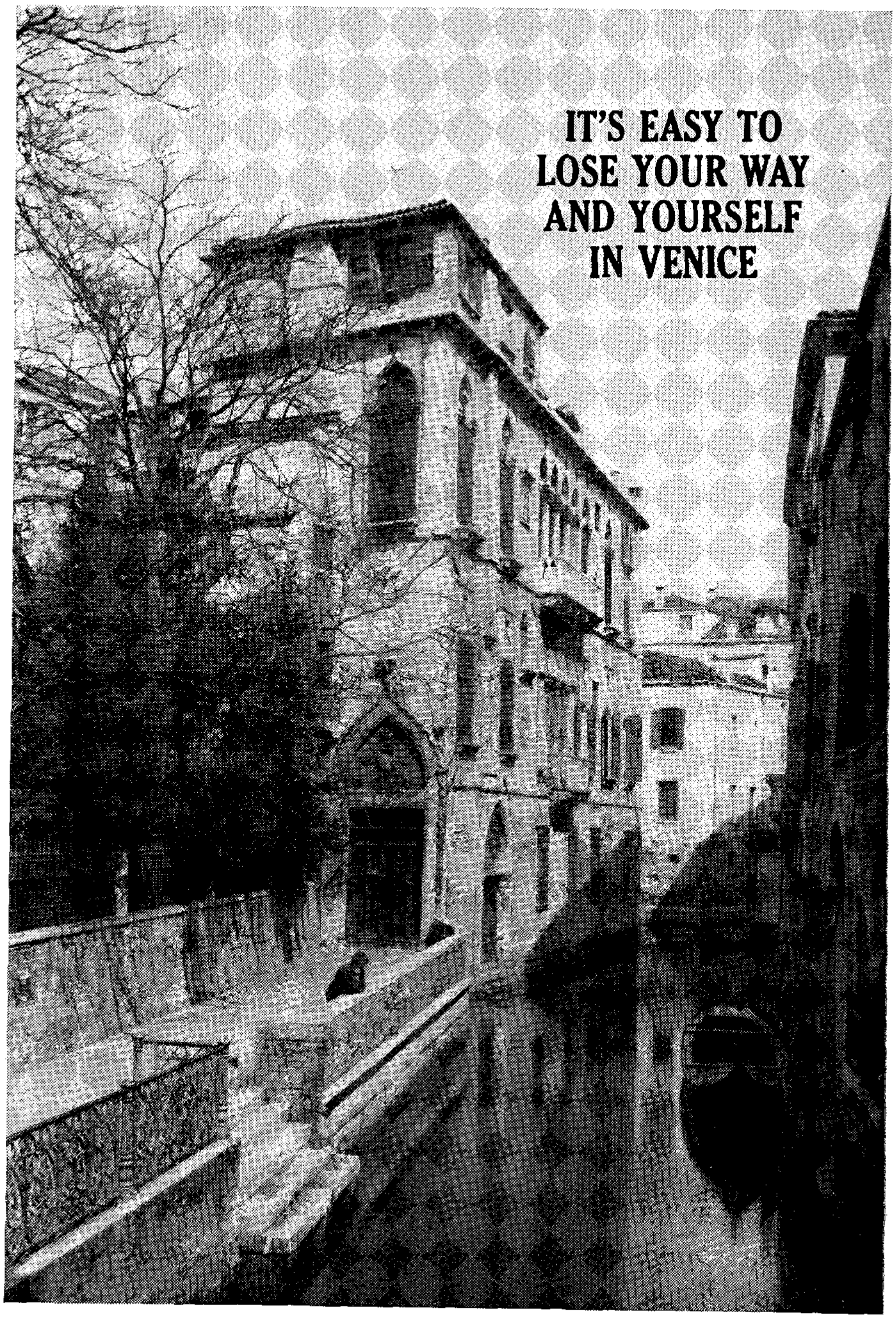
also makes you a member of one of the greatest fraternities in the world. I've often said that many of my officers are closer to me than brothers." He urged me to feel free to talk with any of his brothers I felt like buttonholing, and added that generals with two stars or more and chief warrant officers are the only members of the officer fraternity permitted to serve beyond the age of sixty, whereupon I—feeling quite familial myself at this disclosure—resolved to let the General go about his business and to seek out the nearest chief warrant officer. He turned out to be C.W.O. Hugo H. Voelkli, a man of fifty-five who in civilian life runs a ready-mix concrete business in Monroe, Wisconsin, in partnership with his brother, and who in uniform is administrative chief of the divisional Staff Judge Advocate section. Voelkli was on the phone when I stopped by his office, and I couldn't quite catch what he was talking about, except that it involved women. Some earthy possibilities occurred to me, but I was unable to eavesdrop effectively because a chatty major on the scene wanted to give me a sidelight on the Thirty-second's arrival at Fort Lewis. The permanent garrison at the post, anticipating considerable disaffection among men so rudely uprooted from civilian life, had beefed up its military-police contingent, set aside extra guardhouse space, and alerted a number of legal officers for possible court-martial proceedings. And did I know what? In all the time the Thirty-second had been at Lewis, its men had not been involved in a single reported automobile accident, and only one of them had been put in the guardhouse—an unfortunate filler who, having arrived broke and being unable to have his records clarified in time to get any pay, had resorted to petty larceny. For anyone conversant with the symptomatology of Army morale, the major went on—I inferred regretfully that he did not think I was—this was clear evidence of a healthy *esprit de corps*.

I would have been glad to hear more such welcome tidings, but at this juncture Mr. Voelkli (warrant officers are addressed as Mr.) concluded his phone call, and I made bold to ask him, as one warrant officer to another, what sort of woman trouble the Thirty-second had got itself into. Voelkli grinned, and explained that he had merely been setting up a mass long-distance call between Fort Lewis and Monroe, Wisconsin, on Christmas Day to give the Monroe men a chance to talk with their families. Seventy-five per cent of the division had been granted Christmas leave, thanks to General Smith's efforts, but for thirty-odd Monroe Guardsmen who couldn't get home Voelkli had booked ninety minutes' worth of telephone time, to be paid for by the Monroe Lions Club. He had drawn up a roster of the participants on his end and was sending a copy to Monroe, so that their kinfolk could line up in corresponding order at the Armory there. He hoped there would be no mixups, he said; he didn't want somebody inadvertently prattling endearments to somebody else's wife. He added that he himself would not be taking part in the marathon conversation, since his wife was then on her way to Fort Lewis. This arrangement is by no means uncommon, I learned; fifteen per cent of the members of the Thirty-second have already been joined by their wives and, in many instances, their children. Fortunately, reasonably priced housing facilities have not been hard to come by, and I gathered from subsequent talks with a number of heads of such migrant families that the moves have been achieved with comparatively few headaches. "Sure my children will have to adjust to a new environment," one father told me. "But I think life itself is one adjustment after another, and they might just as well learn that here and now."

Mr. Voelkli enlisted in the Thirty-second in 1925 and has been with it practically uninterruptedly ever since, mostly in the Monroe company—a rifle company that can trace its origins back to March 30, 1882, and that is, he assured me, the oldest rifle company in Wisconsin. In the course of our conversation, he asked me if I hadn't been at Buna. When I said I had, we got to talking about a day when Japanese planes had riddled a certain convoy of Allied supply ships. Voelkli, who I later learned had won a Silver Star for gallantry on that occasion, said, "I remember that day well because two kids came up to me in the midst of it all and asked me if I knew how to pray. 'We want to pray and we don't know how,' they told me. I prayed for all three of us." He went on to say that he had been spending a good deal of time, ex officio, with the Monroe contingent, not only arranging phone calls but also lecturing to the fillers among them about their unit's proud traditions. I asked him how the Monroe morale was holding up, and he replied, "Oh, morale. Well, an army progresses with time, or it should. We'd better be a damn sight better today than we were twenty years ago; more is expected of us. I remember how it was when they sent us to Louisiana in 1940, with those pyramidal tents and all that



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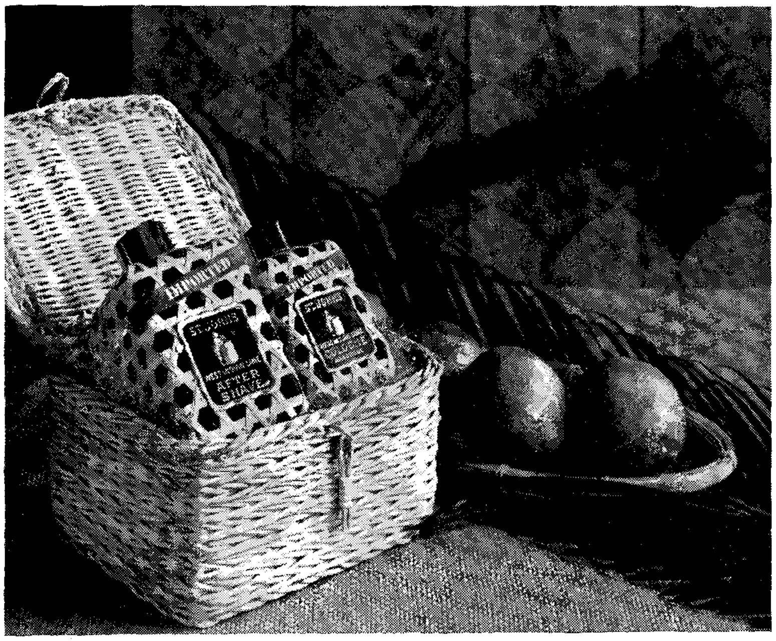

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mud and those sticks in place of rifles, and I think morale is higher now than it was then. When these kids we have here now left home a few weeks ago, they had a purpose in mind—a purpose of service, the same purpose I've had in belonging to the Guard all these years. Most of us are volunteers, and most of us have accepted what happened to us in a good spirit."

But not all have, I learned in the next couple of days. In the haste of assembling the Thirty-second at Fort Lewis and augmenting it with Reservists, men were called up who certainly should not have been. The obvious cases—an epileptic, a man with bone disease, a chronic bed-wetter, and so on—are being winnowed out as fast as possible, which in the military is often irritatingly slow. A number of Guardsmen and Reservists have received financial help from their employers, in the form of the difference between their Army pay and their civilian pay, which some employers have agreed to furnish for a few months and others for a full twelve months—which is the maximum time the division can be kept on active duty unless war is declared. Money isn't everything, however. Among the Reservists are men with large families who bitterly resent having been called to duty while single men of military age remained untapped. (Some of these family men primarily have themselves to blame, since they were supposed to advise the Army each time their domestic status changed but didn't bother to; the Army thus had no way of knowing that a man who according to its most up-to-date records was a bachelor was in fact the paterfamilias of a household five or six strong.) There are other gripes, too. Fort Lewis adjoins Camp Murray, the home base of the Washington-Oregon National Guard division—the Forty-first, which fought alongside the Thirty-second in New Guinea. If the government wanted to put a Guard division into Fort Lewis, some Red Arrow men ask, why didn't it pick the one conveniently at hand? (The answer to that seems to be that the Department of the Army thought the Thirty-second was in a more advanced state of preparedness, but it is not an answer calculated to comfort a downcast rifleman to whom the Big Picture is so remote as to be nearly invisible.) I ran into a podiatrist who had been unable to get a reserve commission in the Medical Corps, because there were no vacancies in podiatry; now, when his private practice was just getting under way, and when he was in the midst of teaching a hundred and fifty students at a medical school, he

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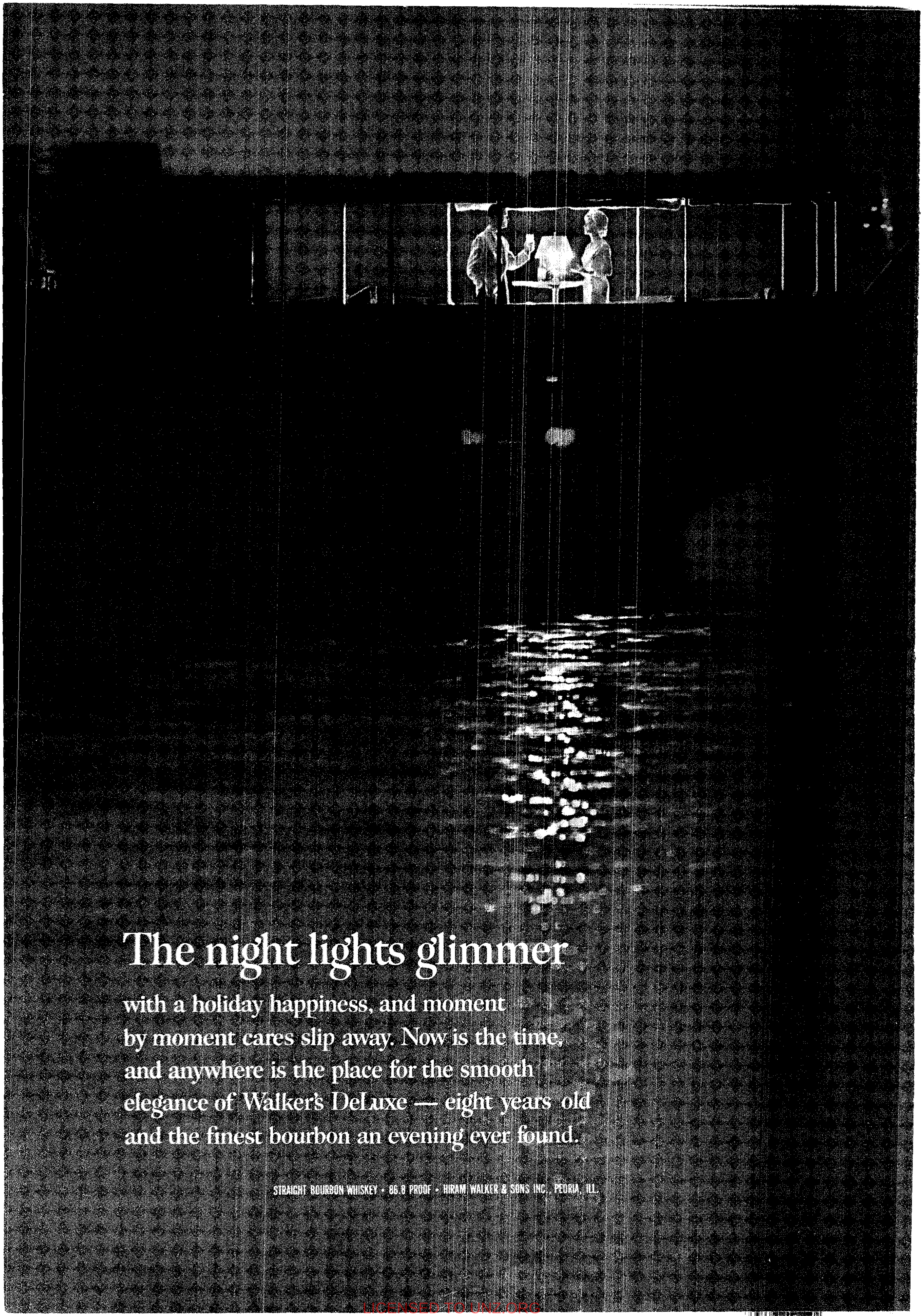

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had been summarily yanked into service as a private. True, he was being permitted to practice his specialty (there is plenty of work for podiatrists in an enclave of foot soldiers), but he was not happy. On the other hand, he wasn't angry, and he hadn't been writing letters to congressmen. I appraised his state as one of frustrated resignation. Another filler told me he had arrived at Fort Lewis in civilian clothes and had had to wait two weeks for a uniform. But he wasn't sore, either. "If you're going to be disgruntled, you're just making it that much harder for yourself," he said. "O.K., so I had to train for two weeks in a white shirt and a trench coat. They got dirty. But I'm all right. I'm alive. And there are always laundries." One of the loudest bunch of gripers I came across consisted of half a dozen officers squawking about the unconscionably long time it took them to pass through the receiving line at a FLOOM reception for some Wisconsin dignitaries who had flown out to listen for gripes.

Another old New Guinea hand I met up with is a lieutenant colonel from Milwaukee whose name is John Ciszewski and whom everybody calls Colonel Choo-Choo. He is executive officer of a battle group. Like General Smith and many of the other present officers in the division, Ciszewski began as a Red Arrow enlisted man and worked his way up, in peace and in war. (Although most of the Thirty-second's officers are Guardsmen and, as such, basically only part-time soldiers, a high percentage of them are combat veterans; nobody had time to obtain exact figures for me, but a few reliable guessers guessed that something like eighty per cent of all the officers of the rank of captain or above are battle-tested.) Colonel Choo-Choo, who is a factory foreman in civilian life, comes from the south side of Milwaukee, an area so dominated by the Polish that a generation ago a state guard company from that district, which he belonged to at the time, was called the Kosciuszko Guard. But things have changed, he told me. In the Second World War, the Irish infiltrated that outfit, to nobody's regret, and now there are Negroes in it—most of them fillers. The American Army has been thoroughly and successfully integrated ever since the Korean War, but the Wisconsin National Guard, though it never had any rules against admitting Negroes, had never been notably hospitable to them; there aren't a great many Negroes in Wisconsin anyway. But quite a few of the fillers recently assigned to the Thirty-

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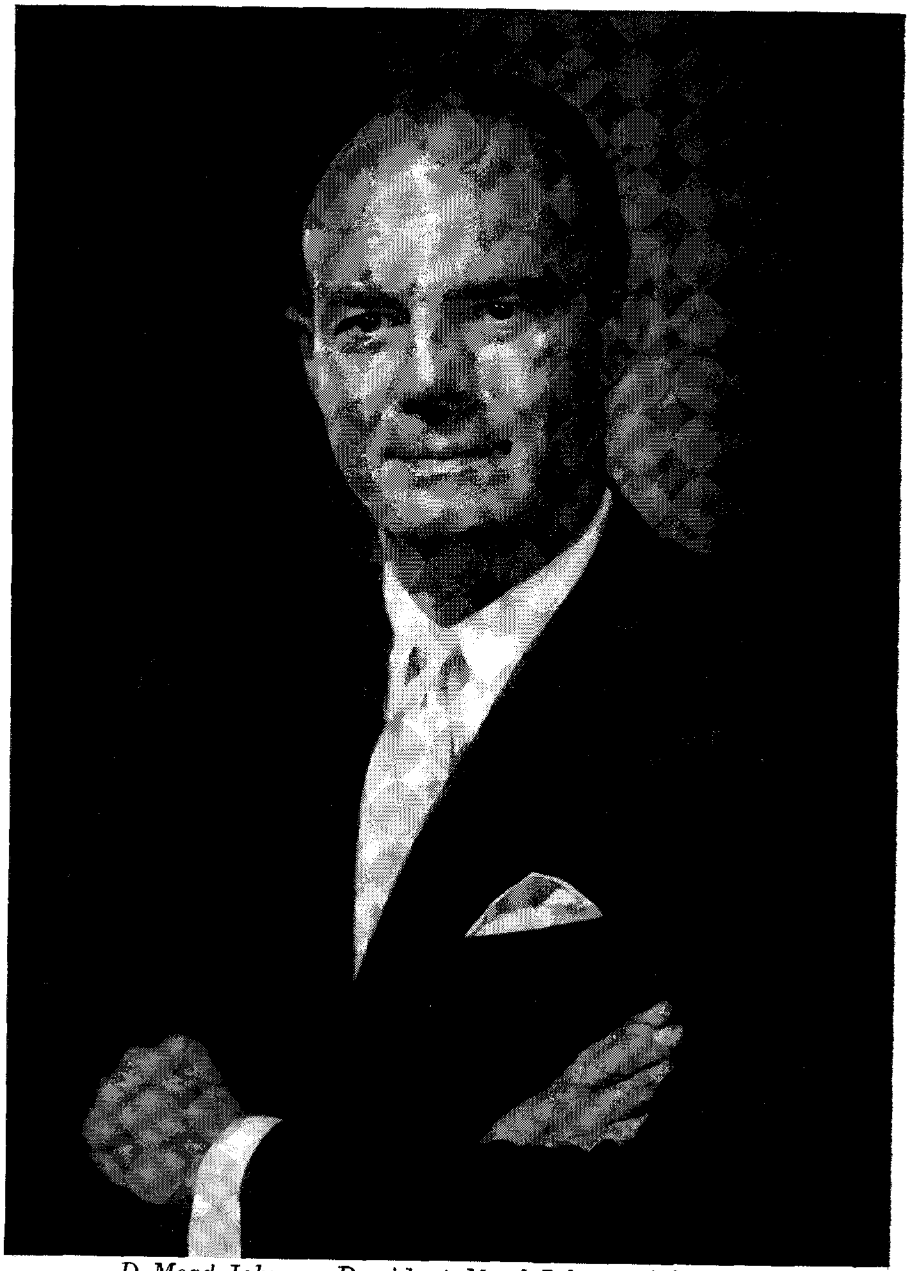

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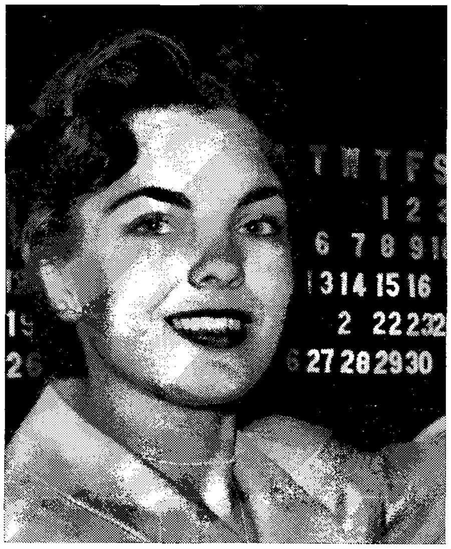

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second are Negroes, and from Colonel Choo-Choo and several other deponents, including a few of the Negro soldiers themselves, I got the impression that this latest development in the ethnic evolution of the division had been taken in stride.

In New Guinea, I had been told, Colonel Ciszewski, then a newly commissioned second lieutenant, had assumed command of a company when its other officers all became casualties, and I started to ask him about this. But as soon as I mentioned that part of the world, he cut me short. "You remember the sergeant—Elmer Burr—who won the Medal of Honor posthumously for throwing himself on a grenade at Buna to save his commander's life?" he asked. I nodded. "Well, just the other day, the same sort of thing happened on a grenade range here. Luckily, we weren't using live grenades, just simulators, but they make quite a bang. Anyway, a kid pulled the pin on one and got excited and dropped it, right in the middle of a bunch of men, and it went off, but just before it did, the boy threw his helmet on it and threw himself on top of the helmet. The explosion banged up that helmet pretty badly and took the kid close to a foot off the ground, but he wasn't hurt. All the same, it was quite a thing to do. I want to put him in for some kind of decoration. And you know what especially pleased me about the incident? You've heard about how all these so-called fillers are supposed to be doing all this so-called griping? Well, that kid who threw himself on the grenade was a filler."

ON my second day at Fort Lewis, I wangled a jeep, and the driver and I headed out into the woods to observe a rifle company in a mock assault, made with blank ammunition, upon an enemy roadblock. At the head of a muddy, rutted road that led to this scene of instructional combat, we stopped to speak to a paunchy, amiable master sergeant who had "Noble" written on the name tag that in these times all soldiers, from general on down, wear over their right breast. Sergeant Noble, who has had eighteen years of service, fourteen of them with the Thirty-second, told me that he is a maltster, working for a Milwaukee company that makes malt for some of the big Wisconsin breweries. I had never met a maltster before, but I suspected that if I were to stay much longer with the Thirty-second I'd have a wider acquaintance in that field. He went on to tell me that his company was divided

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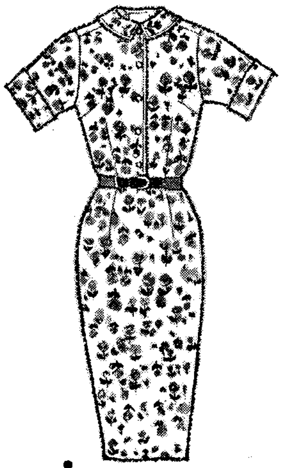
about evenly between Guardsmen and fillers, and that relations between the two groups were perfectly satisfactory. "What boosted the morale of all of them was getting out on the firing range and using live ammunition," he said. "You know, this division got a lot of smearing it didn't deserve, mainly because of that O'Konski. In the opinion of most of our guys, it all boils down to this: We've got a job to do. Let's do it, and go home." A young sergeant whose name tag read "Gruennert" had joined us, and he nodded assent. There was something about that name that gave me pause, and suddenly I remembered what it was. The division's second Medal of Honor recipient in the Buna campaign (Red Arrow men won half a dozen of these rare decorations before their six-hundred-and-fifty-fourth day of combat was chalked up) had been a sergeant named Kenneth Gruennert; he, too, had won the award posthumously. I asked the sergeant if he was related to the hero, and he said yes, he was Kenneth Gruennert's cousin, and there was another Gruennert cousin in the Thirty-second now, too. The Sergeant Gruennert I was talking to, I soon realized, might have had a legitimate beef if anyone in the division had. He had put in three years of active duty in the Army and had then gone into the Reserve, and he had been out of uniform only eighty days when he was summoned back in. But he wasn't unduly disturbed, he said; that was the way things went.

The jeep driver and I continued down the muddy road and were soon halted by a log that had been thrown across it—part of the roadblock the troops were to deal with in the mock assault. While we were trying to move this obstacle, someone opened fire from the woods—using blanks, of course—and we both jumped. The driver chuckled, but I was a mite put out; I had never thought I'd live to see the day when the Thirty-second would be sniping at me. We reached the scene of the tactical problem without further adventure but a few minutes too late to see the operation. The riflemen were listening as a youthful second lieutenant criticized their attack, and when he concluded, a two-and-a-half-ton truck lumbered up and stopped a few yards away. "All fillers on board!" shouted a soldier comedian. "All fillers are going home! You National Guardsmen got to stay!" Nobody cried, and quite a few men laughed.

IN National Guard divisions, one is quite apt to find relatives, like the Gruennerts, serving side by side, or at



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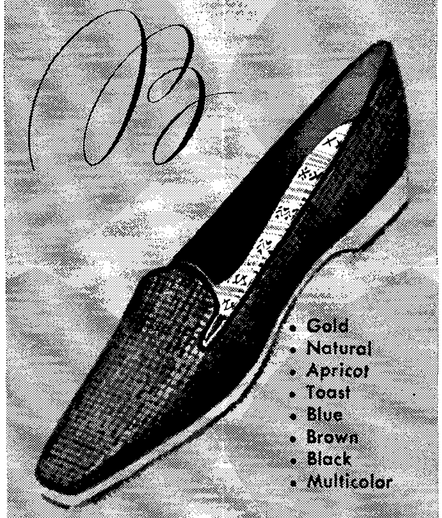

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any rate wearing the same shoulder patch. General Smith has no kin in the Thirty-second now, but the elder of his two sons was a sergeant in the outfit back in 1940. Smith's adjutant general, a lieutenant colonel, has a son who is aide-de-camp to the division's artillery commander. There is at least one set of three brothers in the Thirty-second (plus a brother-in-law), and on the division headquarters staff is a set of identical twins, both majors. When I went to call on the division inspector general, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert L. Krueger—who had been a captain and Special Services officer when I saw him last, in 1942—he at once introduced me to his son David, who is a Special Services staff sergeant in the office next to his. A great-great-grandfather of David's, I was informed, had been a citizen soldier in Wisconsin, and his paternal grandfather had been a mess sergeant in the Thirty-second when the present inspector general was starting in as a second lieutenant. "We're the division we are because much of the men's interest in it is inherited," said Colonel Krueger, who, at the age of fifty, has thirty-one years of Red Arrow service behind him. "David wanted to join up before he was eighteen, but his mother thought he should wait. 'Why should I?' David asked. 'If the Thirty-second has been good enough for Dad all these years, it ought to be good enough for me.' " Sergeant Krueger, now twenty-six, has a son of his own, who his grandfather hopes will someday carry on the family's Red Arrow tradition. Indeed, the boy, who is just eight months old, has already figured in the history of the Thirty-second. A few weeks ago, when some anonymous ill-wisher who had read the cry-baby stories mailed two pairs of infant's rubber pants to the division, caustically addressed to "Any Two First Sergeants in the 32nd Division," they ended up in the youngest Krueger's wardrobe.

I asked Colonel Krueger, who, as a former Special Services man and a present inspector general, seemed likely to be a red-hot source of information on morale, how he thought the division was shaping up in the face of its problems, real or imagined, but before he could answer, his deputy, Major Frank Nikolay—a lawyer from Abbotsford, Wisconsin—came into the room. "*Here's* the guy who got the Thirty-second in all this trouble," said Krueger, and Nikolay smiled. The explanation was quickly forthcoming. Nikolay, a Wisconsin assemblyman, is a Democratic bigwig back home. During the

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1960 Presidential primaries, he was a district chairman for Hubert Humphrey's campaign, and Patrick J. Lucey, the present Democratic state chairman, was the chief Kennedy factotum. Well, in October of 1961 there was a Democratic state convention in Wisconsin, and Nikolay was running for chairman against the incumbent Lucey, who, naturally, was aware that his opponent held a commission in the Guard. The next thing anybody knew, the national administration had ordered the Thirty-second to Fort Lewis. "I went to Pat," Nikolay said, while Krueger grinned in enjoyment of a funny yarn he had clearly heard many times before, "and I said, 'It's a hell of a trick to call up ten thousand men just to get rid of your opponent.' " Nikolay and another Red Arrow major—Richard E. Peterson, a lawyer from Waupaca, who is also a Wisconsin assemblyman—obtained permission to fly back to their state capital at Madison early in December, to vote on a crucial regional issue. The two soldier-solons arrived just as their fellow-legislators were discussing whether they should embark on a formal investigation of the Thirty-second, which they, too, feared was in the doldrums. Peterson nipped that project in the bud. He told the Assembly that the morale of the Thirty-second was high, and added, "Anyone who says different is a damn liar."

THE next morning, the Thirty-second had a parade. I love a parade, and I love a Red Arrow parade best of all, though I had never previously attended one as a spectator—only as a participant. This time, as the starting hour of ten o'clock drew near, I found myself a vantage point right alongside the stand from which General Smith would watch his troops pass in review. It must have been quite a moment for him, in view of the fact that this was the first time since the end of the Second World War that the division had assembled at practically full strength. There were no tanks or heavy weapons in the ceremony—just men with their individual weapons—and this emphasis on human beings rather than machines seemed to make the gathering all the more significant. It was a raw, damp, windy, cloudy day, and the soldiers' faces were red with cold as they massed in formation on a broad, bare drill ground, facing their commander.

Over a loudspeaker, General Smith addressed his men: "First, I would like to speak a word of appreciation for the soldierly manner in which you accomplished all of the tasks that are included

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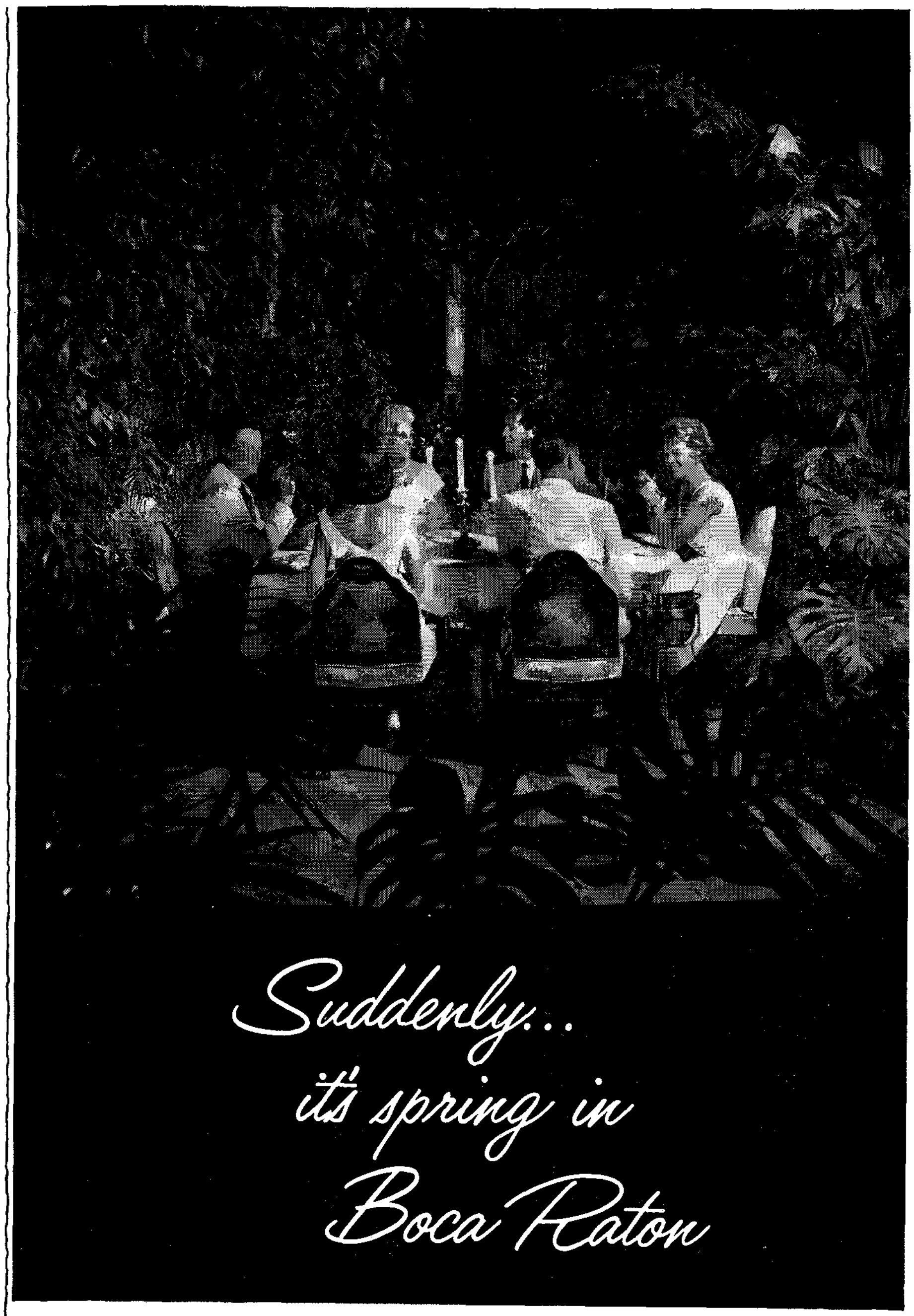
After warning his men to treat with skepticism anything they might read or hear about their returning to civilian life very soon, General Smith concluded by wishing them a Merry Christmas. Then he climbed aboard a jeep, along with his second-in-command, Brigadier General John A. Dunlap, of Milwaukee, who has a private-first-class son in the Thirty-second's artillery. The two generals inspected their men in ranks, and then, in conformance with the conventional pattern of these rituals, Smith dropped off Dunlap and returned to the reviewing stand, so that the soldiers



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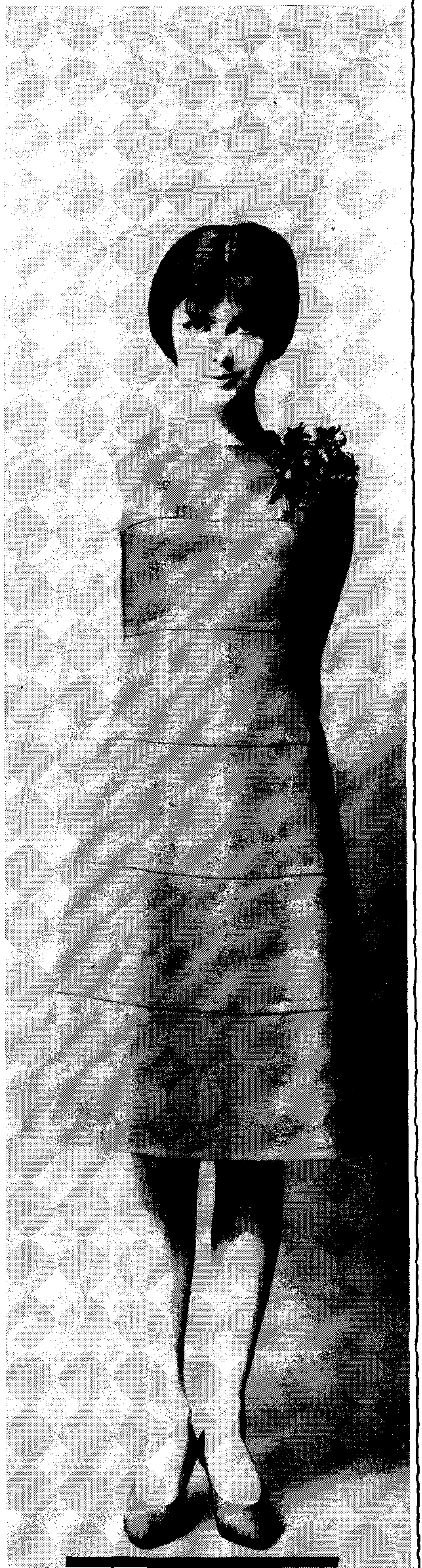

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could file past him. The band came first, with red arrows on the bass drum and on the bells of its tubas, and as it reached the reviewing stand, where it halted to play for the units in its wake, it broke into the strains of the "32nd Division March." "On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin! Michigan, my Michigan!" Then, marching behind their flags and banners and battle streamers, which were dipped in tribute to their commander, came the battle groups of infantry, with their light-blue scarves, led by officers and senior noncoms with ribbons galore and, above the ribbons, the silver badge emblematic of foot soldiers who have been in combat. Next came the artillery, with flaming-red scarves at their throats, behind their strutting commander, a dapper brigadier general from Mosinee, Wisconsin, named Francis F. Schweinler, who had told me the day before, "Aggressive leadership can solve any outfit's problems, and in this outfit it has solved them!" The band broke into "Waltzing Matilda," and I thought I saw a gratified smile flicker across General Smith's face. Behind the artillery came the special troops—Ordnance and Transportation and Signal and Quartermaster and all the necessary rest. Overhead, eight artillery spotter planes zoomed in a tight formation forming the division's insigne. As the medics came by, with red-cross armbands in lieu of weapons, the major at their head had a big, self-conscious grin on his face; I had a hunch that he had never marched before and was having the time of his life. The medics moved on past, and a lieutenant colonel standing next to me looked after them solemnly and said, perhaps to me, perhaps to himself, "I can remember that the *second* time we went into New Guinea, most of the medics were armed. We had lost too many unarmed ones, who were only trying to do their job. Why, I can even remember when a chaplain asked me to take him out on a practice range, so he could learn to handle a tommy gun. Those were some days." The band swung in behind the last detachment, once again playing the "32nd Division March," and a moment later General Smith climbed into a sedan and sped off, whereupon his numbered troops strode briskly toward their unit areas. The 32nd Division was disassembling, and if there was anybody there that day who felt like crying, it was me.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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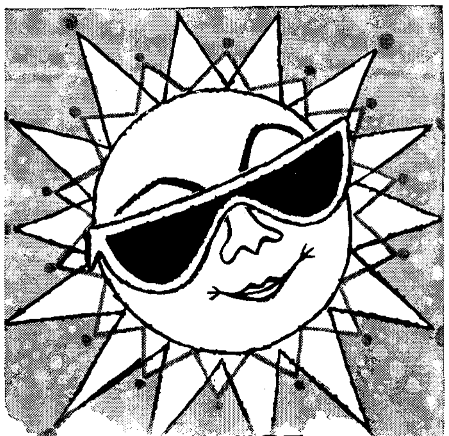

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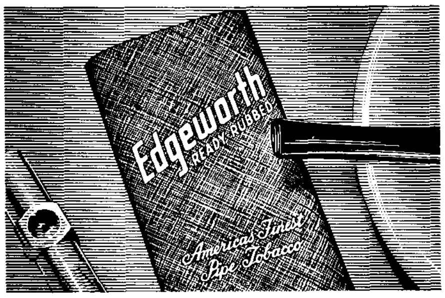

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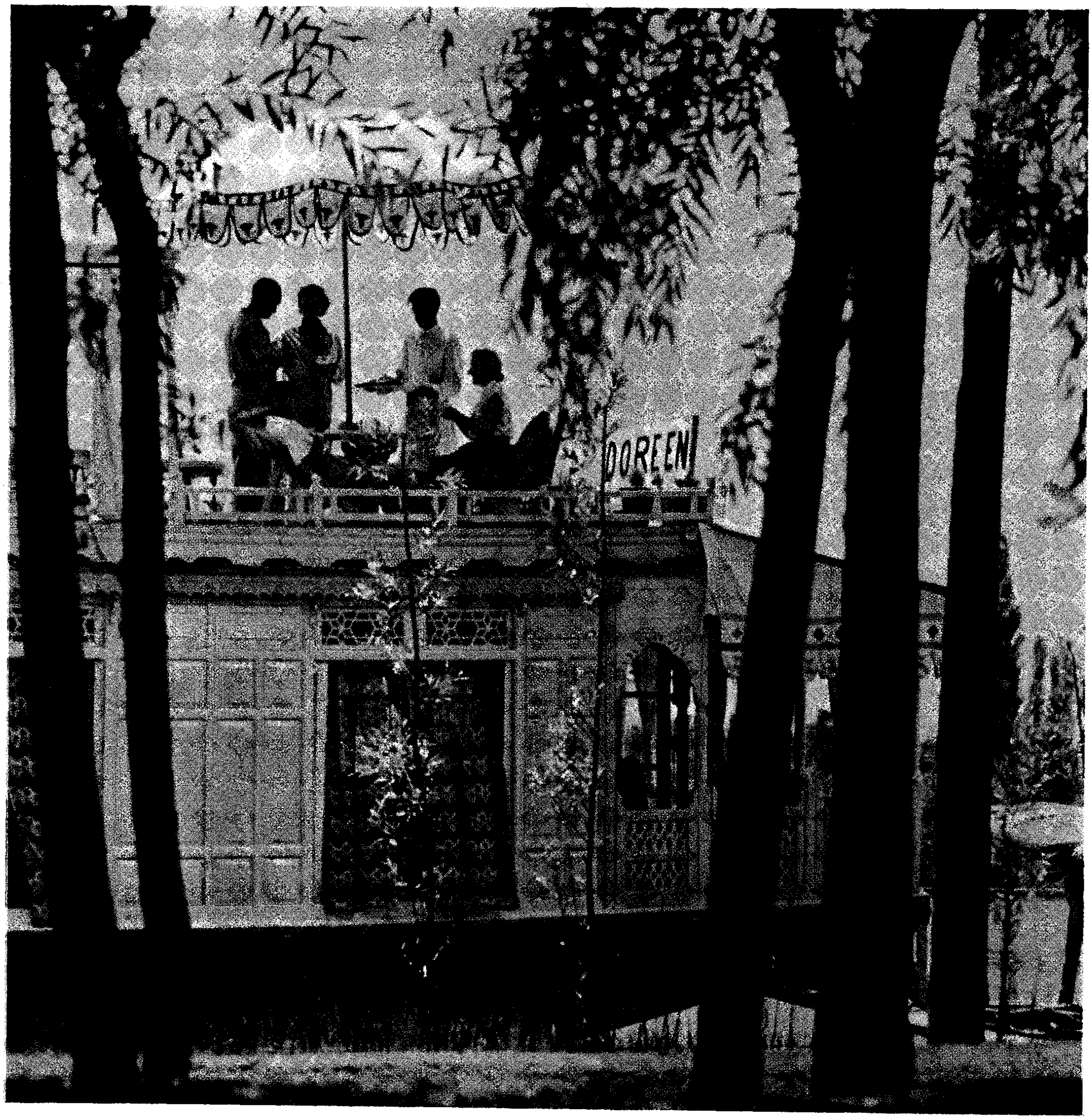

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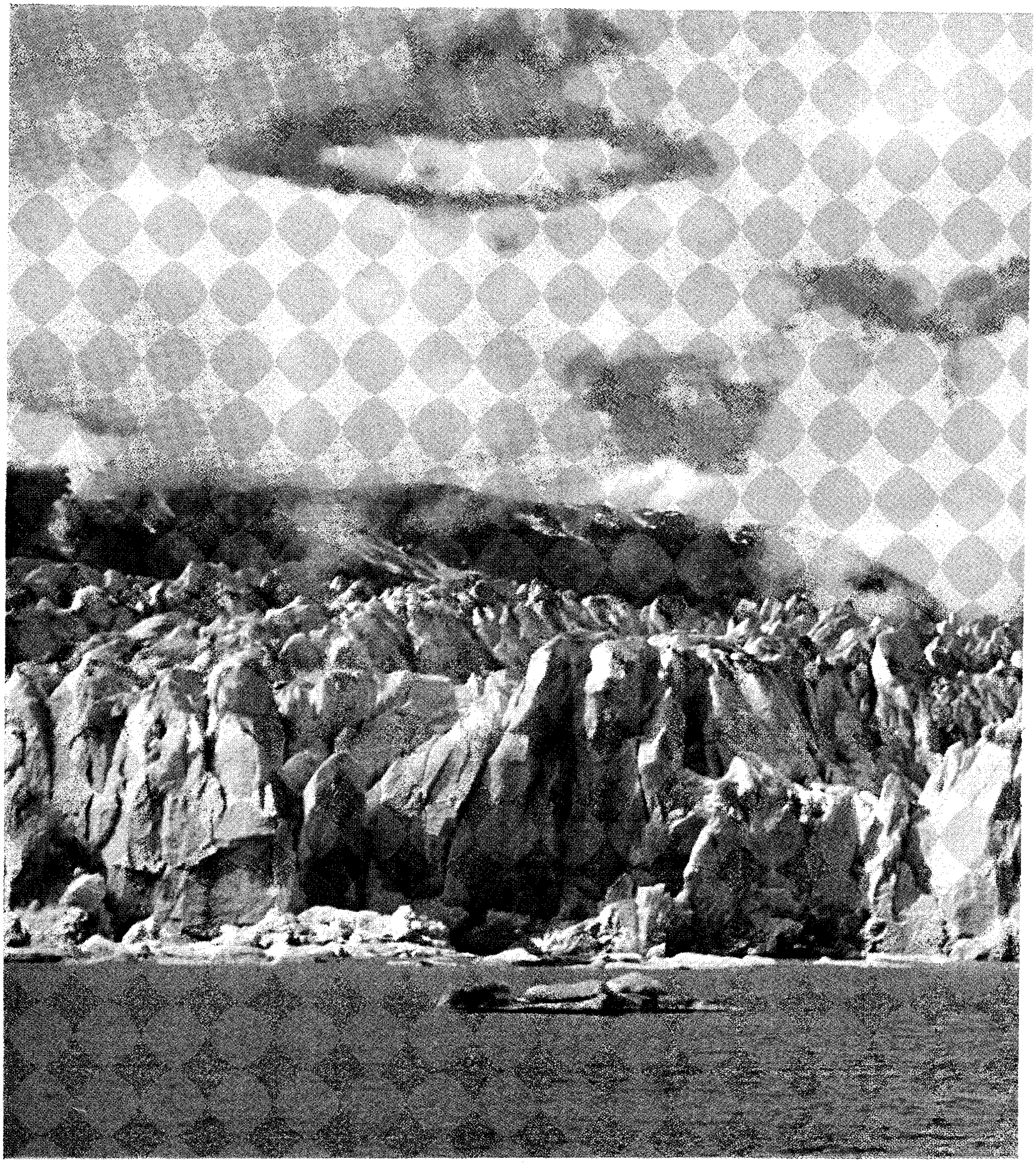

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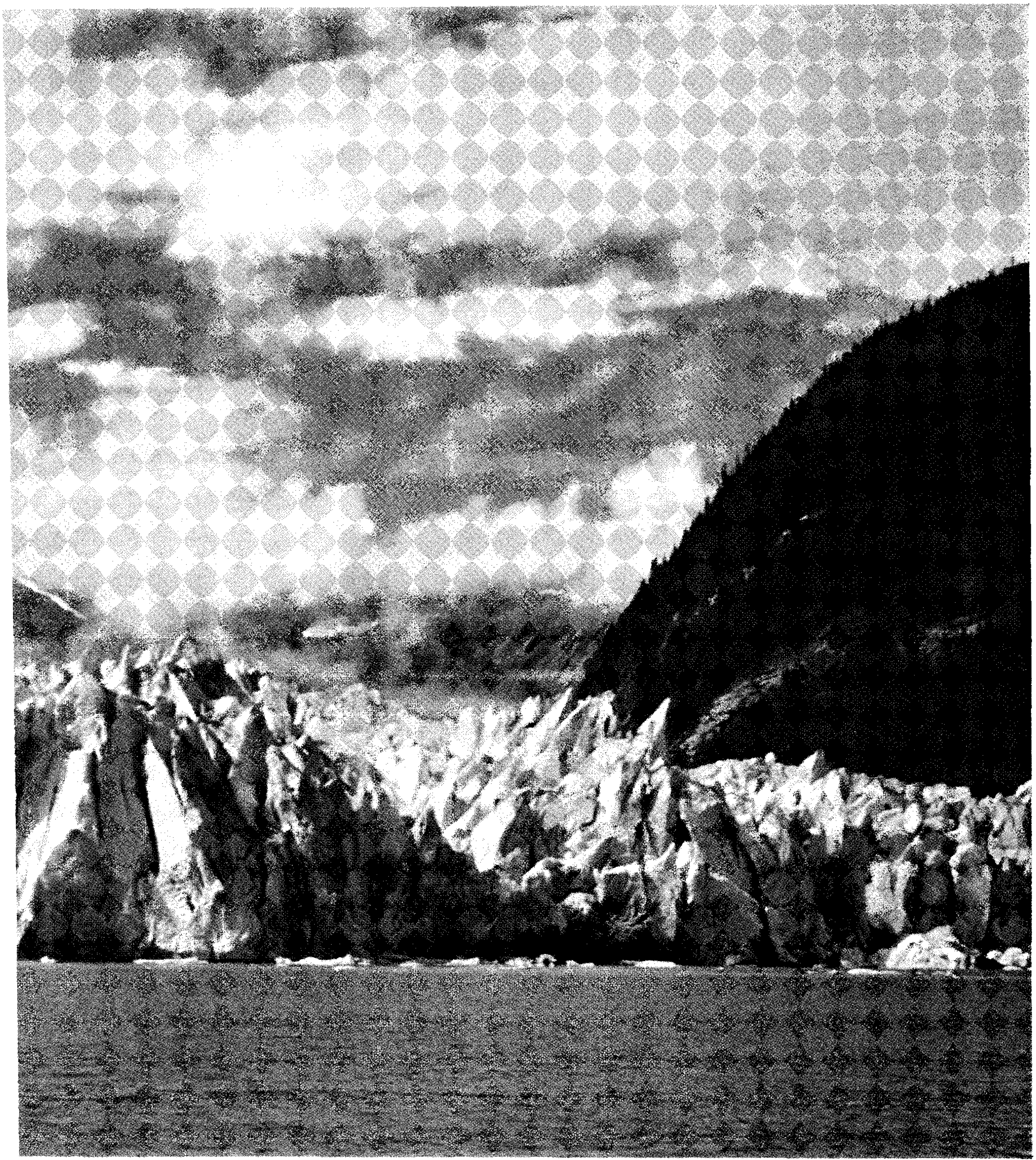

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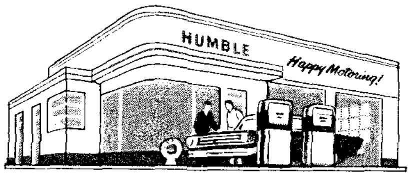
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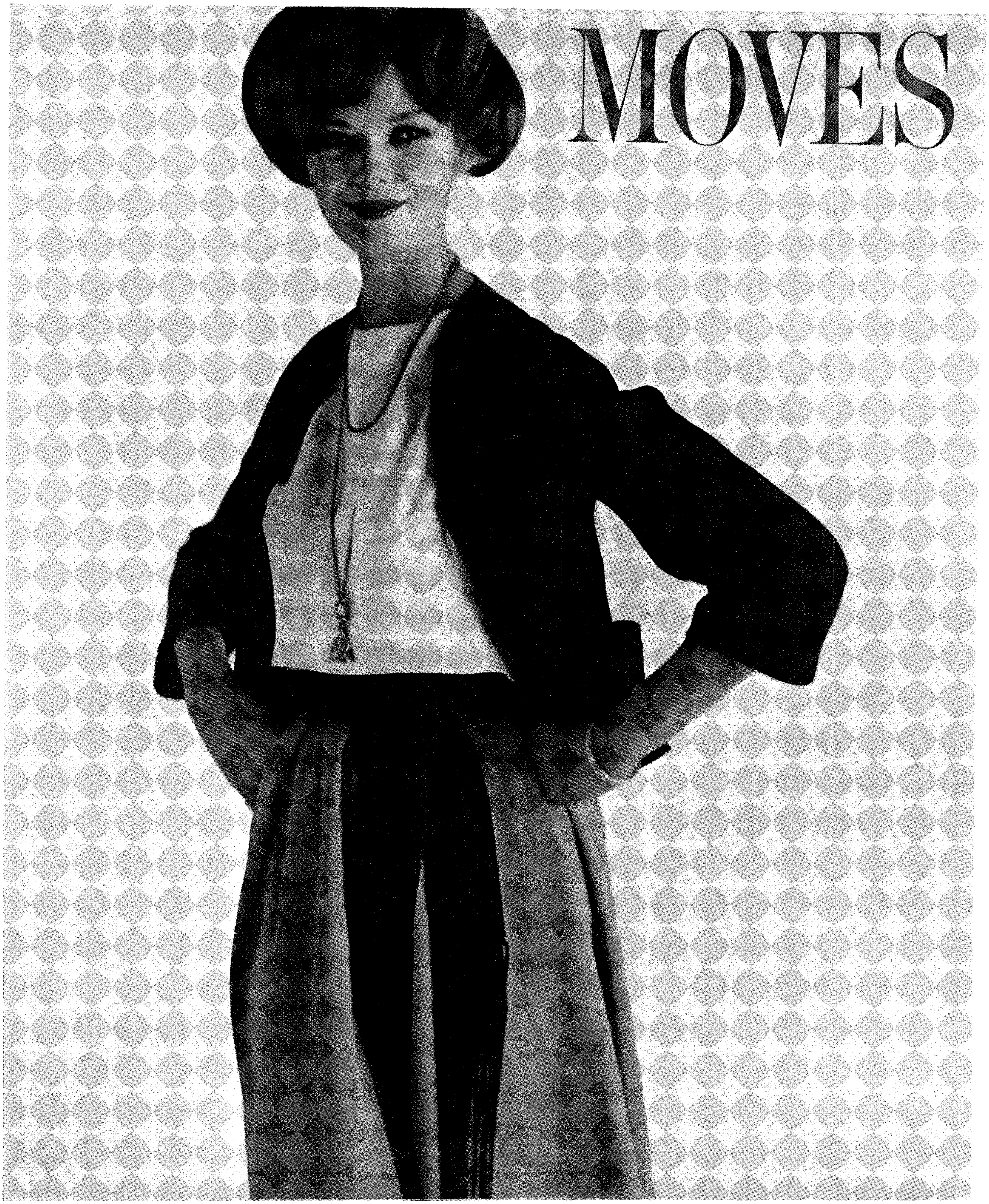

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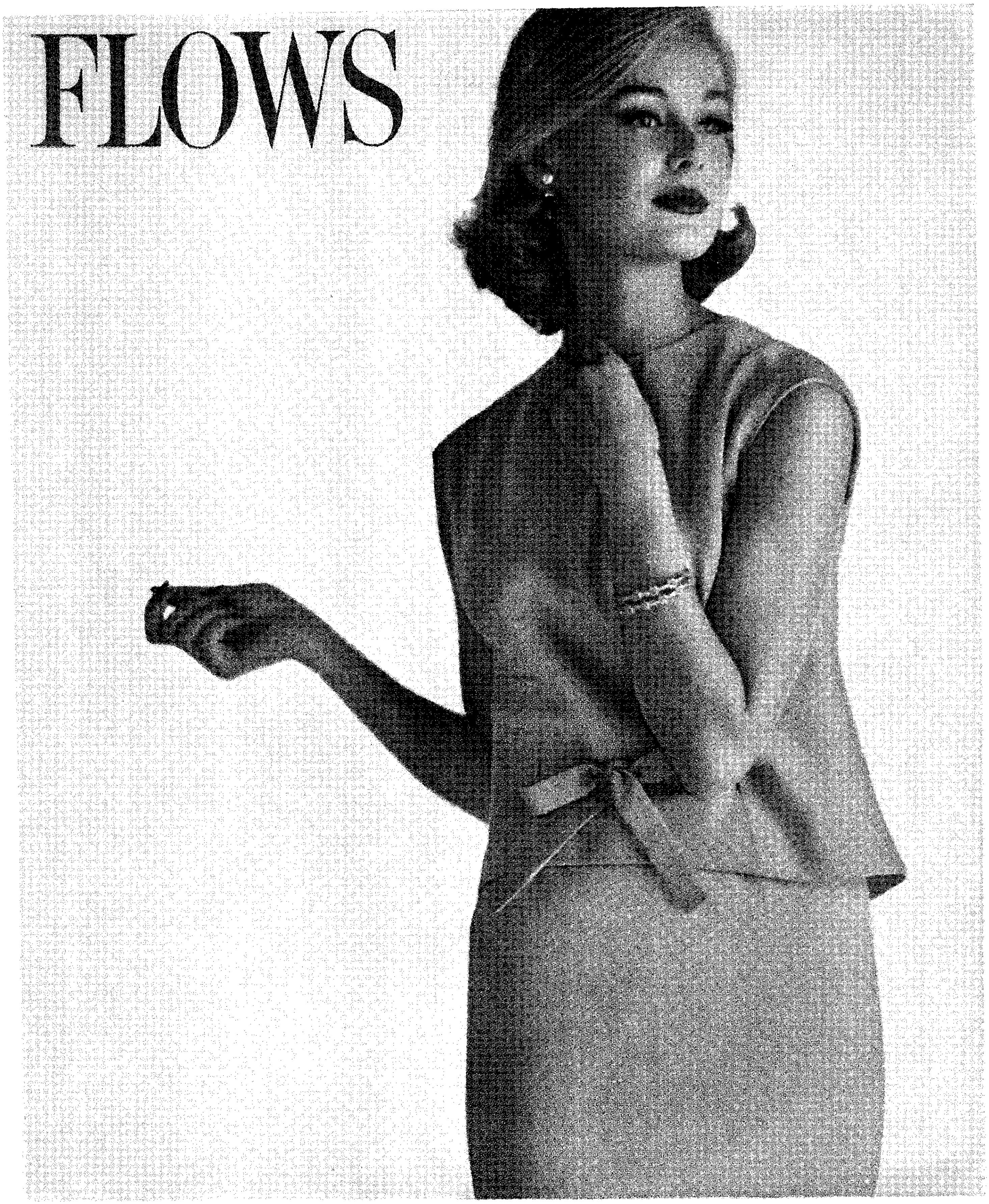

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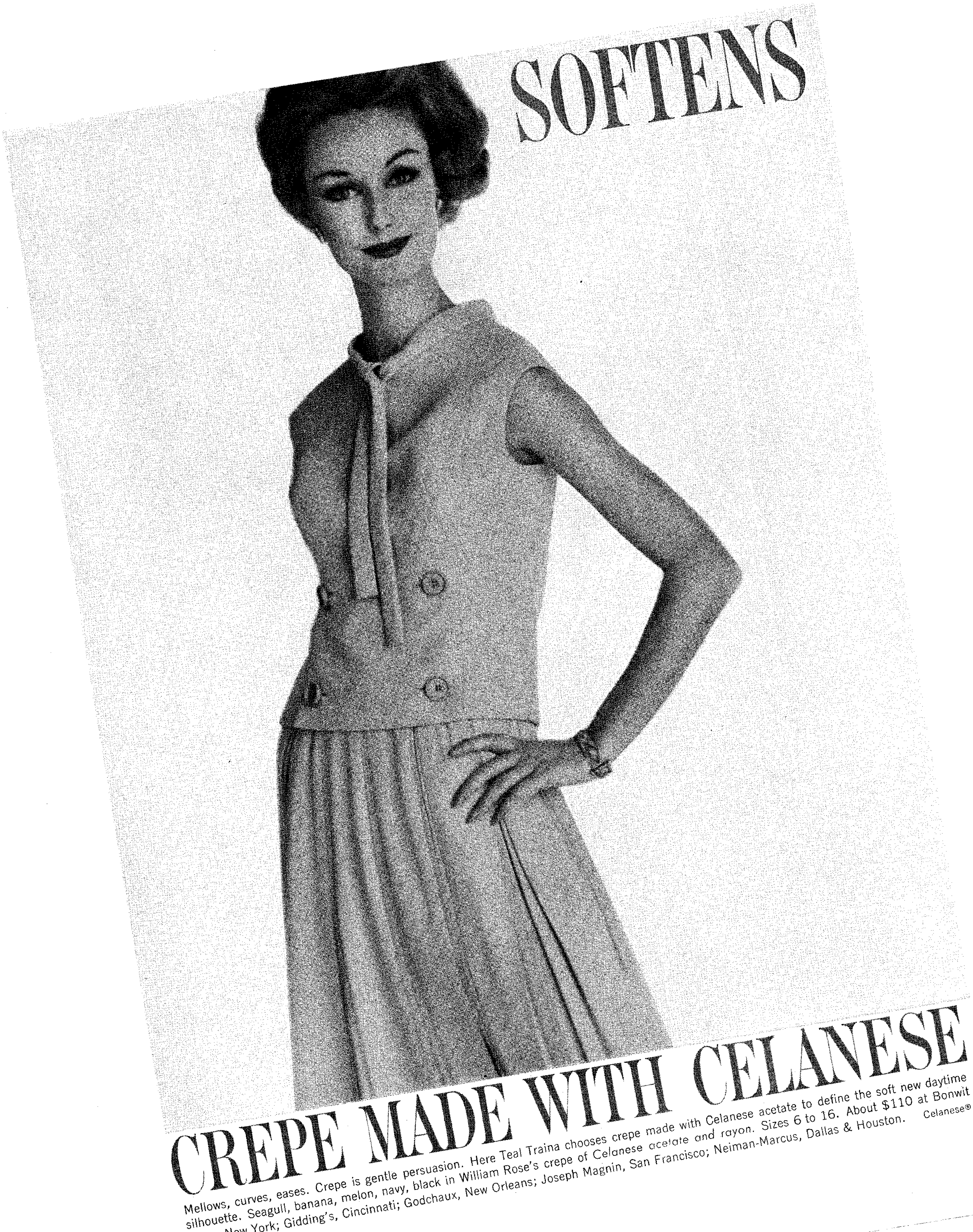

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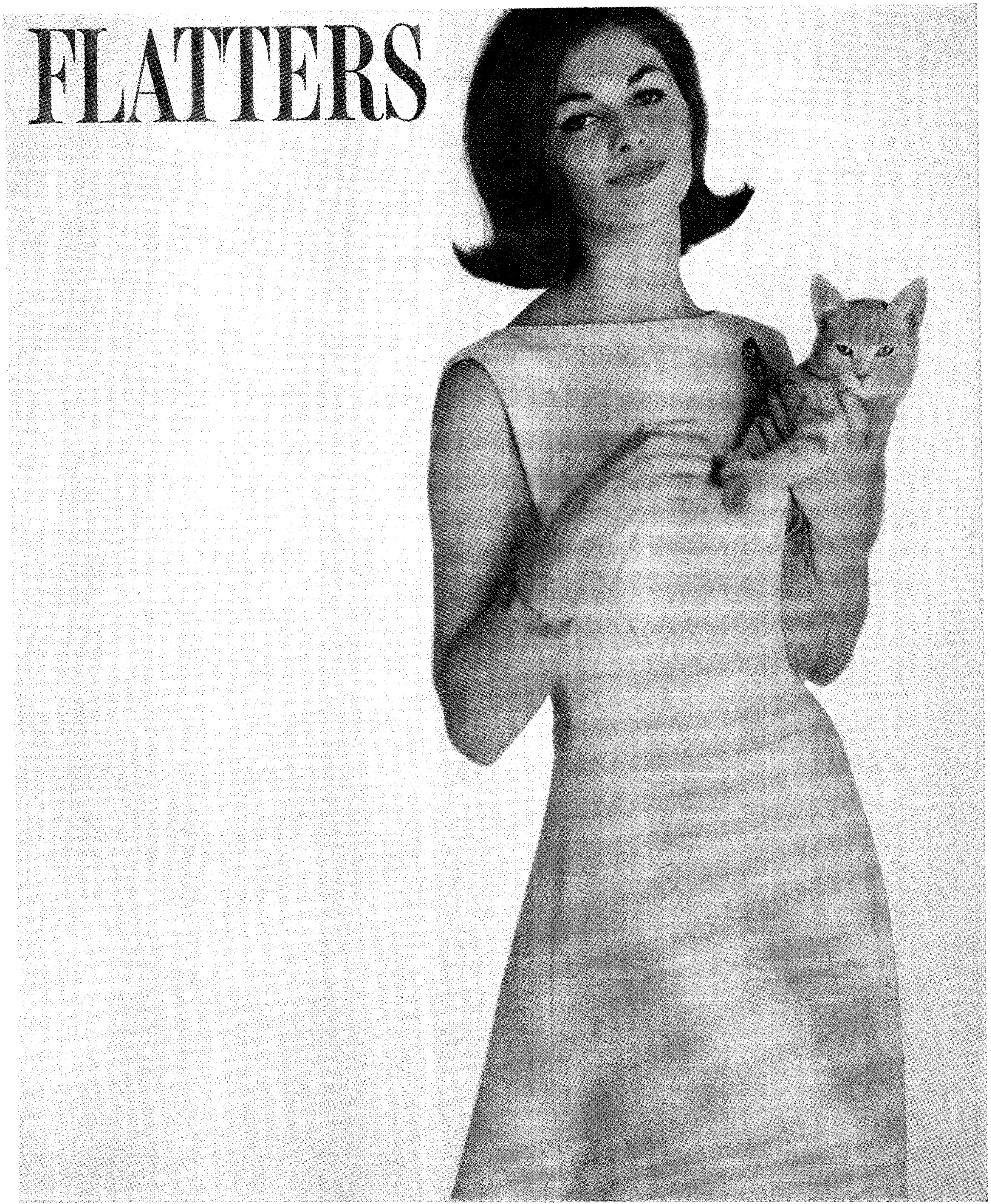

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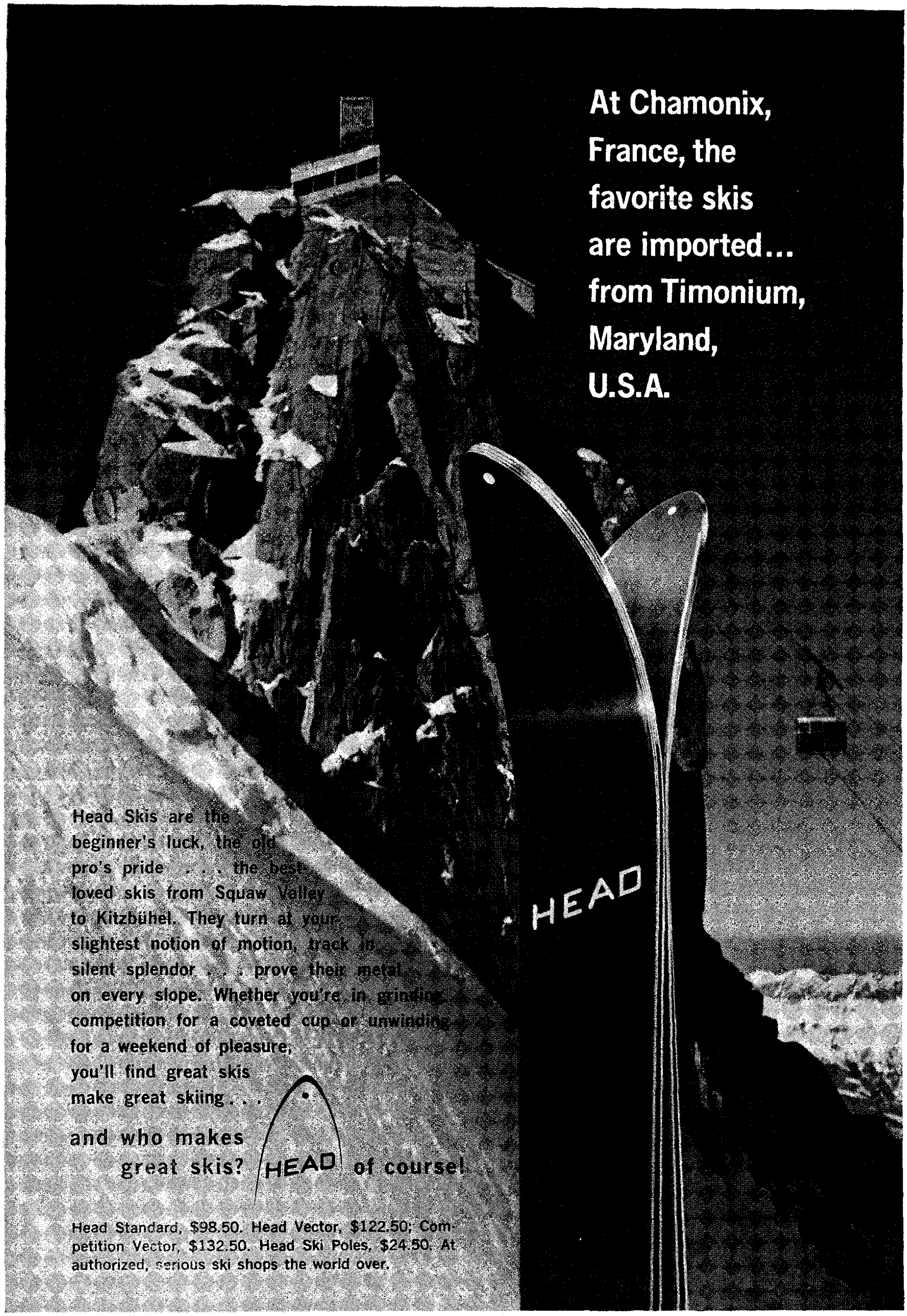

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THE THEATRE

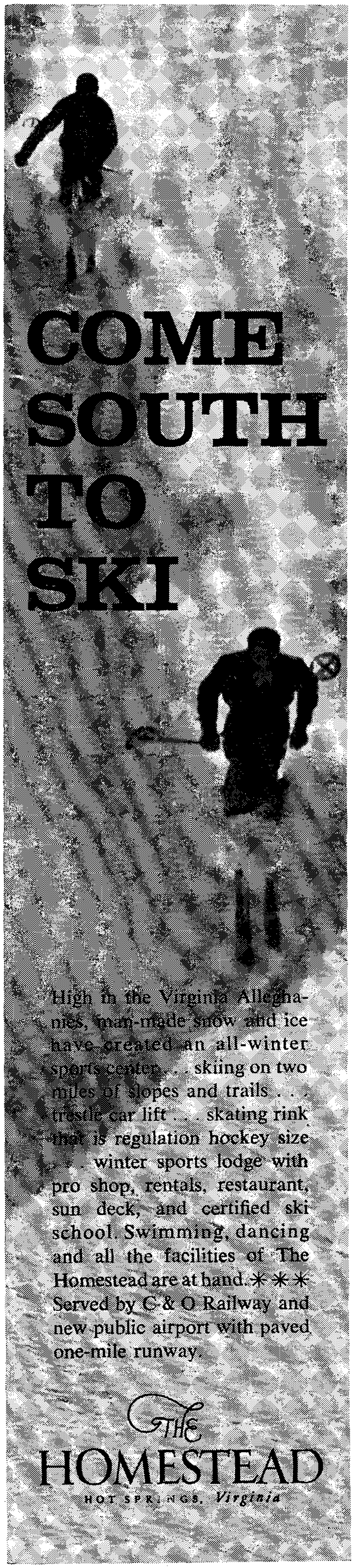
LONELY, LOQUACIOUS, AND DOOMED

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS wrote "The Night of the Iguana" some years ago, as a short exercise for a theatrical festival. Now, in an expanded version, the play has come into view at the Royale, and although it is fitfully effective, it is plain that in the course of stretching out his original work the author has occasionally put too much of a strain on the fabric of his drama. The Williams genius for making assorted bizarre types believable is in evidence, all right, but our interest in them is aroused only sporadically. The locale of "The Night of the Iguana" is a seedy hotel perched on a hill above a rain forest on the west coast of Mexico. Here we are introduced to the sleazy, recently widowed proprietress of the place, who likes to go about in jeans and an old blue shirt, which is never buttoned up, although she wears nothing beneath it; a tour director named Shannon, formerly an Episcopalian clergyman, who was expelled from the ministry for seducing an underage parishioner and for announcing from his pulpit that God was nothing but "a senile delinquent;" a virginal and indigent wanderer of nearly forty and her ninety-seven-year-old grandfather, who go about the world cadging coins by doing rapid portrait drawings and reciting poetry, respectively; an adolescent girl who has either seduced or been seduced by the unfrocked clergyman; a touring teacher who takes a dim view of Shannon's activities and moves in to protect the girl; and, finally, a quartet of lardy Germans who keep bouncing onstage to announce happily (the time is 1940) that the Nazis are reducing London to a smoldering skeleton. The Germans are as irrelevant to the action of "The Night of the Iguana" as Joe Cook's Four Hawaiians, and neither the young lady who may or may not have been seduced by the ex-minister nor her self-appointed duenna seems to contribute much to the proceedings. However, every now and then the ex-minister, the virgin, and the proprietress—the first two representing the lonely, sensitive, and rejected, the last the strong, self-sufficient, and wicked—churn up a good deal of emotion. The iguana of the title is a lizard that some of the hotel's houseboys have captured and tied up preparatory to eating it, and represents, I believe, everybody who can't make an adjustment to the world. When the iguana is cut loose by Shannon, the grandfather gets off the last line of a poem he's been trying to finish for years, Shannon is persuaded to stop trying to make common cause with the virgin by that lady herself and goes off to an orgy with the proprietress, and the virgin faces up to what would appear to be a pretty bleak future.

SLOG
Robt Day

Patrick O'Neal and Bette Davis, in their interpretations of Shannon and the hotel owner, do Mr. Williams proud, and so does Alan Webb, as he croaks along as the ancient grandfather, lending an appropriately ravenish touch to the goings on, but it is to Margaret Leighton, as the middle-aged spinster, that the highest acting honors belong. She is at all times beautiful, dignified, gracious, and yet not without a knowledge that, for all her virtue, she is just a bit of a trickster in her way of life. Mr. Williams has made the mistake of letting some of his dialogues between hero and heroine sound like violent attacks of logorrhea, and he has also included some primitive psychological guff to explain why the ex-reverend likes adolescent girls and throws fits. Added to this, there is a passage—fortunately, it's brief—so scatological as almost to induce nausea. The set, by Oliver Smith, is familiar and serviceable—it's on the order of Sadie Thompson's old haunts in "Rain"—and the direction, by Frank Corsaro, is understanding.

THE Navy and the Army provided material for a couple of shows last week. "The Captains and the Kings," briefly at the Playhouse, was the one about the Navy. Written by Leo Lieberman and directed by Joseph Anthony, it focussed on a man a lot like Rickover and his efforts to make a number of fuddyduddy admirals see the importance of replacing old-fashioned oil-burning vessels with nuclear-powered craft. The crisis of the play had to do with whether the hero—a Jewish captain twice passed over for promotion—would get an atomic submarine under way in time to keep the admirals from easing him out of the Navy. Mr. Lieberman introduced some side issues—the captain's civilian secretary was in love with the commander of the atomic submarine being built in New London, and the commander, in turn, was the son of one of the captain's leading opponents among the Navy brass—but the emotional flurries they engendered didn't suffice to hide the fact that



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THE HOMESTEAD
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suspense can't be built up around a figure modelled on someone whose feats are both recent and well known to one and all. A worthy cast was on display, including Dana Andrews, as the pseudo-Rickover; Charlie Ruggles, as a dastardly senator; Conrad Nagel, as Mr. Andrews' fiercest enemy; and Lee Grant, as the loyal secretary.

IN the Army business—"Something About a Soldier," at the Ambassador—Ernest Kinoy has created a play, from a novel by Mark Harris, that never establishes itself as comedy, tragedy, or plain old melodrama, and, further, is woefully devoid of elementary logic. As he goes about telling us of the initial adventures of an extremely bright and original Jewish boy in a training camp in Georgia in 1942, Mr. Kinoy gives his play quite an air of amiability, since practically everybody from the captain of the company down to the resident privates befriends our recruit. Even a pretty girl who works in the canteen takes a shine to him. But then there is a lot of backing and filling, during which various problems, from segregation in the South to the necessity of killing in war, are dragged in, and after that it develops that the captain—a highly literate and imaginative type—has decided that the young Jewish boy is too brilliant to be used simply as cannon fodder, and is scheming to have him committed to a psychiatric ward, where he'll be safe. The captain hopes that after the war our boy will be one of those who will tell the world how stupid killing is. Sal Mineo is likable as the recruit, and Kevin McCarthy does a fine job of making the captain plausible. Ralph Meeker, as a hardboiled sergeant, and Gretchen Walther, as the canteen girl, are also helpful.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

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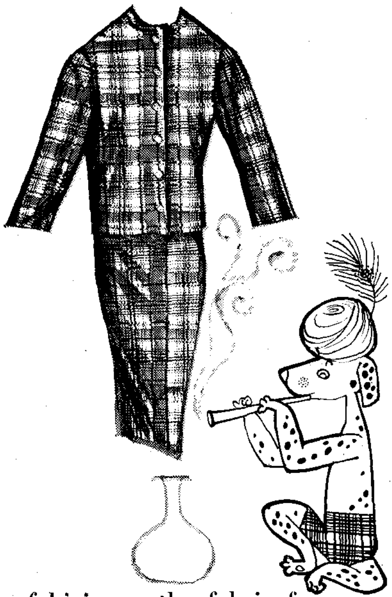
"BRECHT ON BRECHT," at the Theatre de Lys, is an anthology of fragments from the letters, memoirs, and essays of Bertolt Brecht, of songs for which he wrote the words, and of scenes from his plays. They are, variously, read, sung, and performed by six actors—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Michael Wager, and Anne Jackson—and, in a way, by the playwright himself, in excerpts from a tape recording of testimony he gave before a Congressional committee, which is played from time to time. The production—as a group



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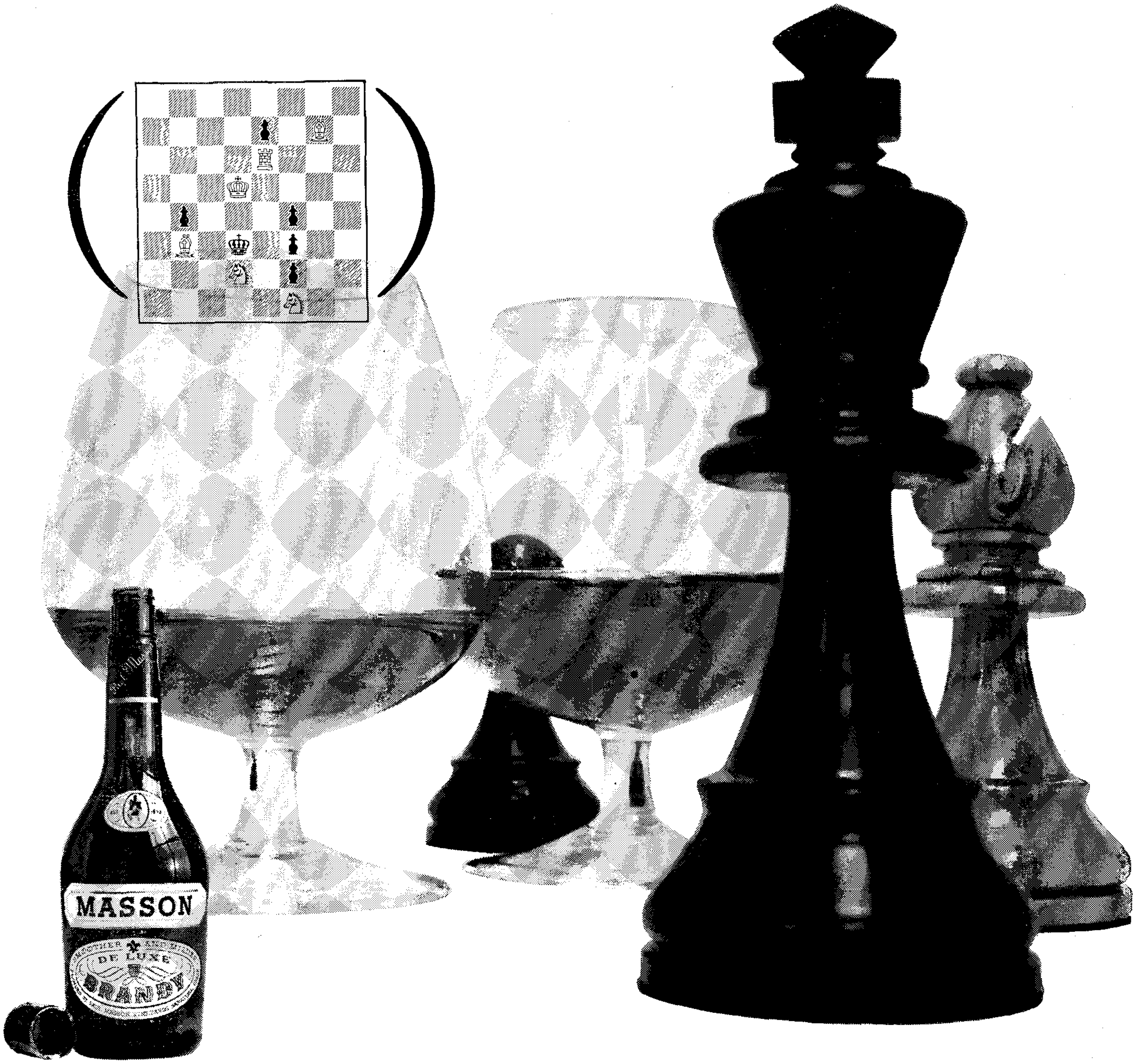

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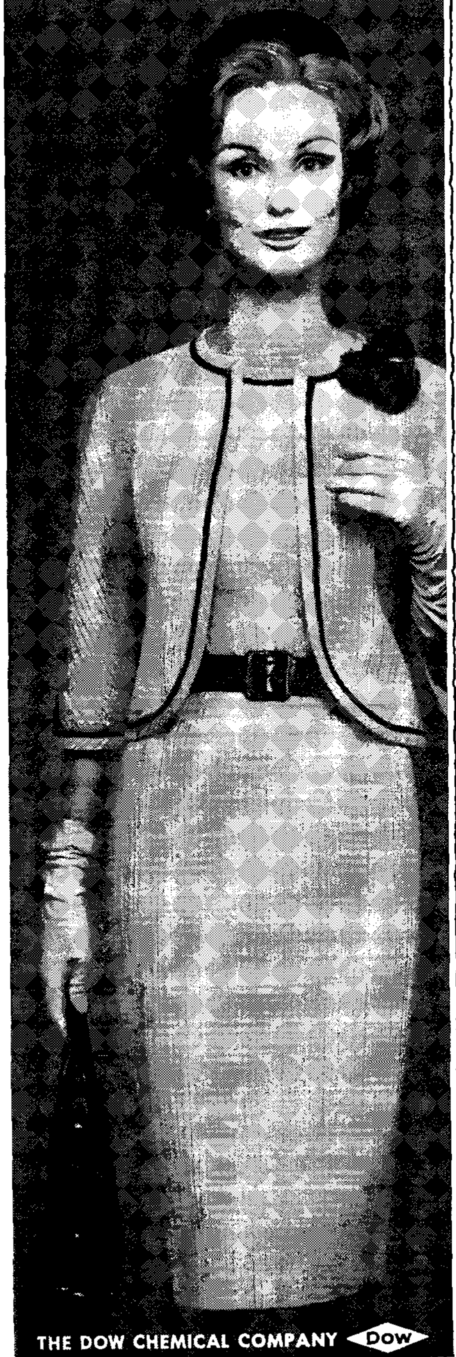

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effort, and now and then as a solo one—is a complete success, I'd say. I also found it useful as an introduction to Brecht's work, which I barely know, having mistakenly been put off by the urgency of his fan club. How surprisingly human, how accessible he could be, particularly when his imagination took over from his intellect! Many of his epigrams on such matters as politics, war, and poverty are scorchingly witty—he suggests, for example, that things might work out better if "the government simply dissolved the people"—but others seemed to me too heavily and complacently ironic. And some of his lines are pretty tone-poemy ("I, Bertolt Brecht, who came from the Black Forest to the Asphalt City inside my mother . . ."). My reservations about him are small, though. As a writer for the theatre he could be, on the evidence presented, extremely effective (although it must be said that the effect wears off rather quickly), and as a writer about the theatre he was at his most informal and concrete. Among the letters are an amusing one about some bum reviews of a play of his, and a good-natured one to a translator, whom he reproaches for inserting small, throwaway words in his script—cluttering it with "pots and pans"—adding, "Instead of boldness, you work for sympathy." There is also a funny protest against type-casting, and, best of all, a delightful description of a young actor, who had a bit in the original production of "The Threepenny Opera," agonizing over the choice of a suitable hat for his four minutes onstage. All the excerpts from the plays are fine, and the actors, singly and collectively, do well in them. Brecht seems almost to force a directness and simplicity in performance, and the cast, with a tact he might not have approved of, does its best to make him the star. Its best is not quite good enough. Lotte Lenya, for all her modesty of demeanor and costume—she wears a black jumper and an orange shirt—is a star and a loner. Nothing can be done about it. She is tremendous. She has only remnants of a voice left, but her fire and delivery are unimpaired. Her "Pirate Jenny," from "The Threepenny Opera," and a marching song, in German, from "Mother Courage," in which her whole body moves in rhythm as she stares at the audience, are as exciting as anything I've ever heard, and bold enough to suit anyone. The evening ends with "The Jewish Wife," in which a woman prepares—in four phone calls; in an emotional, recriminating, and loving imaginary conversation with her Aryan

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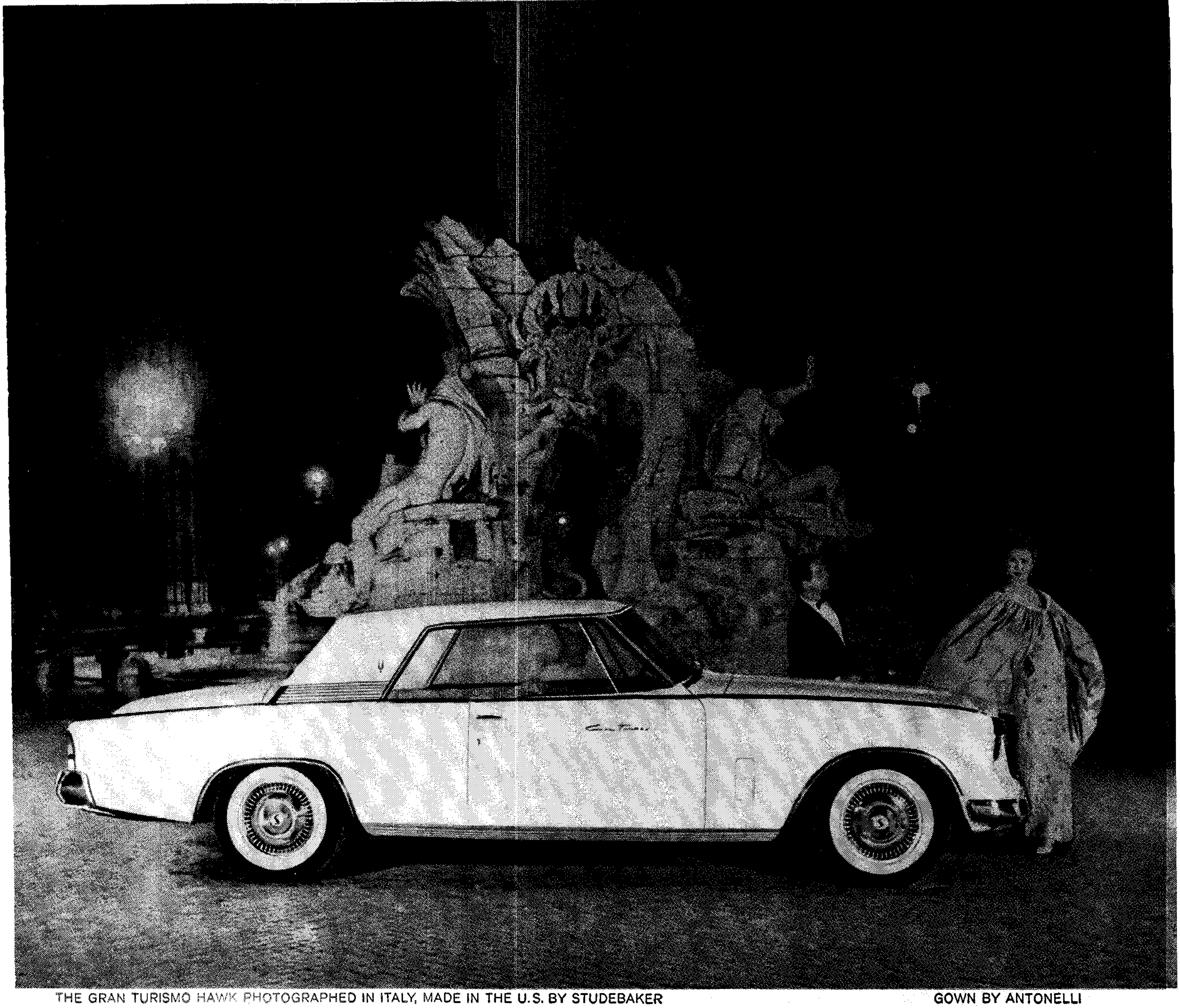

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husband, who is still at work; and in a drained real conversation with him when he gets home—to leave him and Hitler's Germany forever. Miss Lindfors is very moving as the wife, and Mr. Voskovec is just as good in the subsidiary role of the weak, gently selfish husband. Gene Frankel is the director of the show. George Tabori made the fine selection of scenes and fragments, and translated the majority of them from the German. The setting, most of the time, is simply an arrangement of high stools and, hanging behind them, a large photograph of the author, looking pretty cocky. The theatre is small. Time is passing.

THERE was a lot that was very good about "Madame Aphrodite," a musical that appeared briefly at the Orpheum, but the show as a whole was a mess of disparate elements—naïveté, cynicism (or maybe naïveté and cynicism aren't all that disparate), perversity, uplift, and utter repulsiveness. Most of what was wrong was in the book and lyrics, by Tad Mosel and Jerry Herman, respectively; the music, also by Mr. Herman, was impressive—not just charming or agreeable but the real thing, for once, even though it occasionally sounded rather overcharged and self-important—and the arrangements, again by Mr. Herman (vocal arrangements, that is; there was no orchestra, just a piano and percussion), were original and effective. At the opening of the second act, an offstage chorus, which accompanied the action all the way through, sang an overture, reprising some of the songs of the first act and hinting at songs to come, that was absolutely wonderful. Several of the principals sang well, and their performances were better than those one is accustomed to in musicals. The words and ideas, though, were silly or hateful, being concerned with an old scoundrel who makes and sells a noxious kind of cold cream in order to deface women by giving them skin ailments (conscientiously listed in song and story), because she herself is so ugly.

It was discouraging to see something as potentially exciting as "Madame Aphrodite" spoiled by so much that was awful. Mr. Herman (as lyricist) and Mr. Mosel gave no sign of being qualified to monkey around with such abstractions as illusion, reality, and corruption; time after time, they tripped themselves up by being lamely explicit. Among the actors, I admired Jack Drummond, who has a good voice, as a salesman; Cherry Davis, as a beauty-

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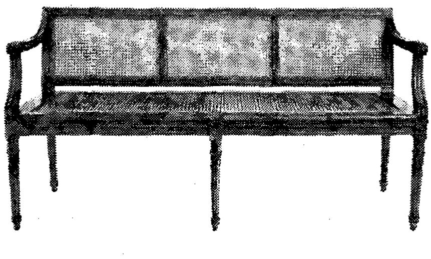

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contest winner, particularly when she sang a spirited song called "The Girls Who Sit and Wait;" and June Hyer, as a deadpan former beauty-contest winner, particularly when *she* started slugging the current contestants. I'm sorry to say that I didn't find Nancy Andrews persuasive or in any way admirable in the title role, but perhaps the part was impossible.

IT is too bad that the late musical called "Fortuna," at the Maidman, which had a number of bright ideas—visual ones, mostly—should have turned out to be as trying as it was. The show was an adaptation, by Arnold Weinstein, of an Italian farce about a poor Neapolitan who barely manages to support his wife and foster son by making harmlessly crooked little deals, and who almost loses a tremendous inheritance when he signs, for ten thousand lire, a fake affidavit that he is the father of a young baron. The performance (a feeble, in-and-out adaptation of traditional European comedy and pantomime, with a great deal of native American horseplay of various kinds thrown in) was where the trouble lay—specifically, in the inability of the members of the company, or perhaps of Glen Tetley, the director, to settle on a particular style and really explore its possibilities. Most of the sureness of touch and inventiveness went into the dances, also the work of Mr. Tetley, which *were* original and full of happy surprises. The music, by Francis Thorne, was mild and sometimes rather pleasant, as in a lullaby, "Speak in Silence," and in an ingeniously arranged serenade, "Angelica," which four men sang to a fat lady. William Ritman's revolving set, of a tenement and the street outside it, was appropriately tacky and colorful, and so were Willa Kim's costumes. The evening was not a complete waste, but the Maidman, one of the most attractive little theatres in town, rates something more attractive than "Fortuna."

—EDITH OLIVER

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

[*From The New Yorker, November 4, 1961*]

Now that the old restrictions on building heights have been taken off, fifteen-, twenty-five-, and even thirty-five-story buildings have risen all over London. —*Page 197.*

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—*Page 198.*

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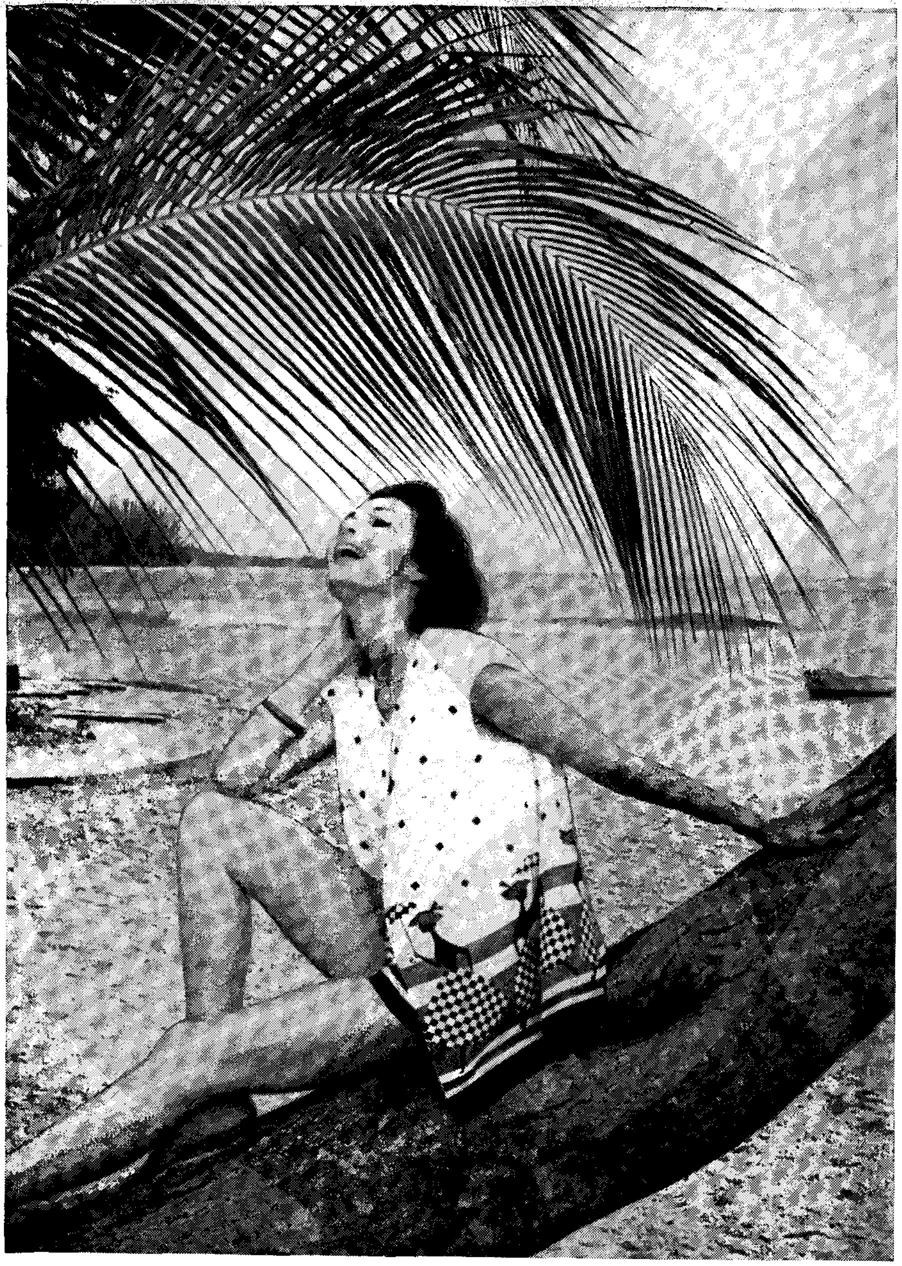

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THE TOAST

WHEN John Lawrence was a new father, twenty-odd years ago, he was fairly good at making up stories, but somewhere along the line he lost the knack. At forty-six, he was a full forty-two years older than his son Charles, and his powers of invention weren't what they had been in the days when he used to hold Charles's older brother and sisters spellbound. As a last child, Charles was, of course, especially doted on. Every moment with him was precious to John Lawrence, who was almost embarrassingly eager to cut a distinguished figure in his son's eyes. He certainly didn't fail him out of impatience or laziness, as, in his youth, he occasionally may have failed some of the other children. If he failed Charles in respect to storytelling, it was because he simply couldn't help it.

Charles slept late, while John Lawrence left the house early and was away all day. Charles's bedtime was therefore Lawrence's only opportunity to make a good impression on him. Nightly, Mrs. Lawrence scrubbed Charles to a high pink shine and got him into pajamas and tucked him between the sheets and told him a story or two (*her* powers never failed) and sang to him and kissed him a dozen times on ear and chin and nose and foot and neck and back of neck. His enormous eyes were heavy with sleep. He lay on the outermost verge of slipping off; all that was required was that his father ease him along with a rousing tale, as any ordinary father could and would. But alas! Poor Lawrence was no longer an ordinary father. For him, the stories refused to flow. The gift had gone.

For almost a year, Lawrence floundered his way through this tiny hell of parental failure. Night after night, he would be summoned upstairs and Charles would pat the place on his bed where Lawrence was to lie. "Tell me a story," Charles would command, and Lawrence would begin, "Once upon a time . . ." Instantly, he would feel his throat constricting, his tongue growing dry, and a terrible lassitude sweeping in over him. Every start was a false start; the castles he conjured up proved all too easy to storm and the giants inside them had nothing horrible to say. No sooner had the portcullises rattled up on their great chains than John Lawrence would yawn and ask, "And then what do you suppose happened?" A moment later, he would lift himself on one elbow and stare blindly down through the dark at the ardent creature

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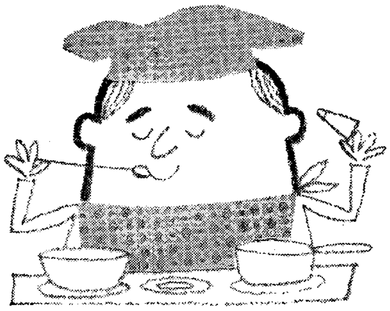

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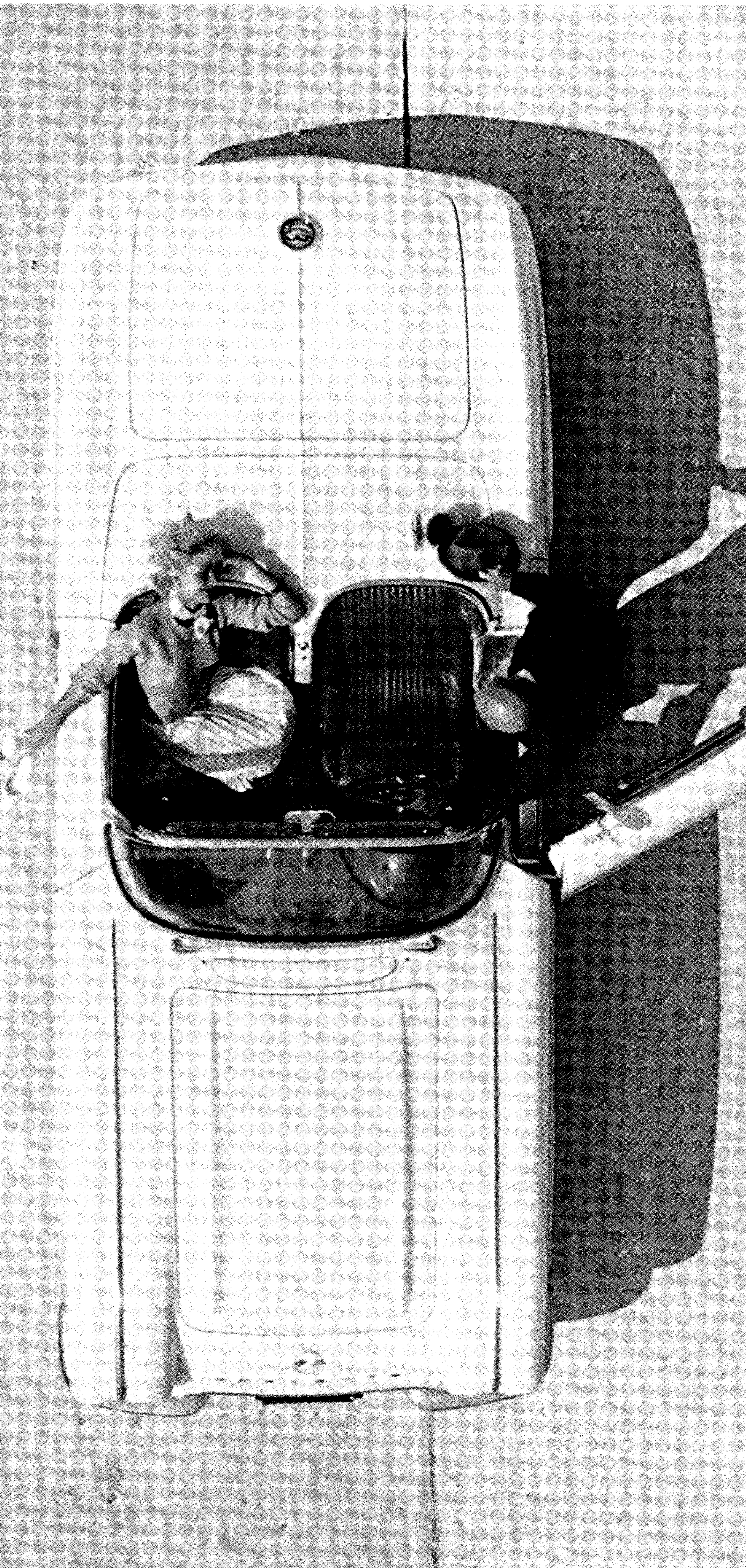
WHEN so much devotion is felt for certain clothes, there's a reason. These American classics are so true to themselves that not one pleat, button or stripe should ever be anything but what it is. Mattress ticking cotton suit, sizes 5 to 15 and 6 to 18. Skirt about $15, jacket about $15. At all fine stores, or for nearest store, write Harburt, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



DRIVING A CORVETTE IS THE ONLY THING THAT'S BETTER THAN RIDING IN ONE!

We may have overlooked an important facet of Corvette life in all our talk about the thrill of driving one. There are great rider benefits here, too. The passenger shares the driver sensations of thoroughbred performance and almost-gyroscopic stability, but without the discomforts and Spartan self-exposure that are usually associated with riding shotgun. Ladies find that they don't have to trade a hairdo and forty minutes' careful face-putting-on for one exhilarating ride in a Corvette; they're protected from the wind and weather almost as though they were riding in a closed car. In fact, with minimum effort, *they can be.* Corvette's manual top is completely weatherproof, and any red-blooded girl could raise it alone and unaided. (For gadget-lovers and loafers there's a power-operated top* that's practically sinful.) There's also a hardtop that can be had in place of the soft one, or in addition to it as an extra*. All in all, the Corvette is a truly delightful machine that can make going lots better than getting there. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional at extra cost

CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

beside him, hoping to discover, by means of his silence, that he had fallen asleep. But Charles was never asleep; irritation with his father would have goaded him into nervous wakefulness. "Go *on!*" he would say. "Can't you see I'm waiting?"

In the end, it was Lawrence who would wind up drugged with sleep, while Charles would have regained the energetic brightness of midday. Mrs. Lawrence would have to be called on to stir up her husband and soothe her son, and she didn't know which was the harder task. Surely, the Lawrences told each other, there must be some solution to the problem that hung so forbiddingly over them, but as things turned out it was Charles and not his parents who found it. One night he broke into his father's first "And then . . . and then" to ask, "What if I tell *you* a story?"

Already sleepily: "That would be great."

"Which do you want to hear about—Christopher Robin or Robin Hood?"

"Let's make it Robin Hood."

"Well, once upon a time in a deep, deep forest, there lived a man named Robin Hood. And he loved to kill people."

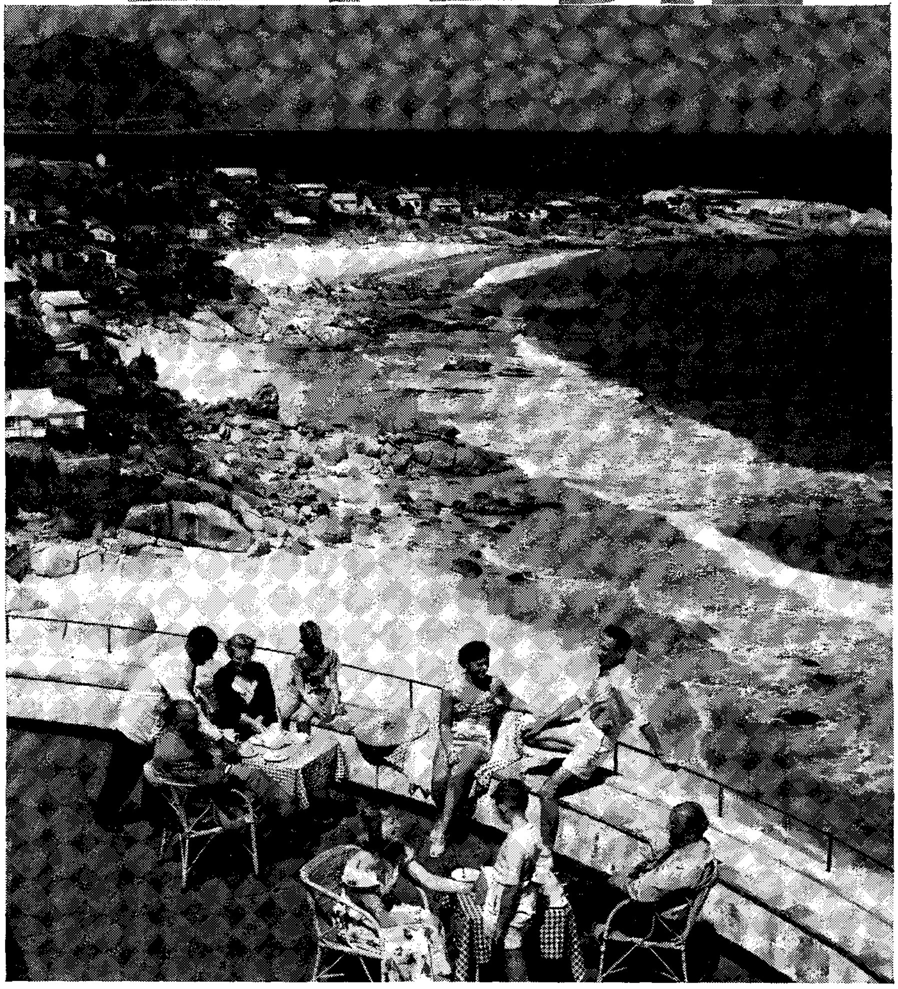
Suddenly wakeful, John Lawrence said, "That doesn't sound like the Robin Hood I know."

"This is a made-up story. One day Robin Hood took his bow and arrow and—zing!—he shot the sheriff and then—zing!—he shot Friar Tuck and then—zing!—he shot Little John." In a voice blurred with pleasure, Charles said, "He shot everybody in the whole forest, isn't that a good story?," and at once fell fast asleep.

The next night, Charles again volunteered to tell his father a story and John Lawrence chose to hear about Christopher Robin instead of Robin Hood. "Well, once upon a time, in a deep, deep forest, there lived a boy named Christopher Robin," Charles said. "And he loved to kill people. He took a .22 and shot his nurse—bang!—and his bear—bang!—and his mother—bang!—and his father—bang!" The bangs grew softer as the story went on, and at the last bang Charles sighed deeply and fell asleep. John Lawrence kissed the unmoving child and ran downstairs to make a drink for his wife and himself before dinner. "Charles's piling up the corpses that way," he said, tossing ice cubes into a silver pitcher. "I suppose there's something very much the matter with him?"

"What else can you expect," asked

EXPLORE



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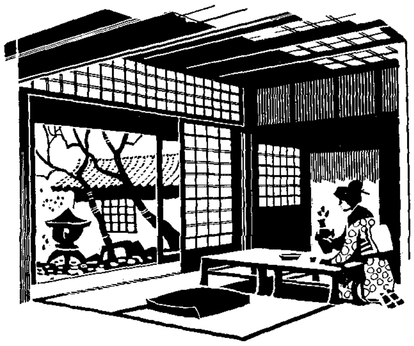

Comfortable, impeccably staffed hotels are the rule, not the exception, in the wonderful world of the Pacific. In Fiji, your home may be a bure, thatched bungalow as comfortable as your favorite chair. In Japan, you'll enjoy the serenity of a ryokan, meticulous Japanese inn.

In Kashmir you can live on a nau ka ghar, luxurious houseboat complete with servants. Gracious Hawaiians will call your hotel a hale, the native word for home. Wherever you go you'll live glamorously. Breakfast on a sunny balcony overlooking a brilliant lagoon. Dine in a cool, beautifully appointed room where perfect service is a matter of course.

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his wife, "when a four-year-old child has to tell his father bedtime stories to put himself to sleep?"

John Lawrence mixed and poured their drinks. "In any event," he said, "it would be silly to worry about it for another five or ten years." He handed a glass to his wife and held up his own. "To all the dead in the deep, deep forest," he said.—BRENDAN GILL

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

One of this country's more successful salesmen called yesterday for the creation of a new governmental department "dedicated to selling the United States to other nations and—just as important—to itself."

Charles Brower, president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., urged the formation of a Department of World Affairs to conduct America's war of ideas with the Soviet Union. This department, Mr. Brower said, should be given Cabinet status and be staffed by persons trained in advertising.

In an address to the Economic Club of Detroit, Mr. Brower warned that this country was losing its battle "for the minds of men across the world in nearly a hundred lands." "If there were a Nielsen Audit," he said, "our sales curve would cause alarm in the office of any sales manager. Our share of the market is decreasing."

One reason for America's lack of success in the war of ideas advanced by Mr. Brower was that all of its international sales functions had been left to the President, who already was overburdened with assignments.

"Even a tiny commercial enterprise would hesitate to try to operate without a sales manager or a director of advertising," Mr. Brower pointed out. "Corn flakes are not sold to the consumer by the president of the cereal company. Automobiles are not sold by the presidents of Chrysler, Ford or General Motors.

"We need a sales manager. We need an advertising manager. And we need a staff in the field—and the field in this case is the whole world. And either we ought to get it or we ought to stop asking why we can sell corn flakes and not Democracy. And we ought to stop wondering why our international sales curve continues to drop year by year."

•

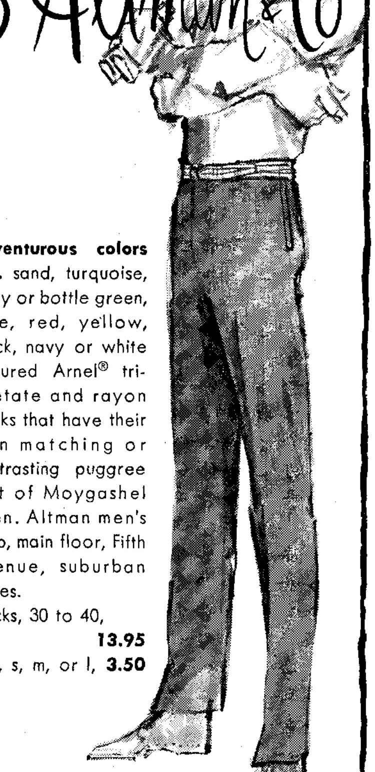
HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
PROBATE, DIVORCE AND
ADMIRALTY DIVISION
EXTENT OF LICENCES TO
COMMIT ADULTERY
HALLETT V. HALLETT

BEFORE MR. COMMISSIONER LATEY, Q.C.

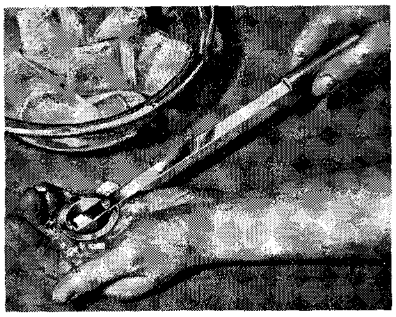
The COMMISSIONER held that licences given by a husband to his wife to commit adultery with the husband's brother and another named man respectively did not extend to adultery some time later with an odd-job man.—*London Times.*

You know the type.

B Altman & Co



adventurous colors
. . . sand, turquoise, Kelly or bottle green, blue, red, yellow, black, navy or white textured Arnel® triacetate and rayon slacks that have their own matching or contrasting puggree belt of Moygashel linen. Altman men's shop, main floor, Fifth Avenue, suburban stores.
Slacks, 30 to 40, **13.95**
Belt, s, m, or l, **3.50**



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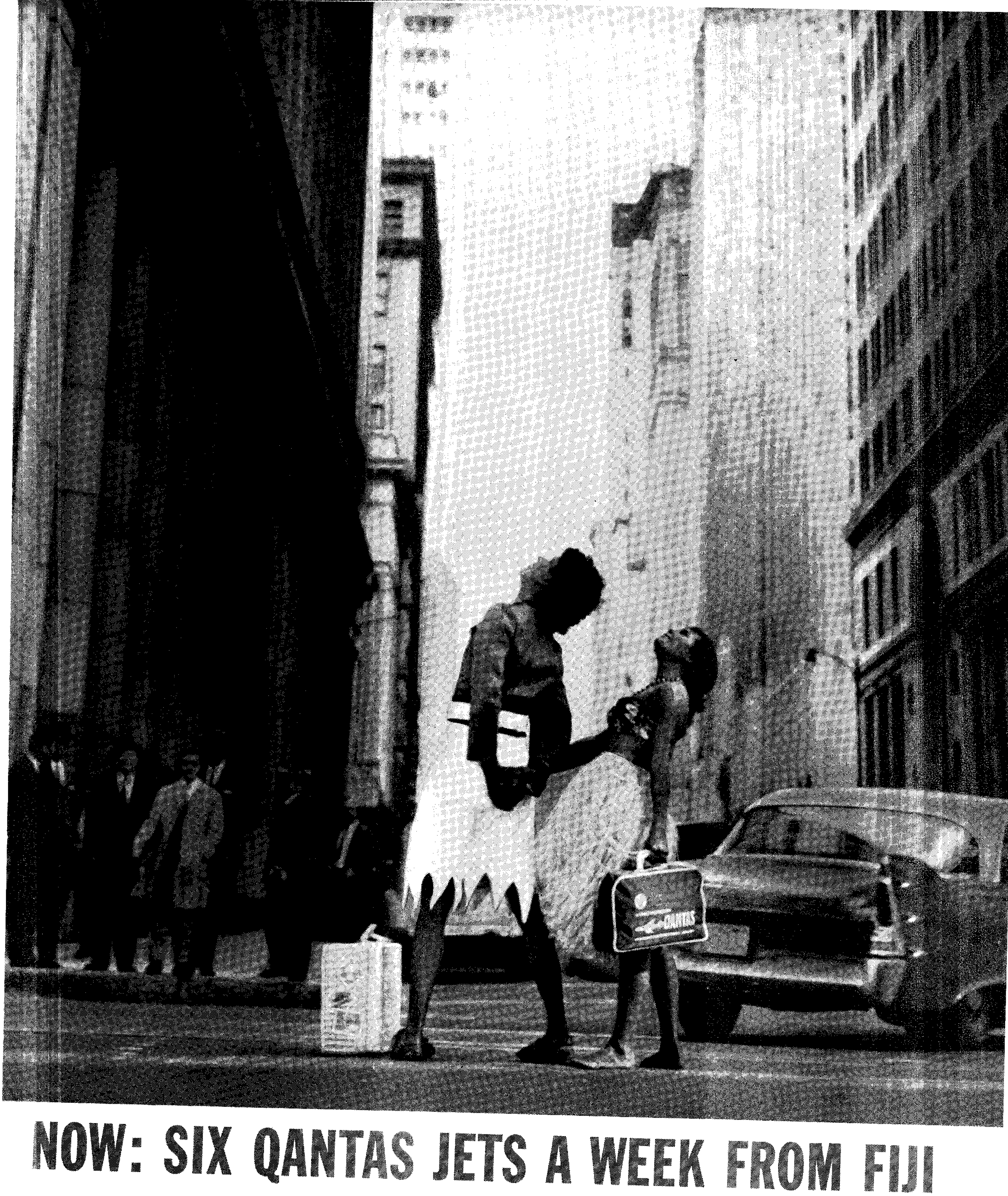

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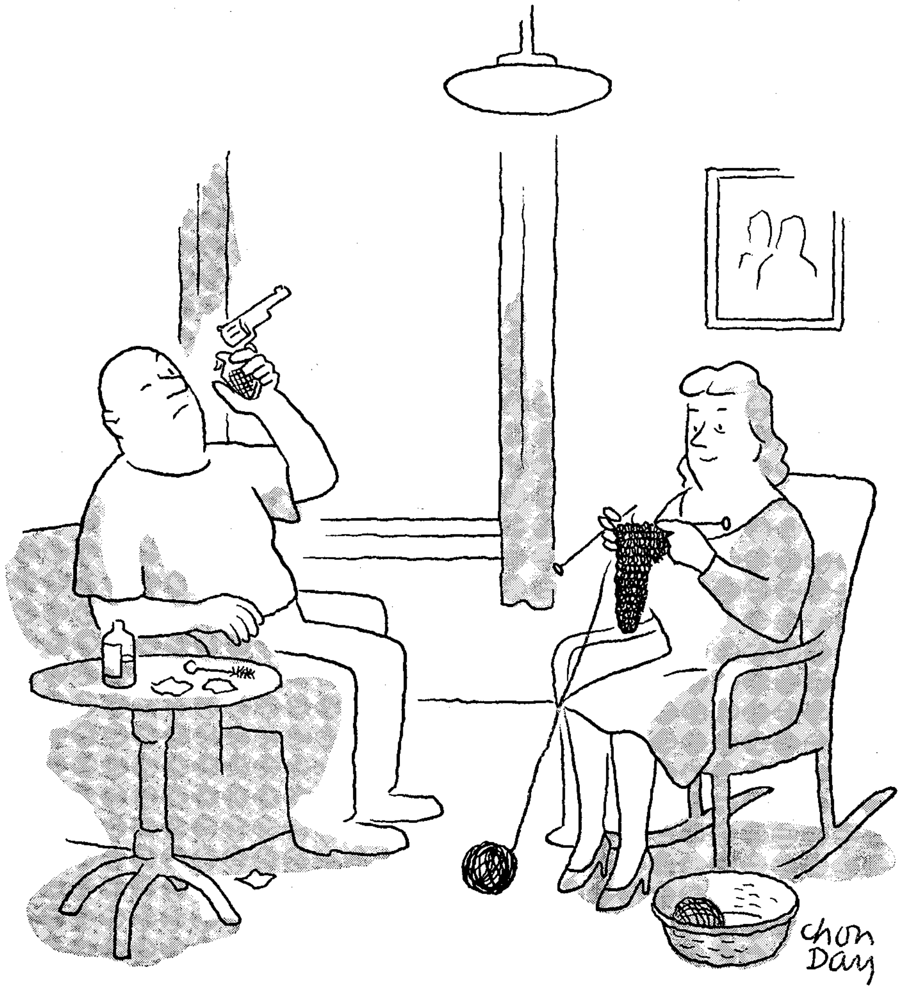
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

MANY knowing women laughed fit to kill when it was solemnly announced, a long while back, that the wicked chemise, or sack shape, was dead, and why shouldn't they? For the current assortments of resort clothes indicate that the intention is to praise it, not to bury it. It was a simple matter to slip that superfluous optional sash into one of the pockets and rechristen the thing the shift (and a shifty character it is, too, especially when Emilio Pucci cuts it all on the bias). The so-called "beach dress" is likewise flourishing, descending in a straight line to a point just above or just below the knees, and suitable as a coverup anywhere that Bermuda shorts are permitted, which is just about everywhere in a resort town. Given an inch or two more when the hem is let down, it qualifies for the street as well. The straight-hanging things can also be full, falling directly from the shoulders the way that sheltering Hawaiian muu muus do. Some even swirl out at the sides as perkily as a child's dress. One such, a sleeveless arrangement, at Altman, is by Carmen G, a fairly new firm. This is done in pink rayon piped with raspberry or in blue rayon piped with white. It's enormously full below its high, high yoke, and it falls in mighty and graceful folds. It's $16. Bendel has another tent, this from Italy, of navy cotton with a white crossbar pattern; $35. The bateau neck is wide, there are no sleeves, and V detail jogs below the waist front and back. Side pleats accentuate the pyramid look. One more Bendel importation from Italy is a perfectly straight tube of a beach coat (or coat dress) with elbow sleeves; buttons make a beeline down the front to the knees. Four patch pockets, each in a different color (orange, pink, peacock, and lime), decorate the white cotton twill it's made of. It's $45, and good away from the cabaña, too.

It seems that Everyone is demanding loose and easy comfort for sprawling-on-the-sands days, but Everyone is also going for the new stretch fabrics, which produce clothes that are often skin-tight, particularly the pants. (You have to hold your stomach in, which isn't comfortable a bit.) The champion of this genre is Emilio Pucci, to whom Saks Fifth Avenue has dedicated a boutique of his own and of whom Lord & Taylor has long been an addict. His slacks use a stretch silk-and-nylon combination (in nine or ten solid colors) that could be mistaken for a heavy silk shantung, and the pants are kept extra taut by straps under the insteps; $55. Pucci's newest slacks have fly fronts, and there are no seams down the sides at all, for extra willowiness; $60. There are booties to match; $13 and $14. Tops of stretch stuff, and in every conceivable weight, are a success with all hands, not just for resorts but for home duty with suits or lounging pajamas. Ulla, a house that began as a specialist in ski clothes, has got around to tops of an amalgam of Helanca yarn and silk in (a) a print of bright blue and Kelly and (b) sixteen solid colors. The print, by the way, is splashy. Some of these tops have bateau necks and some have pulled-across, pseudo-turtleneck ones. The prints are $17.95 and the solid-colors are $11.95, and Bonwit Teller, Lord & Taylor, and De Pinna say that this type of thing is as hot as a country attic. Geist & Geist, which is one of the believers in really sturdy fabrics (denim, ticking, cotton hop-sacking, and the rest) for wear-and-tear cavorting, is playing with blue stretch denim. Bergdorf Goodman has G. & G.'s fly-front bikini shorts, tiny bras, camisole tops, jackets, and other separates, including some of those new long pants that rest on the hipbones and expose the navel. Such pants are all around, variously called Saint-Tropez, hip-huggers, and hipsters. (Nobody has yet dubbed them Old Paints, though they surely derive from the cowboy Levis.) Lots of them are accompanied by very short tops, some like a nautch dancer's. I've never been truly bothered by a *plein-air* navel, but I guess that Best, genteel to the end, is abashed by it, for it puts long, tuck-in shirts over these pants to achieve an interesting extra-long-torso effect. What throws me is that these tops are of organdie, even the ones that are supposed to go with Evan-Picone's low-slung beauties of tan cotton poplin or with Sportwhirl's, which are of ticking; all are $13. The tapered pant is being threatened, though; a cloud on its horizon is provided by Robert Sloan, whose slender slacks of beige linen end with bell bottoms. (Expose the navel and modestly cover the instep is the slogan.) The broad, short top that is their companion is of navy-and-beige horizontally striped linen. Best is one of the

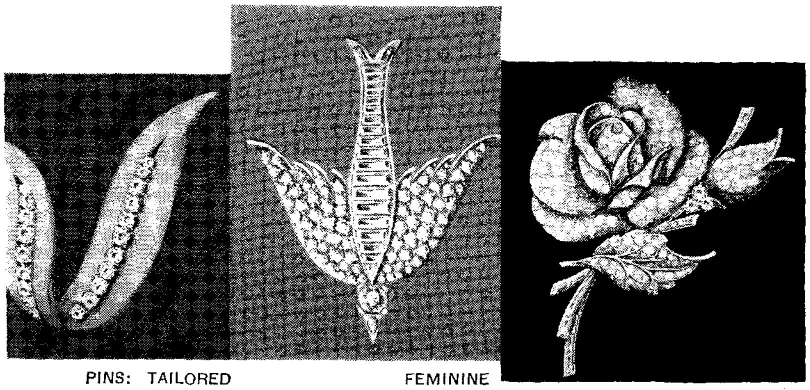


What makes a diamond wardrobe?

Diamond jewel pieces are to wear, with joy and pride. Planning a diamond wardrobe will help you get more pleasure from your diamond treasures

As in everything you wear, you want your diamond jewel pieces to express your flair for the beautiful, to be very personally yours.

Should your diamond jewelry be modern and tailored, feminine and dainty, or classic and elegant? Maybe you already know the answer, have taken this rewarding first step in the planning of a diamond wardrobe. But if you haven't, what a delightful time you can have finding the kind of designs that do the most for you and fit the life you lead.

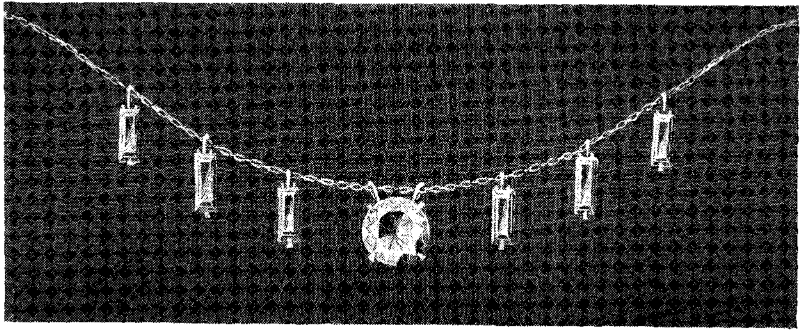

PINS: TAILORED FEMININE CLASSIC

Even if diamond jewelry is only a dream for the future, what more exciting way is there of exploring the means of expressing your taste, punctuating your personality, animating your features than through trying on diamond jewelry?

A fine jewelry store isn't a museum, you know, though it probably has as many treasures. You're always welcome to browse, to try on, to ask questions. The man behind the counter is usually an expert in helping women to express their personalities, as well as in gemology. Why not stop in now and then? It's your privilege to make up your mind slowly.

Once you have settled on the kind of design that's truly yours, you will want to consider the pieces that will go into your diamond wardrobe. This is long-range planning, for you'll probably acquire them one at a time. Gift occasions are special opportunities. Such planning pays you dividends in diamond jewels that will be constant joys through the years.

ADD-A-DIAMOND NECKLACE



Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

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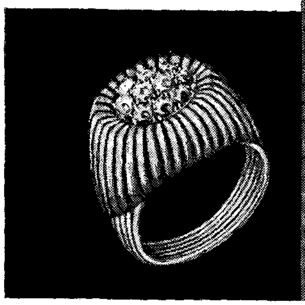
RING . . . a flaming right-hand solitaire, or a cocktail or dinner ring of intriguing design.

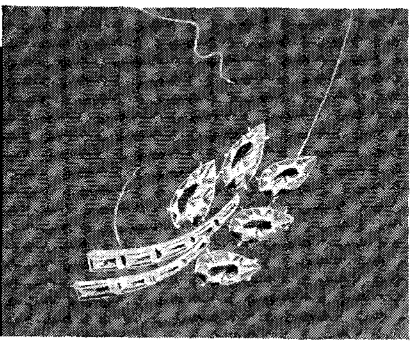
CLIP, PIN OR BROOCH . . . fabulous or fascinatingly feminine. Designers are dreaming up delectable new ones all the time.

EARCLIPS . . . these can match, or complement your clip or brooch. Or, you can choose two lovely little clips that double as ear adornments.

BRACELET OR WRIST WATCH . . . or both. A diamond wrist watch can become a diamond bracelet by adding a diamond at a time to a paneled metal band.

NECKLACE . . . this may be a breath-taking, many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a modest beginning, with a single diamond on a slender chain, or a crescent of jewels or a clip on a platinum choker. Diamonds can then be added from time to time.

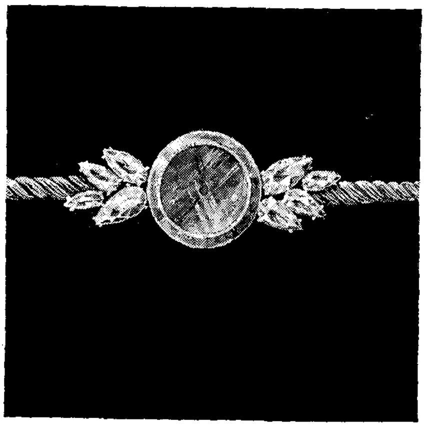

DOME RING


EARCLIPS

However you plan your diamond wardrobe, however long it takes you, you'll bask in flames of loveliness that never change or dim. And each of your treasures will have a lasting value.

A diamond is forever

WRIST WATCH



TANNER
OF NORTH CAROLINA
by DOROTHY COX

Say it with flowers which, washwise, are no sooner said than done. Drip-dry Dacron polyester and cotton. In tones of rose, blue or orange. About $30.*

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*Price higher West Coast

sponsors of this pair, at $18 and $13, respectively. Lord & Taylor's sports shop has invested in a one-piece pajama of a silky cotton poplin on which up-and-down stripes rage in violent Gauguin colors. Its camisole top is sleeveless, and its very wide pants are like the lounging ones of the early thirties. Pembroke Squires thought this up for Cabana.

The skimpiest of bikinis and the bathing suits with little-boy-pants bottoms and shirring up the sides are still familiar figures; really, there is little that is new about getting wet, and the so-called "coverups" are the story. Macy's South Shop has a splendid thigh-length cape (with an attached hood), tied at the throat, of printed hopsacking. It's a full circle, lined with orange cotton, and it parades Macy's favorite citrus colors in a splashy sunflower design on a beige ground; $10.98. Aileen made it. Here, too, is an exceptional sweatshirt, by White Stag, that is a symbol of a blessed return to clean, precise prints on a white ground. A slashed bateau neck and formal doodlebug designs all over it are its salient points; $8.95. Macy's Little Shop owns a knockout circular hip-length poncho from Italy. The cotton that makes it is hand-painted in big, wavy stripes all the way around. A wide belt pulls it in across the waist, but everywhere else it is a cape. Many color combinations are involved; Macy especially loves chocolate brown and white. In fact, Macy prefers chocolate and white to navy and black throughout its resort collection. Cole of California (Bloomingdale is one of his numerous fans) shows another kind of foolery—a straight, abbreviated shift of cotton with an eight-inch fringe of wool at the hem, which ends just below the bathing suit, and it looks as if you were wearing nothing at all under it. It's called Mop Top, and it has a sex-kitten sort of allure.

BUT let us move on to a point-to-point survey of shops for people who are headed South—and for people who forehandedly like to buy now, play later. We can start, almost alphabetically, with Best, whose beach shifts (jolly, jolly beach shifts, and *jolie, jolie*, too) can be worn downtown if you let out the hems a trifle. One—by Muriel Ryan, who is new to me—is a zippered affair of blue denim, and red-and-white cotton handkerchief print makes its sash and lines the eight-inch slits that ascend from the sides of the hem. Some are by Haymaker; one of linen striped vertically in red, white, and blue (those patriotic colors have had a fine revival all over town) is $10. Everyone is showing basic sheaths to wear under sweaters

YOURS TO ENJOY
The warm blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . sophisticated club-like setting. New 18 hole golf course, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462

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or all alone; Best is proud of Robert Sloan's, which has a round neck, extra-deep armholes, an easy curve down the beltless body, and extra-deep inverted pleats at the sides, to prevent cross-lots creases below the stomach when you sit. It's of linen, in sand, blue, red, or white. One of the bathing suits is by John Weitz. A lively Liberty print adorns the rubberized white cotton that is its substance; the back is an extremely low U, there's shirring below, and the cost is $16. Rose Marie Reid, past-mistress of dressmaker bathing suits (you actually expect a long skirt to be attached), does one of elasticized faille with a deep V neck and folds going into a bow at the waist; I saw it in a violent chartreuse. Miscellany: An all-purpose coat of a Stroock fabric called Shag, with a shaggy, brushed-wool surface, is a pyramid with a turnover collar and three huge buttons. Supreme made it, and it's $75, in colors like beige, watermelon, and blue. As for the nice go-anywhere linen suits by Bardley, a three-piece one of beige or olive-drab linen has a patterned, sleeveless overblouse, a skirt with trouser pleats, and a Chanel-type cardigan; $50.

UP in Bonwit Teller's resort section there are a number of imported bathing suits that are anything but run-of-the-mill. Several can be worn over your own bra (and don't you hate the usual built-in one?). One such is from Switzerland—a round-necked top that blouses enormously over high-on-the-thigh attached shorts. Helanca in solid colors, or arranged to make red or yellow bottoms and tops of red or yellow, both with white polka dots, is the material; $27.95. A Swedish performance with Helanca on which are printed ski-sweater designs produces something with a high round neck and cap sleeves (again, your own bra can be brought into play). The maillot bottom is quite a shock after all that propriety above. The Swiss use more Helanca, this time with a print of formalized bows in apricot or black on white, for a suit with an exceedingly low back, cut oblong to the waist. Intricate seaming persuades it to curve outward noticeably on the hips, and there's a skirt front; $29.95. Local talent gets its chance here, too—Cabana, with a bathing shift of black or white cotton piqué that ends in boys' shorts ($20), and Elisabeth Stewart, whose hit of the year is of a synthetic material on the order of peau de soie. This combines two solid colors, like apple green and light blue (one color topside, one below, and divided on a diagonal line), to make the front of

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it. It's a bathing suit, constructed with a reverse, wraparound surplice in back, the ends being brought around to the front, where they tie at one side. Very dressmakery, very adjustable, and $23.95. Among the other goodies designed for tossing about in the sunlight is a long, long sweatshirt of a Swiss cotton velours (feels like velvet) with navy horizontal stripes on a white background. It has very low pockets, and it's $17.95. Remarkably brief Italian shorts, to be found nowhere else, are of brightly colored cotton stretch knit, which makes them snug indeed down the thighs, though they're easygoing at the waistband; $15.95. And here, too, is stretch denim, in faded blue or dark blue, from which Jackfin has made low-slung pants that can be accompanied by tops, of eyelet cotton batiste, which end just under the bosom or are long enough to be tucked in.

MACY'S South Shop is going in strongly for yellow and pumpkin hues and, as I said, for chocolate and white instead of the conventional navy and black. There are plenty of permanent pleats among the bathing suits, as in Catalina's pleated shift with a string belt and straps, in solid colors and in orange-and-yellow or green-and-blue prints; $24.95. For more mature figures we find suits with low backs, plain tops, and accordion-pleated skirts. Classic shapes, also by Catalina, of a chocolate faille-type fabric have low backs and skirted fronts, and Darlene has turned a puckered white nylon (it *looks* quilted) with daisy traceries through it into a maillot at $24.98. While we're dealing with the dressmaker-type designers, we mustn't forget Roxanne, whose soft colors in a kind of dogwood design decorate a synthetic fabric that has the air of dull satin. The suit this accomplishes is draped over onto one set of your ribs, and there's a high bustline. Then comes Cole's suit of something with a suède surface, in bright navy; red and white oblongs make a shallow X of a belt across the front, and there's a pantie bottom. The Little Shop offers those Saint-Tropez pants as done by Brigitte of Cannes—in checked and striped cottons with a ruffle around the precariously dropped on-the-hips "waistline." The brief top that is part of the deal gets a double ruffle at the base, and a second double ruffle ornaments the sort of mobcap that goes with it; $39.98 for the works. This year Macy is introducing a carefree French designer named Livio de Simone, whose muu muu is of cotton painted with an overlapping-circle de-

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sign. The yoke is as high as possible, and there is vast fullness below; $19.99. Also from Livio de Simone comes a shift of cotton with white and either dark-brown or black inch-and-a-half stripes, which giddily go diagonal here, up-and-down there, and crosswise there below the stitched neckband. It's buttoned down the front, so it's really an elongated shirt. (Shirts are called *chemises* in France, and that is now a dirty word here.)

I WAS mumbling earlier about the resurgence of red, white, and blue combinations. Lord & Taylor's favorite samples are bathing suits of stretch knit from Libron of Paris—suits with high necks in front, low ovals in back, a princesse cut down the body, and short sleeves (clever, yes, but it *might* interfere with the crawl stroke); others, of bright navy piped with white, cut way below the waist in back, though there is a prim Peter Pan collar at the halter neck; still others, of blue with red piping around the exceptionally deep but narrow armholes. These run from around $17.95 to $22.95. L. & T. is one of many who acquired Brigance's bathing suit of cotton in a red, navy, and white tartan. It has a high, tie neck, a pleated skirt, and a belt of black patent leather; $22.95.

BLOOMINGDALE'S sports department has come up with two more names that are brand-new to me. One is Lila Bath, of Acapulco, who works with hand-loomed and hand-dyed cottons and who favors casual two-piece things (pants and tops) that are likely to be one color in front and another in back—turquoise, say, and bottle green. The tops have nice coin buttons of silver down the front. Bath also likes such noticeable combinations as hot pink and royal blue, for one, and purple and yellow. (They'd be very much at home in New Hope, Pa.) The tops and the pants are $14.95 apiece. The second new name is Kiyyo, of California, who flattened me with one of the best-looking costumes of dark-blue denim I've seen. The slacks ($12.95) are seamed up to the beltless waistline. It was the Japanese coolie coat, lined with orange cotton, that sent me, though. It has a folded V-necked collar with one button at the base, and it goes into a flared, short-tunic shape below the slightly indented waist. Short kimono sleeves finish it off. *Banzai!* It's a great $18.95 investment.

DE PINNA'S sports shop has any number of cottons that can be worn anywhere, notably some by Doro-

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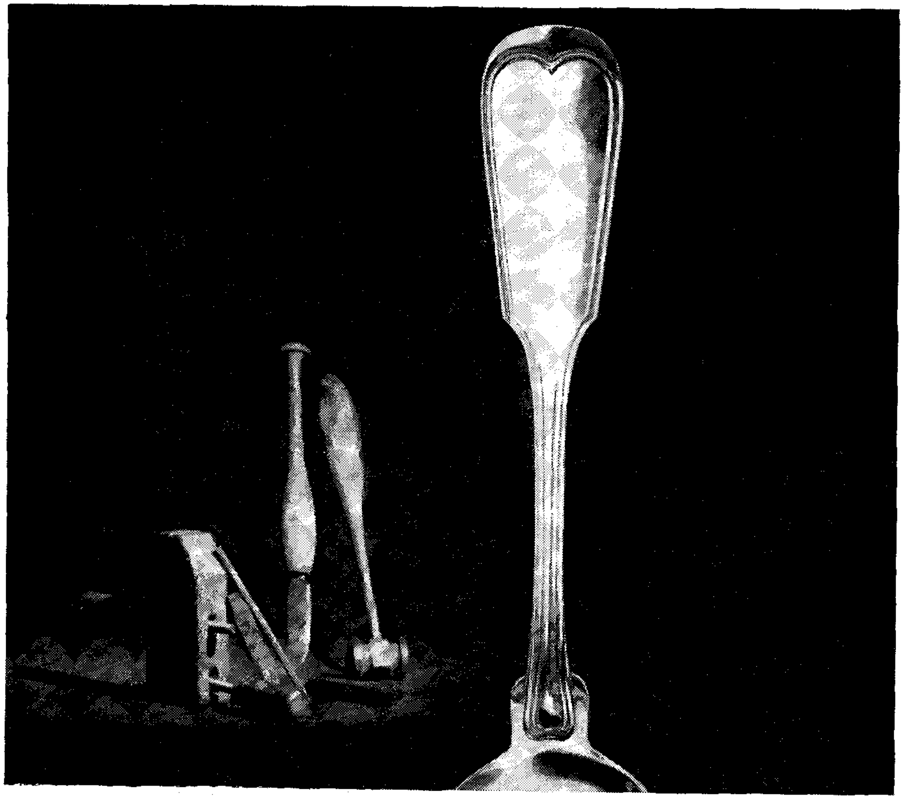

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thy Cox, of Tanner, who uses French cottons. One dress is all half-inch vertical stripes in bright dark blue and white, with huge white patch pockets (there are navy-blue bows at their centers); $35. Another is of a red-and-white horizontally striped cotton with big pearl buttons down the front and a vast pocket at one side; $25. A third, three-piece, is of a yellow-and-red-pepper print of vertical stripes on a white ground. There's a softly pleated full skirt and Bermuda shorts of the print. With them goes an overblouse of orange cotton that's buttoned down the back. Around here you'll see Haymaker's version of hip-hugger pants, in white slubbed sharkskin, beautifully cut, at $12, as well as examples of the work of Robert Sloan, who is omnipresent, inexpensive, and great at stuff for every form of sports effort. He is one of the blessed congress that is making *long-sleeved* shirts, with buttoned cuffs. Some of his have neat little collars. The fabric is white silk crêpe (another revival that is overdue) printed with big, formal flowers. Or he turns to brilliant Paisleys. Either way, the price is $18. Shifts in both beach and street length are on hand, too, in the same formal-flower print; $30.

OHRBACH'S resort shop, always on the move, has found itself a Hawaiian fashion house that isn't too *damned* Hawaiian—one that has got far away from the familiar sarong drape and the done-to-death batik prints. A pantie-bottomed swimming suit is all varicolored horizontal stripes on white sateen, and the poi jacket worn over it has very deep armholes, hangs perfectly straight, and just covers the suit. Another fantasy from the same Hawaiian foundry is also cotton, in a leopard print that hints of gold thread. It does two-piece suits with tiny bras and shorts that are high-on-the-thigh indeed, not to mention a one-piece suit that is shirred down the front to make it extra springy. These things are $8.99 apiece. All through the shop, too, there are exceptional slacks, most of them lined with China silk. Tapered ones are of wool jersey in many colors (knee-length silk tunics are perfect with them), and some real gems are of Indian raw silk in delectable hues—raspberry, chartreuse, and the like, at $29.95. Shirts of India silk in plaids combine two of the colors involved. Yes, Ohrbach's is a fiend for coördination. Another group of separates, lovingly dedicated to women who want lightweight wools, consists of slacks and pleated skirts of flannel plus cardigan sweaters of a lamb's-wool angora type of knit or a

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combination of looped mohair and bouclé. You can start off with a lime or a soft-blue skirt and put a lime-and-blue horizontally striped cardigan over it. (The looped tops are $9.99, for a gauge). From Ireland come linen Bermuda shorts with a New Look, because of the four buttoned-flap pockets that grow in size as they climb down one leg. These appear in ten solid colors; $8.99. From faraway, unexplored, exotic Miami we have beige cotton burlap with bits of Lurex gleaming all through the fabric, which is also striped in dull reds, yellows, and the like. This does a classic buttoned-down-the-front casual dress; $16.99. West Germany contributes simple dresses of cotton georgette, very crinkly, in turquoise, white, and strawberry, and a princesse sheath of heavy hemp that is nevertheless soft to the touch (and the skin). Self fringe edges the little round collar.

N. B. I have looked at dozens of tags, trying to psychoanalyze all the mixed-up little threads that compose fabrics these days. Most of the names would mean no more to you than they did to me. Suffice it to say that what God hath wrought is nothing to what the chemists hath in the way of lovely and improbable surfaces. 2nd N.B. I should state that this fanfare is just a breather. I have still to go into the matter of the incredible knits that are around, and the Pucci treatment of the shift, and lots of cool and collected linens, and so on, so don't make your Caribbean and Mediterranean reservations too soon. —Lois Long

•

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Of tongues that they are going
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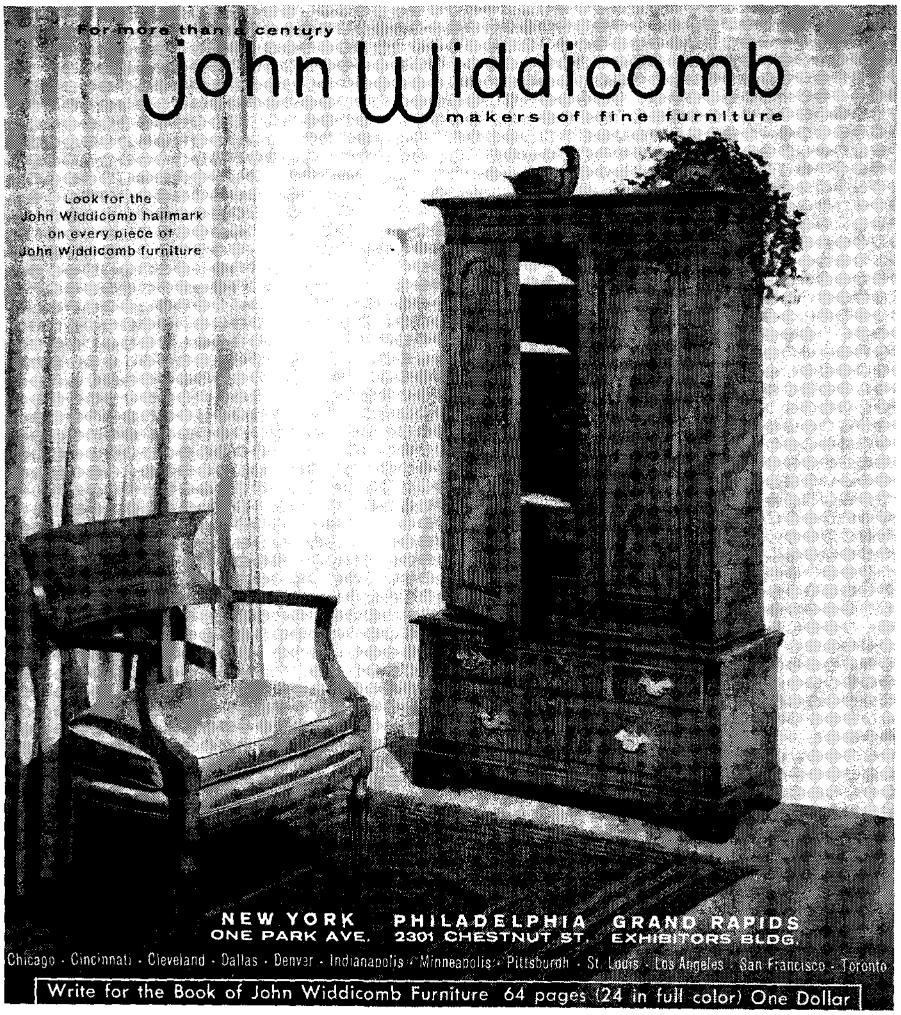
And snake-dance down all hills
And hollows, on the long fall
That makes the sewers sing.

—Howard Nemerov



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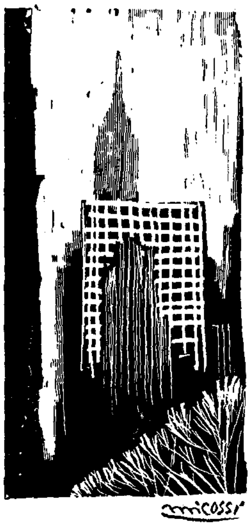
THE SKY LINE

From Crotchet Castle to Arthur's Seat

ON a summer visit to Britain, I spent ten days in a roughly triangular journey that took me from London through Birmingham into North Wales, then by way of Manchester to Edinburgh. I came back through Durham, whose cathedral, embedded—like the fortress it was—upon a rock, is as fine an example of grand architectural form married to its site as can be found anywhere. On this journey, my architectural discoveries were all quite incidental and unplanned, though occasionally my hosts took a hand in them. By good luck, it turned out that these discoveries cast oblique illuminations over many of the major architectural and planning problems of our time.



Going to and from Wales by the routes I took, one passes through the classic wastelands of the early industrial period, with their scorched-earth landscape, their slag heaps and coal tips (so mountainous that they seem geological formations, not man-made accumulations), their begrimed rows of workers' houses, set in a clutter of factories—the whole scene exhibiting diagrammatically all the typical mistakes of the beginnings of industrialism. After years of helpless acquiescence, efforts are now being made to absorb these mountains of debris into the urban landscape; the efforts range from levelling the heaps with steam shovel and bulldozer to coaxing grass and even trees to grow on their inhospitable slopes, but the process of accumulating soil and humus is a slow one. One of my brief halting places was Eccles, near Manchester, and the home of the delicious Eccles cake, which, like the Bath bun, is at its best in its native habitat. Wandering about one of Eccles' Victorian suburban estates, I was struck by the fact that the ruling classes, even when they commanded plenty of land and money, had not known how to use these resources to produce a pleasant environment for themselves any more than they had for their workers; at best, they had made an art of ugliness and a virtue of the grime they shared with their poorer neighbors.

But here comes the architectural paradox. This blasted environment has produced over the generations no small number of people whose moral and intellectual qualities have been of a superior order. For it was in this kind of setting that the Rochdale weavers founded the great Consumers' Coöperative movement, by applying Christian principles to marketing, and built up a huge, ramifying organization that set a pattern for later chain-store economies under capitalist management. Here, too, the weavers of Manchester upheld the cause of the North during our Civil War, though they themselves were starving for lack of Southern cotton to weave. One of the oldest problems in human development, the relation of moral qualities to aesthetic forms, of goodness to beauty, hits one between the eyes here—far harder than it hit Plato, in an environment much richer in handsome bodies and well-formed buildings. The moral order and the aesthetic order should not be congenitally incompatible, for they presumably have the same parents, but, like jealous offspring, they are often contentious and unresponsive to each other, and in the old industrial conurbations of England—"conurbation" is now a favorite English word for the endless scrambled urban sprawl—this aloofness sometimes comes close to downright hostility. As often happens, nature saves the day, for a sudden splash of color will now and then redeem this urban wasteland, especially the color of purple lupine, growing wild along the railroad cuts, as the goldenrod grows in our own country. The lupine followed me all over England, brightening the most depressing railside views, but my awareness of the rhododendrons was even stronger. If their splendor in June has been sufficiently appreciated and described, I have not stumbled upon the written passage that says so. In England, rhododendrons seem to thrive everywhere, but they are at their overpowering best, and in all their possible varieties, in a place near the country house where I stayed in Wales. The place is Portmeirion, an artful and playful little modern village, designed as a whole and all of a piece, on a peninsula close to the sea, and the rhododendrons

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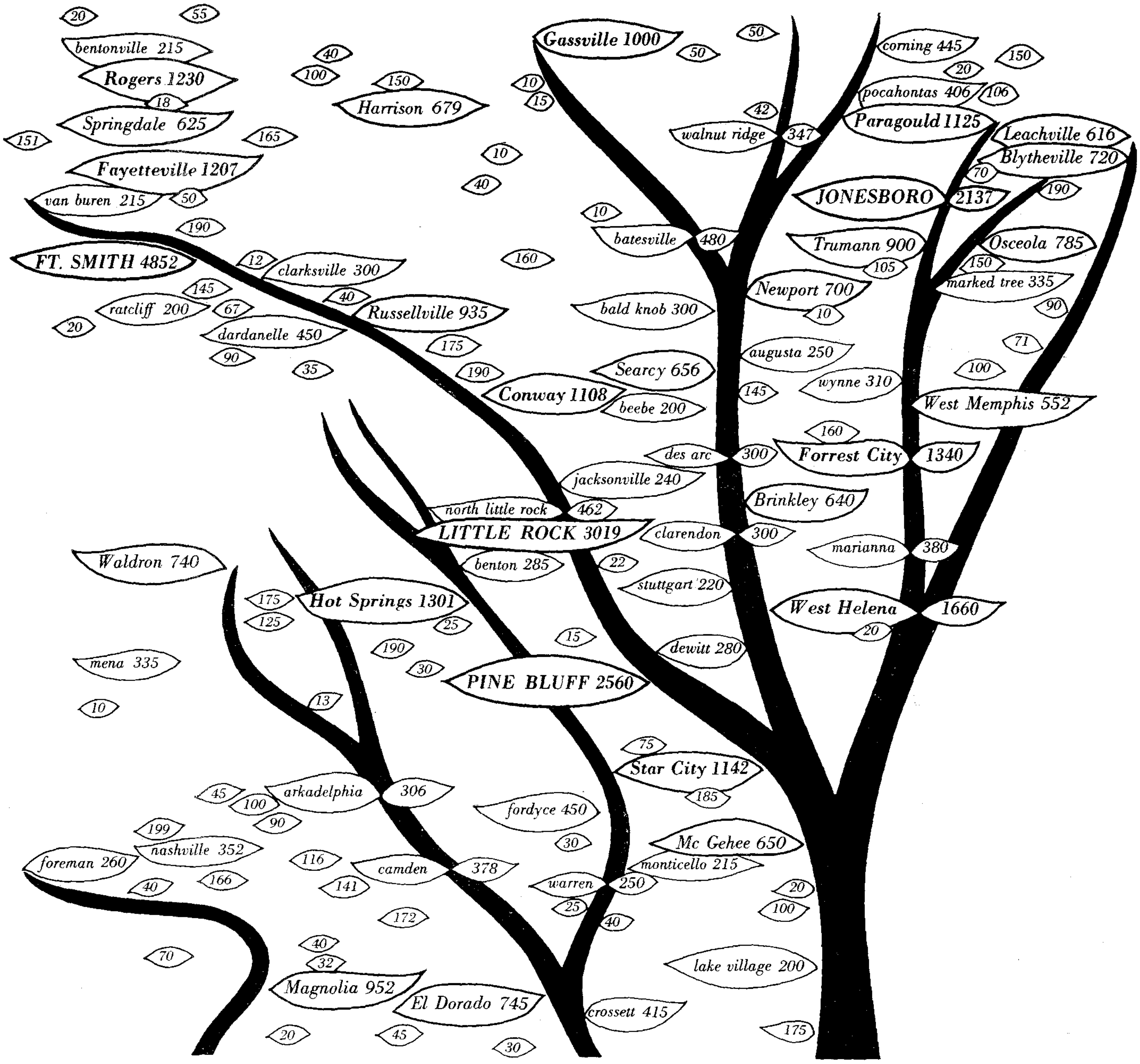

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by José Schorr

Well-known free lance magazine writer.

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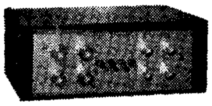

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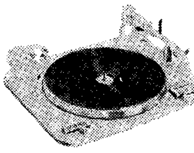

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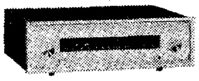

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alone justify a pilgrimage to it, though there is more to be seen in this lively landscape than their great bushes and trees, and the equally lush camelias, azaleas, and hydrangeas. This is still the country of Thomas Love Peacock, and perhaps the way to describe Portmeirion is to say that it is Peacock's Crotchet Castle come to life, with its contending dinner-table opinions taking concrete architectural form in an amusing array of politely incompatible, argumentative, but elegantly phrased buildings. These buildings are conceived as embellishments to a small seaside hotel resort, started only a generation ago, along with a shop selling Welsh arts and crafts and a tearoom to take care of the casual visitor, all admirably secluded, with admittance through a guarded entrance, so that a load of trippers who might turn the place into a shambles can be excluded when traffic becomes too heavy; indeed, the whole place was once temporarily turned into a private preserve, for a visit by the Royal Family.

Portmeirion is a fantastic collection of architectural relics and impish modern fantasies. The entire village is the work of the Welsh architect Clough Williams-Ellis, whose book "England and the Octopus," more than thirty years ago, was the opening gun in a fresh campaign to overcome the devastating ugliness that was spreading again in the motor age, as it had spread in the earlier railroad age, over the small historic towns and still verdant rural areas of Britain. Williams-Ellis was resuming and following through the pioneering work done by William Morris two generations before; and as a result of a sharpened public conscience about both the natural landscape and historic buildings, a whole series of public trusts and national foundations are now addressing themselves to this task, taking over ancient country inns and running them well, opening country houses and castles to public inspection, preserving ancient monuments and works of art—in short, reversing the policy of contemptuous and ruthless destruction that the old ironmasters and millowners regarded as a happy emblem of progress. At long last, even wild areas that had been deemed fit only for mining, quarrying, or for exploiting hydraulic power have been turned into national parks. So sensitive has England become over the quality of its landscape that the Electricity Board does not site a row of pylons to carry its high-tension wires without calling in its eminent architectural consultant, Sir William Holford.

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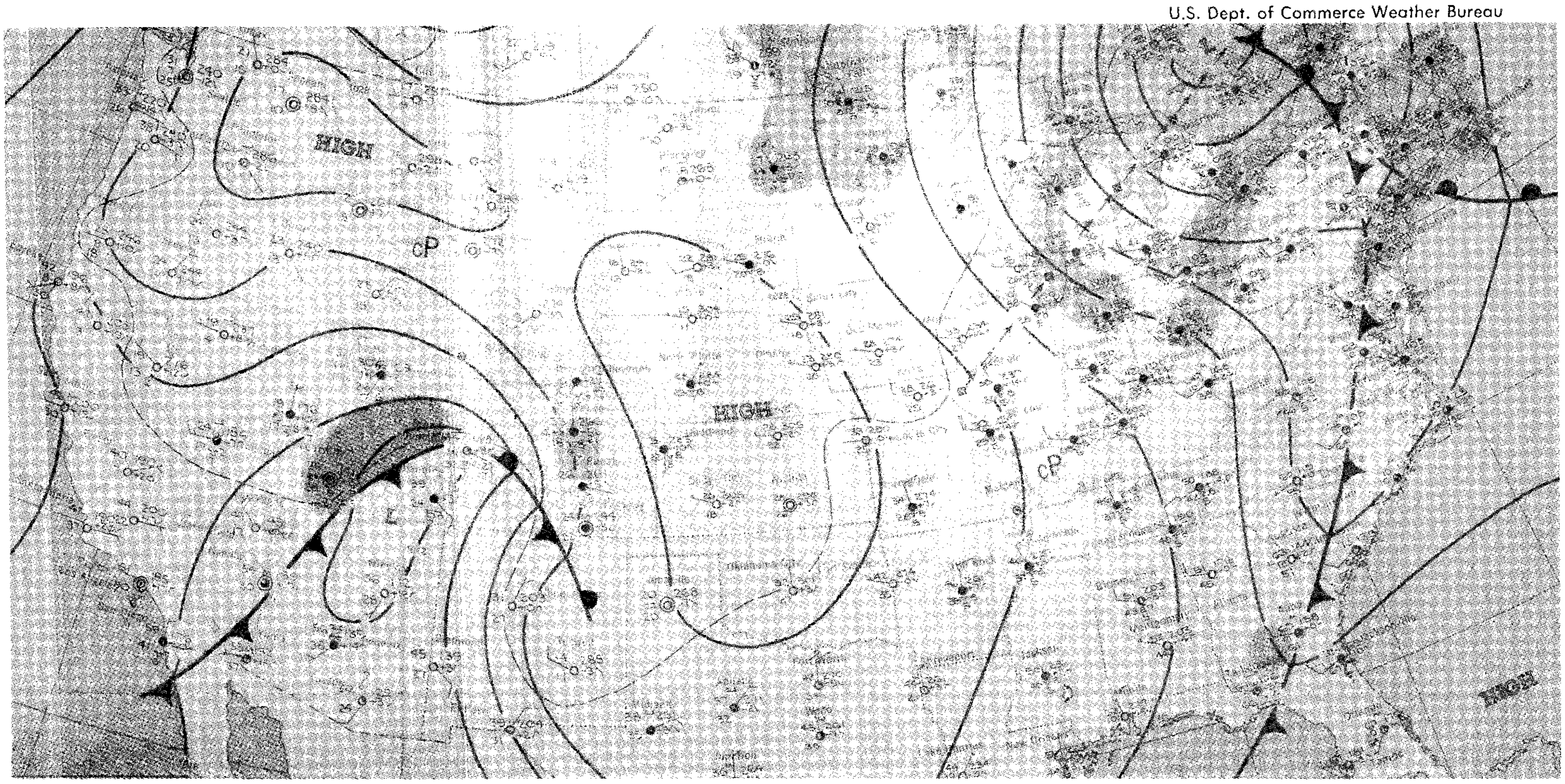

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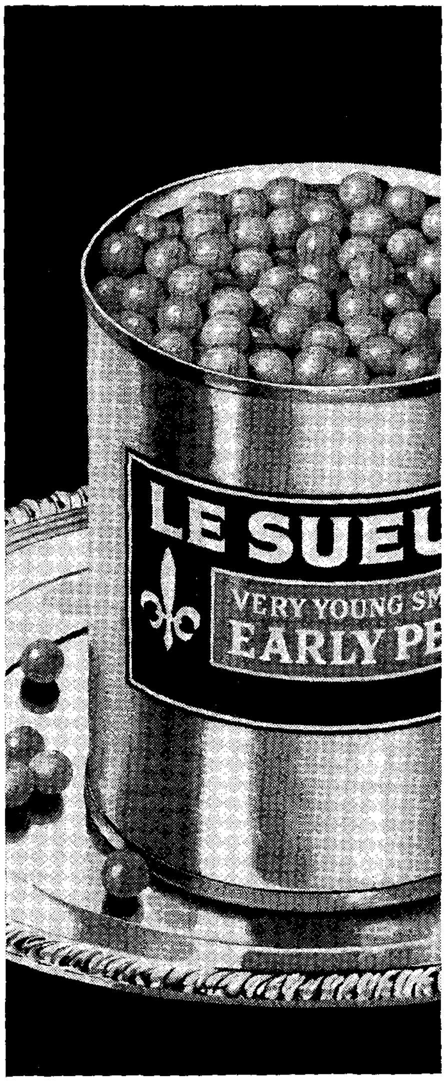

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Ellis has had a hand; indeed, he acquired and held a large part of the magnificent Welsh landscape that is dominated by the peaks of Snowdon until Parliament followed his lead by turning the area into a national park. As an architect, he is equally at home in the ancient, traditional world of the stark Welsh countryside and the once brave new world of "modern architecture." But he realized earlier than most of his architectural contemporaries how constrictive and desiccated modern forms can become when the architect pays more attention to the mechanical formula or the exploitation of some newly fabricated material than to the visible human results. In a sense, Portmeirion is a gay, deliberately irresponsible reaction against the dull sterilities of so much that passes as modern architecture today. If Williams-Ellis's work is more traditional in its echoes of old forms than the nursery-book novelties of Le Corbusier's chapel in the French town of Ronchamp, it is nevertheless prompted by a similar impulse, which does credit to both architects: to reclaim for architecture the freedom of invention—and the possibility of pleasurable fantasy—it had too abjectly surrendered to the cult of the machine.

Portmeirion lies, so to say, at the end of the road to Xanadu, and, appropriately, the architect has lately decreed—and designed—a "stately pleasure dome" whose one purpose is to delight the beholder by serving as the architectural crown to the hillside on which the little houses and gardens and shops are scattered, overlooking a wide tidal estuary. "The whole place," in the architect's words, "is unashamedly romantic" in its terraced gardens, its cobbled square, its slim, Italianate bell tower, and its constant effort to give human emphasis, by leaping walls and pinnacles, to the natural rhythm of the landscape. Romanticism itself was a revolt against the exactitude and repetitiveness of the eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century classicists, who favored flat sites, and who could do nothing with picturesque landscapes except turn away from them. Here the romantic and the picturesque come back again, in baroque rather than Gothic form—with tongue in cheek. The architect is almost willing to shock the more prudish spectators by dancing on their principles, provided they are—even if against their will—amused. But the fact that he does not take his playfulness too prayerfully prevents his architecture from having the integrity of a serious style, even such a make-believe style as

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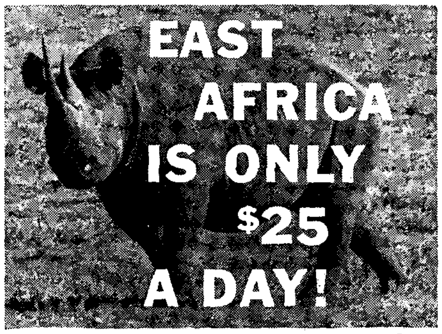

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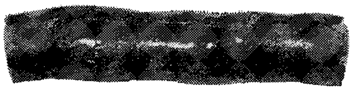

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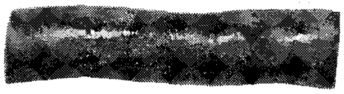

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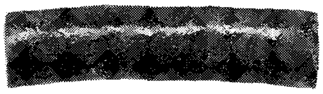

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the neo-Gothic, and I suspect that, from a purely aesthetic standpoint, Portmeirion was at its best some moment before the Second World War, ere he had gilded the lily. By now it has sacrificed a little of its formal coherence to its function as an architectural museum, where a superb Jacobean plaster ceiling in the "town hall"—there is no town and no government!—vies for attention with Victorian Gothic façades from demolished structures elsewhere. Williams-Ellis has accurately described the place as a "home for fallen buildings," for his shrewd antiquarian eye and happy fantasy have given a respectable status and a new life to memorable fragments of structures that had "lost their virtue" and might have vanished without a trace in some architectural Potter's Field.

Portmeirion is a "folly" in the eighteenth-century architectural manner; indeed, a folly piled upon folly, as in an uninhibited dream. But the total effect is relaxing and often enchanting, now more than ever, since the buildings contrast happily with the rigid irrationalities and the calculated follies of our so-called Nuclear Age. The playful absurdities of this architecture, always delicate and human in touch, are a happy relief from the grim absurdities of our thermonuclear strategists, who are blandly planning to turn our whole planet into a heap of radioactive rubble. Though I prefer Williams-Ellis's work in his more sober moments of landscaping and building—which I will come to in a moment—I enjoy the spirit of nimble improvisation he has shown here. The nineteenth-century owners of this site were responsible for the great plantation of rhododendrons for which the place is famous, but this weird forest of them is very much in the Williams-Ellis vein, as if by anticipation. The landscape of North Wales was new to me, and its bare hills, its dark outcroppings of slate and granite, its stone walls and stone farm buildings, its compact villages, also of stone, whose minute squares and open spaces relieve an otherwise oppressive sobriety and grimness, brought a shock of delight to me; and the roadsides, with their stone fences to keep in the sheep, are edged with spiky pennywort and magnificent dark-green nettles, almost twice as high as our own breed. My visual experience was sharpened by my eating, on the first night, green nettle soup and Welsh saddle of lamb, both delicate and delicious regional dishes. The rearing barebacked mountains of Wales, which finally plunge into the sea, must be counted among the most noble landscapes in the world;

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they have the starkness and almost the capacity to lift one to a super-mundane level that the landscape of Delphi has; indeed, one might even call Snowdon Wales' Parnassus, which would be proper only in a country that still does homage to its bards and orators, where every countryman still speaks in a soft singsong, as if verse were more natural than prose. In their usual callous manner, the Nuclear Gods have chosen this almost untouched part of wild Wales as the site, only a dozen miles from Portmeirion, of one of the great temples in which their priests will perform their dangerous even though seemingly innocent cosmic rites—a power plant that forms a vast, desolate pile, already half finished, which not even the talents of Sir Basil Spence, its architect, will be able to make acceptable to the eye.

To efface that image of desolation, one turns again to Portmeirion for communion with an older pantheon of earth gods in the rhododendron grove. The rhododendron bushes here often attain the height of trees, and in June they are bursting with multicolored clusters of blossoms. Here one stumbles along narrow paths, through almost impenetrable thickets and dark tunnels filled with purple light, tripping over twisted roots, battling with writhing stems, until the tangle suddenly ends on a cliff that discloses the sea. Nature has taken over this human plantation and turned it into a magnificent display of the savage energy of life itself, with its continued growth and efflorescence—perhaps our last hopeful symbol of deliverance from the death-oriented institutions, the suicidal strategies, and the dehumanized routines of our age.

I CANNOT leave Wales without a word about another work of Clough Williams-Ellis—the David Lloyd George memorial, a work that shows to the fullest his robust talents in both architecture and landscape design. This monument is at the edge of the tiny village of Llanystumdwy, where that fiery and slippery little man once lived. The present generation, even in England, hardly knows him; it has forgotten his leadership, with the younger Winston Churchill, in social legislation back in the nineteen-tens, and the crisis during the First World War, when the wily politician almost achieved the stature of a statesman. But despite recent efforts to denigrate Lloyd George's personality, headed—in classic Freudian fashion—by his own son, Lloyd George is still a hero to the Welsh, and the monument that Williams-Ellis has designed

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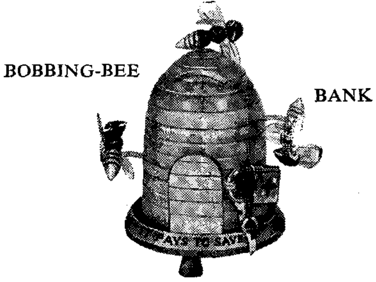

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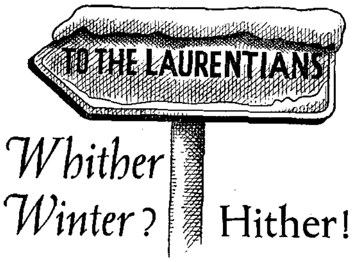
does justice to the emotion he still excites in Welsh bosoms, without raising any uncomfortable questions about his heroic stature by way of sculptured effigy or extensive laudatory description. Fortunately, the architect was entrusted with the choosing of the site. Instead of a conspicuous place in the village, he took a small ledge at the top of a wooded escarpment, a place to which Lloyd George often retired, to brood over the little Dwyfawr, a ribbon of water that unwinds below, separating the steep slope from the pleasant farmland that stretches across the valley beyond. The monument is cut off from the nearby highway by a beech hedge, and the whole hillside is canopied with trees. The outer rim of the monument is oval, in the form of a low stone wall. The stone "entrance" (an entrance for the eye alone) rises above the wall to a central gabled peak, with curving sides and two openings—an iron grille outlining a funerary urn beneath a round arch, and an oval opening above, with Lloyd George's initials in a scroll of iron. From the path that circles the hillside site of the monument, always close but always separated, one beholds Lloyd George's grave beyond the entrance, in the center of an oval lawn, which is surrounded by the stone wall. Within that grassy plot is a flat oval of smooth round stones, the shape of fat cigars, converging toward the center of the grave. The main feature of this oval is the very stone on which Lloyd George used to sit and meditate.

The point of the design is that the pilgrim who visits this grave can pass around it, while getting a full view of the interior of the enclosure, without being tempted to trespass. In fact, no sign is needed to warn him against intruding, since the spiral walk was contrived to keep him far enough above or below the grave to prevent access. Apart from the simple inscription and the serene enclosure, nothing disturbs the landscape that Lloyd George saw, and only a small sign by the roadside reminds the tripper that this is consecrated ground. To the honor of the tourist, there was, when I visited it, not a sign of his presence in so much as an empty cigarette pack or a scrap of paper. The restraint of this monument only emphasizes the perfect combination of pure form, delicate textural contrasts, and sensitive siting. And the whole impression is singularly in character, for this is the scene the hero's eyes beheld, this is the Wordsworthian "old gray stone" on which he sat, and even the fact that he sat there says something about his



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quality as a human being. Each visitor who brings his private image of Lloyd George to the grave will find a setting ready for it, and when time or indifference effaces all the images, something that Lloyd George's life evoked in the mind of the architect will nevertheless remain visible—and valuable. This is a classic memorial, not because it piously imitates some ancient work of excellence but because it has the same sense of reverence for the setting, the same sense of the human scale, and the same delicacy of feeling that a Greek tombstone of the fourth century had. Would that we in America had a comparably forthright and eloquent memorial to Lincoln!

TO descend from the high level of this austere landscape to the dreary miles of seaside huts and trailers that line the northern shores of Wales, from Colwyn Bay eastward, is the sad fate of the railroad traveller who is headed for Manchester. I had last seen that city in 1946, when it gaped with wartime desolation. By now there has been much rebuilding—less disorderly and congested than Birmingham's, but not yet very impressive—in the center of the town, and in more than one other area the carefully planned replacement of obsolete buildings and antiquated urban layouts by more modern designs, timed to avoid the brutal wholesale clearances dear to American planners, has been going on. This is largely due to the admirable plans made during the Second World War by the Town Surveyor, Mr. Rowland Nicholas, one of the first planners to conceive planning operations in a series of stages, over a period of a generation or even a half century, thus combining the virtues of a large and bold over-all scheme with those of piecemeal planning, amenable to correction and modification in case of unforeseeable emergencies or often equally unforeseeable mistakes and opportunities. My chief architectural find in Manchester, which I was visiting on my way to Edinburgh, was a purely historic discovery—a glass-covered shopping arcade of Victorian vintage in the very midst of the bombed central area. For all its frailty, it had survived, to testify to the Early Victorian enthusiasm for iron and glass, long before those materials were debased into a showy popular substitute for a more organic and functional concept of modern architecture. The nineteenth century's pride in its new techniques and new materials was justifiable, for iron and steel and glass had immensely widened the range of constructional possibilities. But that archi-

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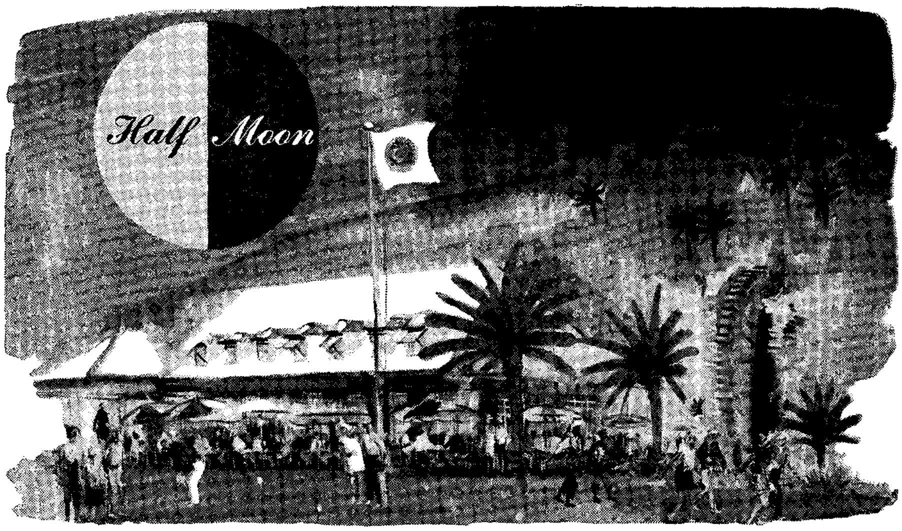

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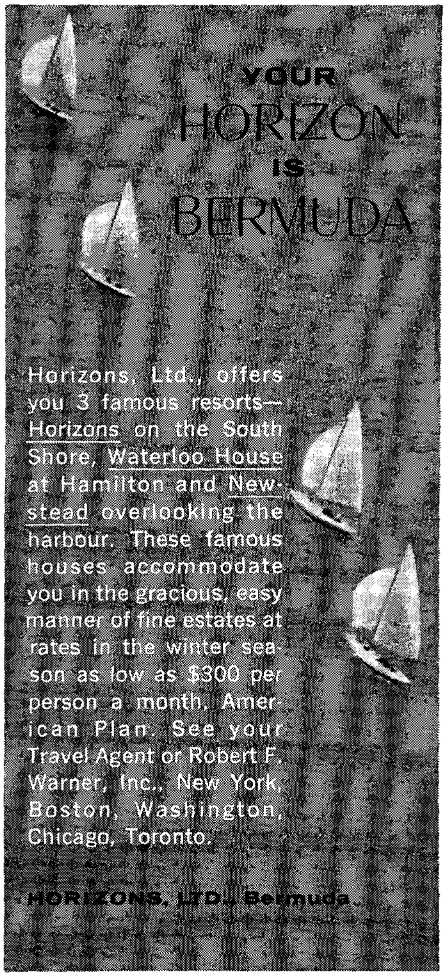
tects today should have learned nothing about the abuse and misuse of these materials after a century of experiment is a reproach to our architectural schools and to the common sense of those who set the present fashions.

EDINBURGH is one of the few large cities in the British Isles that escaped the uncivil attentions of the German bombers, perhaps for the obscure reasons that permitted Oxford to escape, too. As the Edinburgh Festival has now caused many visitors to know, the Old Town presents one of the most striking urban sky lines in the world, with its historic core built on a volcanic rock that juts upward to a climax in the ancient castle, and its craggy buildings stretching down the length of the Royal Mile toward the ancient Holyrood Abbey, where two kings of Scotland were crowned. The tall tenements along this rocky ridge vie with the church steeples and the castle walls in producing a romantic profile, sombre but exciting. Here is the picture-book medieval city, though most of it was built after the sixteenth century, and though at the bottom of the huge rock two railway stations and a wilderness of tracks and marshalling yards insulate Castle Hill from the park that forms the near side of Princes Street—the great shopping mall of the city. Beyond and around Princes Street stretches the New Town, begun in the eighteenth century, and in itself a classic example, on a par with Bath and Bloomsbury, of the bold upper-class concept of a fine residential quarter, with its terraces, circles, ovals, and squares, with its parks surrounded by iron fences and open only to nearby residents entitled to enter by a gate key. Given the social circumstances that produced these great row houses, given especially an ample retinue of servants, there are few better urban quarters anywhere, though if one pushes behind the imposing façades, one finds drably unfinished rear walls, with mean back yards, and meaner small houses and stables provided for the "lower orders."

Since the thirties an even newer New Town has come into existence, on the outskirts of the city, marked architecturally by a preposterous hybrid, the Scotch bungalow, done in stone, overexposed to the raw winds and the ground cold—the sort of compromise between East and West a homesick Scots civil servant might have brought back from India. This low building, defiant of both tradition and climate, is perhaps belated overcompensation for the tall tenements that dominated the Old Town, tenements that forced house-



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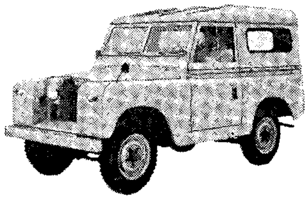

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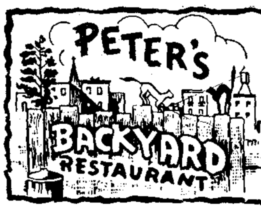

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wives to walk up eight or ten stories, lugging their coal, their water and food, or their babies to their one-room flats. Edinburgh reminds one that the skyscraper is no American invention, for eight- and ten-story flats were built here as early as the seventeenth century, and legend tells of a much higher one that finally tumbled down. In its own right, Edinburgh is a sort of open-air museum of European architecture and town planning, from the Middle Ages onward, and till lately, when the University undertook to build new quarters, only one thing was missing—a decent modern building, or, rather, any modern building at all, since Mackintosh, Scotland's bold pioneer contemporary of Louis Sullivan, did most of his work in Glasgow. The sole exceptions I can recall are the traditional but unstylized stone buildings done by Patrick Geddes and Frank Mears for the Edinburgh zoo. This is still, happily, a city of walking distances, easy for the visitor to take in. Almost anything of architectural or historic interest can be encountered within the compass of a mile, between the castle and Holyrood Abbey, or between the University and the farther side of the New Town. The Firth of Forth Bridge, one of the world's few masterpieces in cantilever construction, requires, it is true, a longer journey from the Old Town. Even much of industrial Edinburgh, to say nothing of the poverty-pocked neighborhoods that accompany it, is embraced by this mile-square city, which must hold around two hundred and fifty thousand people, for the great breweries of the town are scattered through this area—often handsome stone buildings, with striking conical towers where the hops are dried. The city of some five hundred thousand people that began to spread beyond these limits with the introduction of the trolley car, at the end of the nineteenth century, has nothing to offer that the smaller city did not possess, not even green open spaces, for one of the glories of Edinburgh proper is that, thanks to the surrounding hills, and above all Arthur's Seat, it has maintained large parts of the green matrix essential to the health and beauty and balance of any city.

Edinburgh, in short, is a city to preserve, and one of the first steps necessary is to prevent the surrounding countryside from being eaten up by any more of the random residential extensions that are going on. It is not, of course, necessary or even possible to stop the process of growth, but the mode of growth must be altered. Instead, a series of properly planned smaller towns,

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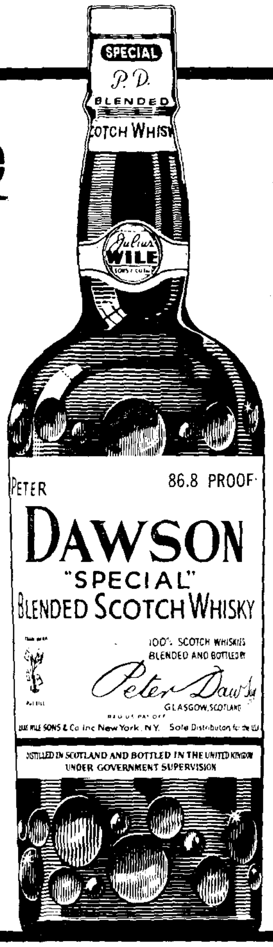
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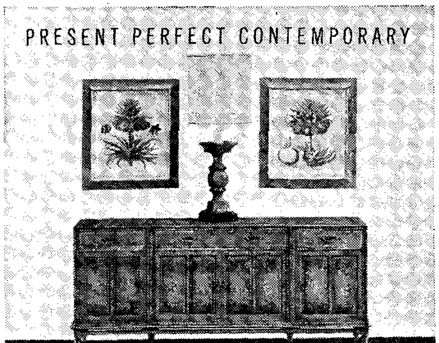

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with their own business and industrial facilities, could be built around Edinburgh, near enough to participate in the advantages of a big city without adding to its congestion and without destroying those advantages, which give the central urban area its distinction. The overcrowded city of Glasgow, even more addicted to tall tenements than Edinburgh, rejected this method of growth as impossible when it was proposed fifteen years ago, but that municipality has lately reversed its past judgment and is settling its excess population and industrial plants in a series of neighboring New Towns, far more commodious in design. The alternative method of unregulated automatic growth, in the hands of the real-estate speculator, the highway engineer, and the industrial organizer, will act to destroy both urban and rural values, just as it has already done with savage swiftness in so many American cities, and is doing, to the accompaniment of even more grievous loss, in once exemplary English towns like Oxford and Bath. No city can prevent decay at its core if it encourages disintegration and corrosion by random building on its sprawling periphery.

An internal question of great moment has lately come to a head in Edinburgh, and that is: How much of the historic quarters should be preserved when new needs, new purposes demand fresh forms, suitable to our own age? This question became a public issue when the University published its plans for a group of high-rise buildings at one end of George Square, one of the occasional eighteenth-century squares with which the Old Town eased its foul overcrowding and fostered a residential growth more favorable to university life. Strong protests were voiced by people who wanted no changes in the look of the square, which still boasts the modest, sober row of three-story stone houses in one of which Walter Scott lived. This question of what to save arises in many other cities today; it came up not long ago in London when the design of the huge United States Embassy in Grosvenor Square was made public, and in several American cities, among them Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and Savannah, it has raised a problem that has hardly been satisfactorily stated, much less solved. Wherever there is a demand for the continuing original, residential use of town squares, there is good reason to retain the original form. (In the larger squares, such as Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia, where the sides are too far apart to make possible a visual unity, the original residences could have been dou-

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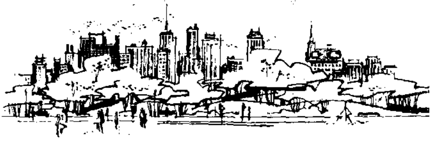

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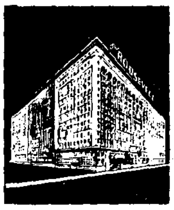

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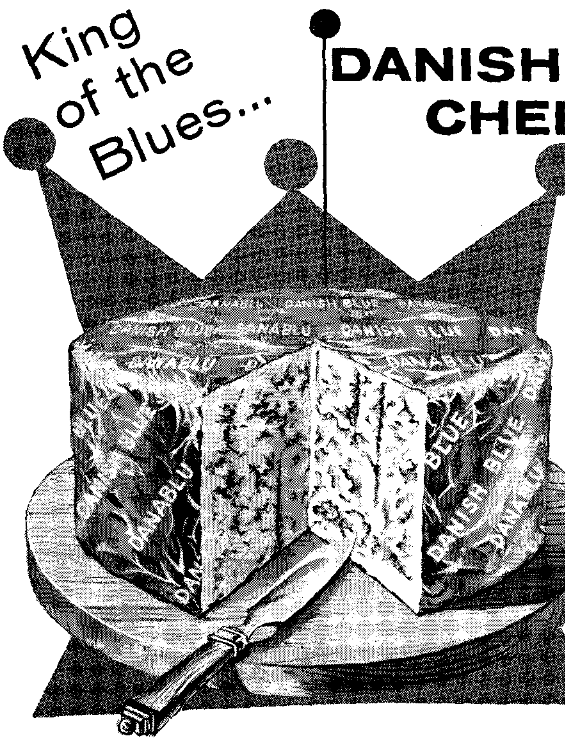
bled in height, and so might have fended off the skyscraper apartments and hotels that have replaced them and have thus both congested the square and jumbled its form.) In the case of George Square, the University, which owns the buildings on it, has piously kept intact the side of the square on which Scott's house stands but has planned a series of tall buildings at one end. This is one of those compromise solutions that decently satisfy neither party. Actually, a more radical solution was necessary. There is plenty of public open space in the immediate neighborhood, in a handsome green called The Meadows. Hence the University's need for new quarters should have led to turning both the old building lots and the square itself into a unified University Precinct. This precinct might have contained virtually as much open space as the original square, but it could have been designed, like Harvard Yard, in our Cambridge, to provide inner greens and malls, with all the wheeled traffic kept on the perimeter. This would have permitted the buildings to be grouped in a far better fashion, functionally and aesthetically, than is possible in the old-fashioned pattern of being lined up along a corridor street. Here, plainly, is a case in which a valued past should not have stood in the way of a more valuable future.

While all this fuss was being made about George Square, a commonplace specimen of architecture compared to what exists in the eighteenth-century New Town, especially that aristocratic quarter behind Princes Street, some of the finest aspects of James Craig's planning of that town have now been marred by the invasion of business into this handsome residential quarter. The granite dignity of the buildings has here and there begun to give way to gaping glass fronts and loud signs. This is a strikingly inept adaptation to modern needs, for though these magnificent houses can no longer easily be kept up by private families, they are well adapted to being turned into apartment houses and hotels, and with the great influx of tourists into Edinburgh, and the extreme dearth of hotel accommodation, it is absurd to permit this quarter to be used for any other purpose, except perhaps, as now, on certain side streets. The latter, indeed, connecting Princes Street with the great squares, might without serious loss—in fact, with considerable gain—be converted into a more modern kind of business quarter. If the pressure for shopping accommodations on Princes Street grows, one might even envisage one or more pedestrian shopping malls, with facilities for motor parking, direct-



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ly behind the present line of shops and commercial buildings.

Adroit planning and intelligent financial support by lending institutions might conserve this whole area for the delight and convenience of both the resident and the tourist, and the very act of conservation would add immensely to the value of the new business quarters in the adjacent streets. Unless such positive measures are soon taken, one of the most beautiful and commodious of residential quarters will quickly be gutted, for no purpose that could not have been better accomplished by putting business in Edinburgh where it belongs. The term for this adroit kind of planning and rehabilitation, "conservative surgery," was coined by Patrick Geddes, one of the founders of the modern city-planning movement, whose Outlook Tower and apartment house top Castle Hill; its purpose is to remove decay and encourage healthy growth without extirpating necessary organs. At present, in most cities, the field is unfortunately divided between two equally mischievous schools—the conservative "touch-me-nots," who would wait till gangrene sets in before they are ready to consent to an operation, and the knife-happy surgeons, who, like Mr. Surgeon Cuticle in Melville's "White-Jacket," are so eager to practice their art that they do not distinguish between healthy tissue and diseased but remove both and let the patient die. Edinburgh, like many other historic spots, is too rich in both ancient memories and present vitalities to be in the hands of either school.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

The basic question has been put by Bernhard G. Bechoefer in his Brookings study on Postwar Negotiations for Arms Control: "Will the danger of a nuclear war be greater or less than it is today if the United States agrees with the Soviet Union on a cessation of tests with a system of safeguards along the general lines developed up to this point in the negotiations?"

The government of the United States, presumably, would not have moved to renew the discussions at Geneva, if it did not think that the answer to this question is "yes."—*Editorial in the Washington Post.*

Next basic question.

•

SARASOTA, FLA.—Mr. and Mrs. —— —— enjoyed a visit to Sarasota Jungle Gardens during their recent vacation on Florida's Lower West Coast. The visitors mingled with flamingos and other rare wildfowl. . . .—*Press release received by the Toledo Blade.*

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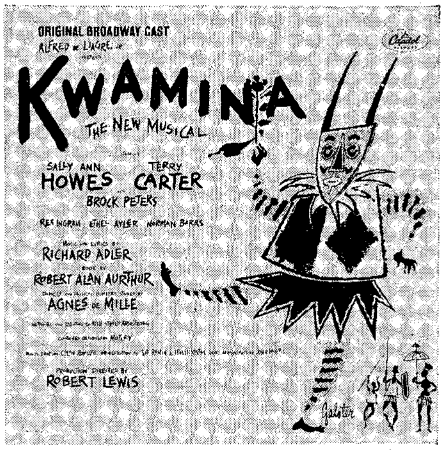

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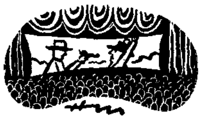
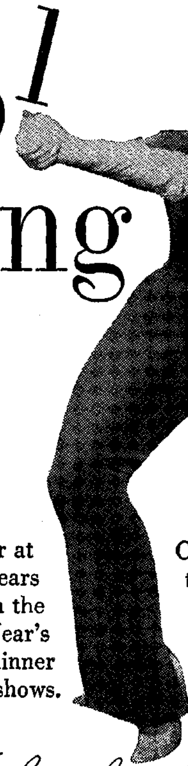
Hard Times



JUST when everything seemed to be going so well with love in the movies, along come a couple of pictures in which Cupid is knocked down, jumped on, and left practically for dead. The first of these painful assaults on love is "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," which has been lifted from the novella of that name by Tennessee Williams. Mr. Williams' little work, published in 1950, was a very fancy piece of writing indeed ("The sensuality of that hour," we read, "was exquisite as the jam of the gods," and though the hour in question was passed on the Via Veneto, our author doesn't mean traffic jam), and the movie version is lamentably faithful to the original. Gavin Lambert, who wrote the screenplay, has provided dialogue of suffocating archness, and José Quintero, whose first picture this is, has directed it with a sort of finicky languor, which, if it deserves high marks as an act of piety to Mr. Williams, gets low marks as entertainment. Even the background of Rome, which one might have thought was foolproof, emerges as so much stale marzipan, not even to be gazed at with pleasure.

The story, as you perhaps recall, is a nasty business about an aging American beauty, recently widowed and retired from the stage, who comes to Rome to make a fresh start. She is very rich and only just intelligent enough to perceive that she was wrong to have feared committing herself to love in the past; now she is prepared to take fearful chances, hoping that they will prevent her from merely drifting idly, without point, on and on into a passionless old age. She takes up with a bad lot of Romans, falls in love with a young man who expects her to keep him and yet candidly despises her for doing so, is abandoned by him, and, at last, aware that she is taking a fatal step downhill to her doom, invites a perverse and possibly murderous stranger to her *palazzo*. We surmise that Mrs. Stone will suffer a sordid and horrible fate, but, on the facts as given, there is never a moment when she is wise enough or strong enough to choose another course. Like so many of Mr. Williams' women, she is simply an object to which things happen, and we are dismayed by what befalls her but neither surprised nor very much moved.

Poor Vivien Leigh plays the thank-



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less part of the fading star; Warren Beatty plays the young Roman whose person is always for sale; and Lotte Lenya hams it up shockingly as an old procuress of truly dragonish tongue and aspect.

THE second blow dealt Eros is "Odd Obsession," a Japanese import starring Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano and directed by Kon Ichikawa. The picture is based on a novel by Junichiro Tanizaki, published in this country under the title of "The Key." Now, the story of "Odd Obsession" is that at a certain age a man— No, let me put it another way. The story of "Odd Obsession" concerns a middle-aged connoisseur in Kyoto whose wife is not only beautiful but much younger than he is. He senses that his sexual powers are failing, and, to add to his distress, it appears that his wife's sexual powers are getting stronger by the minute. What to do? I swear by Hippocrates that three of the sovereign remedies tried by Mr. Perplexed are injections, Hennessy brandy, and a Polaroid camera. These aphrodisiacs prove, especially in combination, a trifle *too* helpful, with the result that our hero keels over in a stroke and eventually dies. Soon his wife, his daughter, and his daughter's fiancé (who has been moonlighting as the wife's lover) also die, done in not by sex but by roach powder. Nobody can say that this isn't a very tidy picture, but a more dispiriting account of man as lover I've never seen, and I'm reluctant to recommend it to anybody over twenty-one.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

BLOOMFIELD, N.J., Dec. 14—Anyone who has even the slightest tendency toward claustrophobia might find several days in an underground fallout shelter a rather harrowing experience.

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Steelworkers Union leaders have, in the past, spoken of the merits of a 2-hour week, but some top union officials consider it an unrealistic goal.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

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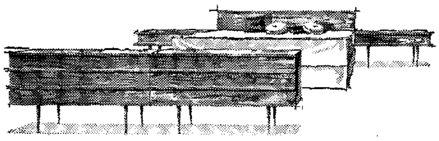

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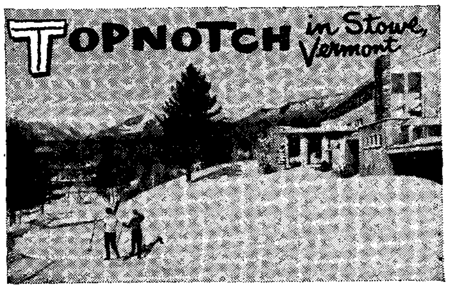
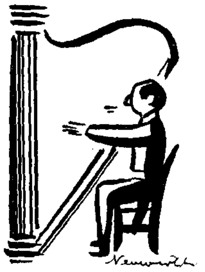


MUSICAL EVENTS

Cycle



I HAVE now heard the grandiose totality of the Metropolitan's revival of Wagner's "Ring," and it has turned out to be quite a distinguished effort. To put first things first where Wagnerian opera is concerned, the Metropolitan's orchestra, which had not played altogether accurately in the opening "Das Rheingold" (this criticism applies mainly to the brass), improved steadily, and by the time it got to "Götterdämmerung," on Friday night, it was playing as a great orchestra should. Erich Leinsdorf, the conductor, also seemed to undergo something of a transformation, though of a different type. His "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" had both struck me as neat and refined, rather than rugged and majestic, but his "Siegfried" tended to pick up vitality, and his "Götterdämmerung" was quite stunning. You may gather from this that "Götterdämmerung" proved to be the finest performance of the cycle, and if one concentrates on the over-all effect and disregards certain very notable contributions by individual singers, that is true. Considering the age of the Lee Simonson sets, Nathaniel Merrill's staging of all four operas was pretty adroit; in particular, some ingenious lighting in the second set of "Die Walküre" helped make the death of Siegmund a noble and touching affair. Elsewhere, deaths of one sort or another were not quite so compelling. That of the dragon Fafner, in "Siegfried," was hidden by a great deal of steam, but even so one got the impression that the hero had deposited the sacred sword in Fafner's mouth much as a pedestrian might drop a newspaper into a street-corner trash basket. That of Siegfried himself, in "Götterdämmerung," was, I am afraid, so unconvincingly arranged that the subsequent question hurled at his assassin, "*Hagen, was tust du?*," struck the audience's funnybone, as well it might have, and caused considerable tittering. It is, however, rare to come across a staging of the cycle that does not burlesque itself slightly at one point or another, and in general Mr. Merrill's ideas were effective.

The singing throughout the cycle

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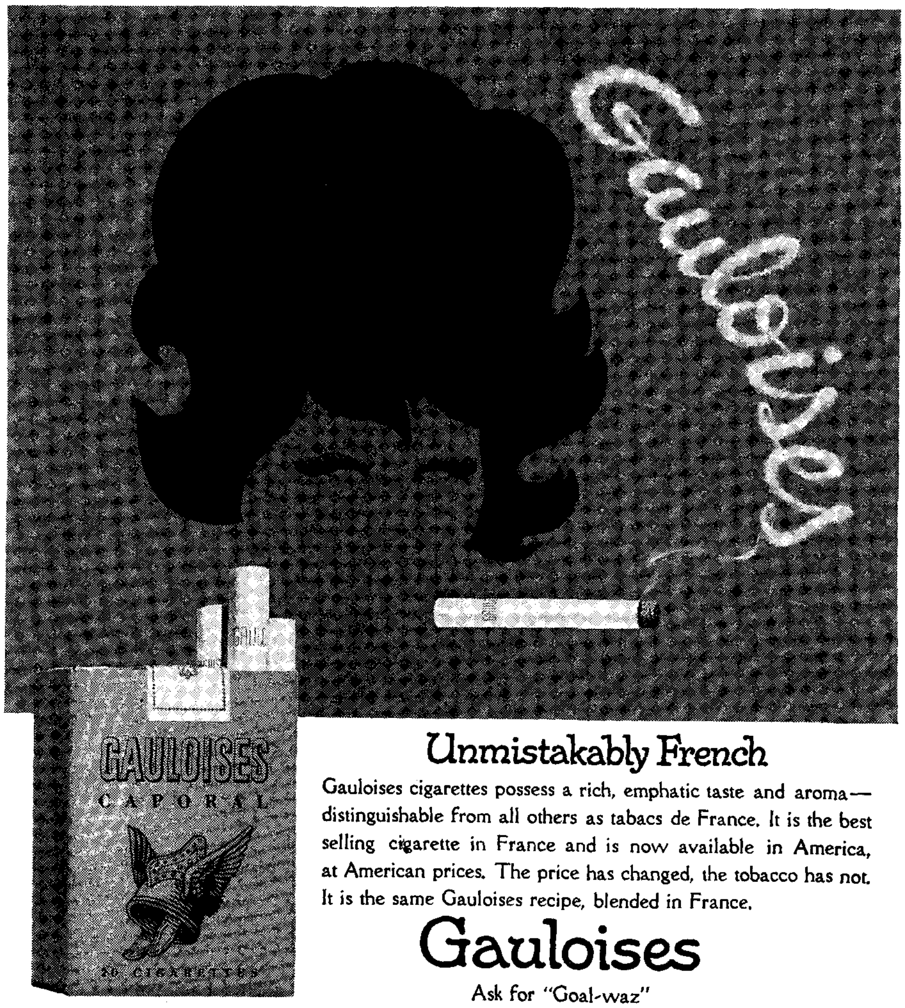

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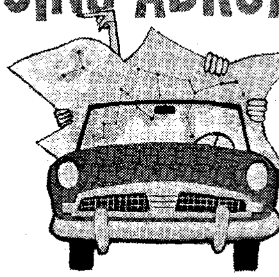

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was on a very high plane—so high, in fact, that one can truthfully say that no role in the whole series of casts was weakly or inadequately done. At the top of the list of stars who participated was, of course, Birgit Nilsson, whose Brünnhilde is dashing, athletic, pleasant to look upon, and vocally both powerful and accurate. I do not find it quite as sensuous, or quite as deeply colored by profound feelings of feminine passion and anguish, as the interpretations of some of her great predecessors, among them Kirsten Flagstad, Marjorie Lawrence, and Helen Traubel. But she is technically an impeccable artist, with a glorious voice that can cut through the Wagnerian brass with ease and that never seems to tire under even the most taxing circumstances.

Miss Nilsson's singing, however, was not by any means the only notable vocal feature of this "Ring" cycle. Several other roles came close to perfection. George London's Wotan was as subtle and as beautifully styled an interpretation as one is likely to come across anywhere today. Jon Vickers has the personality and the superb mesomorphic musculature to make Siegmund the closest thing to a matinée idol that is apt to be encountered in Wagnerian opera, and he also sings like an angel in this role, and acts with such conviction that Siegmund's tragedy (which is perhaps the only really human tragedy in the "Ring") becomes something to weep over. I wish that Mr. Vickers could be persuaded to leave Italian opera alone and devote himself to the Wagnerian repertoire, where, even in this single part (which is all the Wagner I have heard him do), he shines as a great artist. Then, there was Jean Madeira's Erda and her First Norn—comparatively inconspicuous roles for a singer of her accomplishments, but roles that need to be sung with the dignity and power and peculiar darkness of tone that she brings to them. In somewhat the same category were the Fricka and Waltraute of that other admirable contralto Irene Dalis; the Fricka was, I thought, merely a good one, but Waltraute's long monologue in "Götterdämmerung" was something special—a tour de force in both vocal and acting style, and a moment to remember.

Two distinguished foreign artists who had not appeared here before—or at least not in the "Ring"—made a considerable impression. One of them was Hans Hopf, an experienced and resourceful *Heldentenor*, who sang Siegfried and who was not daunted by the inevitable problem facing whoever does this youthful hero; namely, that if you

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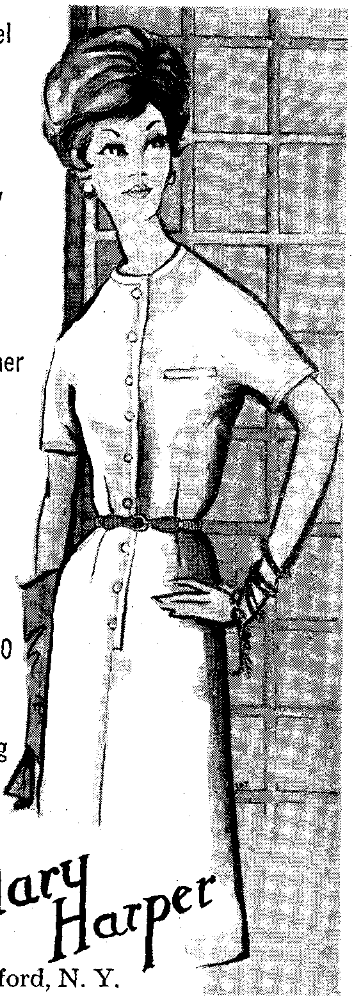

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have the physique to belt out the vocal line you probably haven't anything resembling the boyish figure of a teenager. The problem, after all, is Wagner's fault, and I thought Mr. Hopf, who does have the sort of rotundity sometimes found among adolescents, made a fairly graceful compromise. At least, there were moments in the forest scene when I could fall under the spell of the illusion, and though his forge scene in Act I was somewhat reticent (he was doubtless saving himself for strenuous later acts), he sang the rest of the opera with beautiful style and a ringing tone. The other newcomer was the basso Gottlob Frick, a fine character actor and a singer of powerful, slightly harsh vocal gifts, with considerable dramatic ingenuity in the use of them, who sang Hunding in "Die Walküre" and Fafner in "Siegfried," and made his biggest impression as a particularly dour and villainous Hagen in "Götterdämmerung." Add to these Ralph Herbert's superb and clearly sung Alberich, Paul Kuen's slightly overactive but effective Mime, Gladys Kuchta's fresh-voiced and completely appealing Sieglinde and Gutrune, Walter Cassel's handsome and dignified Gunther, and, finally, Martina Arroyo's quite adequate singing as the Voice of the Forest Bird, and you have a memorable assortment of Wagnerians. I seem to have left out Randolph Symonette, an interesting artist who appeared on short notice as the Wotan of "Die Walküre" and contributed some personal touches that I shall have to get used to before I evaluate them. In Mr. Leinsdorf's uncut version, "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" lasted over four and a half hours each, and "Götterdämmerung" five. Just listening to them was hard work, but it was worth it.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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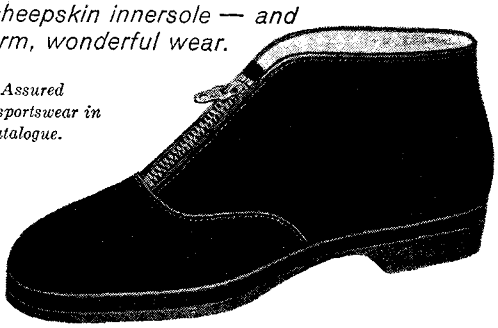

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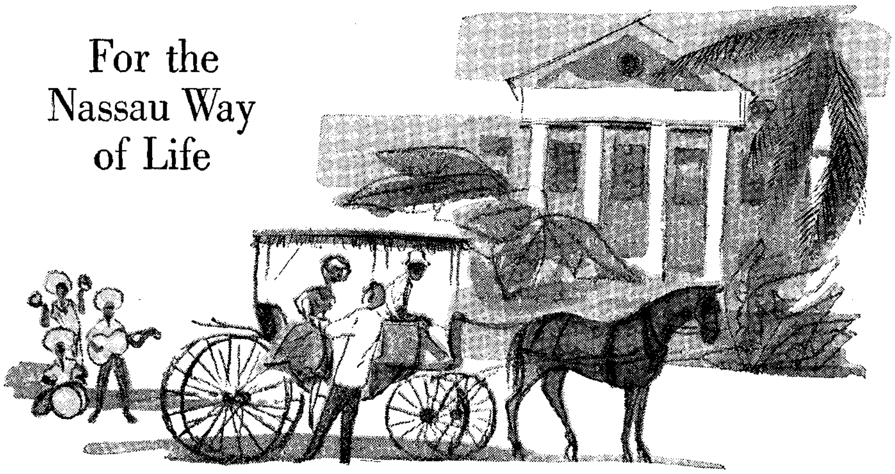

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fastly refused to consider themselves first-rate solo performers. Accordingly, each has recorded just one album of piano solos (with rhythm accompaniment), and once every blue moon has been persuaded to sit in with recording groups, generally to memorable effect. Finally, each is a witty and unique stylist. But here the similarities cease. Basie's style is a rhythmic study in rests, occasionally broken by simple right-hand chords or single notes so judiciously placed and sparingly chosen that they suggest impeccably worn jewels. It is stride piano edited, honed, and sanded into a laconic, semi-comic shape one never tires of. It is Hemingway minus the "truly"s, "and"s, and "good"s. Ellington is twice as adventurous. He has taken the Harlem style apart and rebuilt it, with Gothic flourishes, into an infinitely more imposing structure. He has replaced the ump-chump ump-chump of the left hand with startling off-beat chords and generous basso-profundo booms. He has added populous dissonances and far-out chords. And into these he has worked crooked arpeggios—directionless, seemingly drunken ones—and handsome upper-register necklaces of notes that poke harmless fun at James P.'s often lacy right-hand garlands. As such, Ellington's piano style has had a good deal of subtle influence, particularly on Thelonious Monk and Cecil Taylor; it takes iconoclasts to hear one.

It was, then, a pleasant shock when Charles Schwartz, the producer of the superior "Jazz Profiles" series of recitals, announced that Ellington would appear, for the first time in a concert, as a solo pianist, an event that took place in the Museum of Modern Art last Thursday. Needless to say, it is extremely difficult to do well what you are wholeheartedly convinced you cannot do. Ellington regrettably hid for most of the evening—behind his unfailing graciousness, behind his compositions, and behind his accompanists, Aaron Bell and Sam Woodyard, who appeared in the second half of the concert. In the first half, Ellington set forth, in perfect cock-

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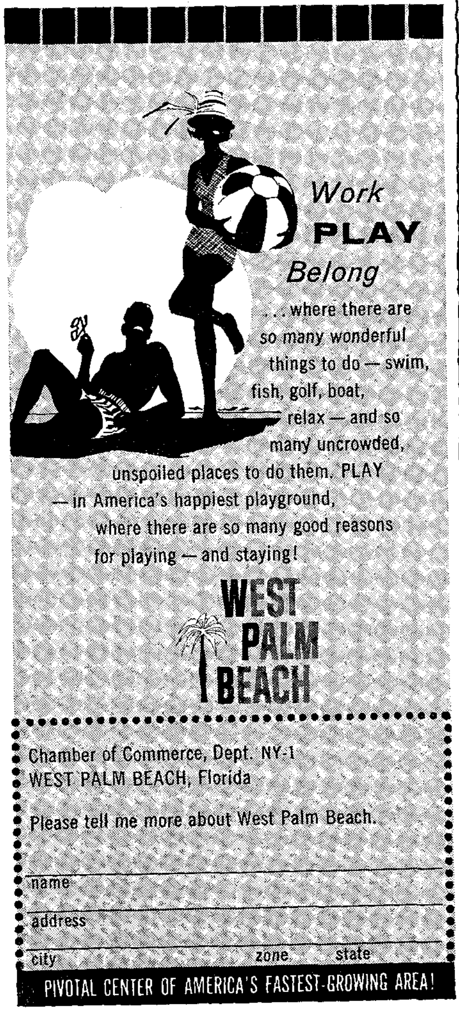
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tail-piano fashion, six of his more unfamiliar pieces—"New York City Blues," "Blue Belles of Harlem," "The Clothèd Woman," "Reflections in D," a selection from the "Deep South Suite," and "New World A'Comin'." It was a swooning, impressionistic performance that magnified the numbers' virtues and blurred Ellington. After the intermission, Ellington at last gave the impression that he was about to let go. He played several inspiriting choruses of "Take the 'A' Train" (mainly, this part of the program was given over to the works of Billy Strayhorn), and then, changing his mind, gradually handed over the proceedings to Bell and Woodyard, who were allotted a number apiece in which to display their wares. (Bell is an accomplished, tonally uncertain Blanton admirer; however, Woodyard, a handsome man who sings a steady song of appreciative grunts and exclamations while he plays, is a caricature of a drummer.) Ellington raced through his customary medley of old pieces, and, again hinting at concealed riches, closed with a delightful "Dancers in Love" that was full of sly, uppity stride-piano figures. After this he retired into his stage presence, disarmingly stating that he was no match for Waller, Tatum, Johnson, etc., and left the stage. Ellington the pianist, having darted nervously out from under his bushel, had vanished once more. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

NOTICE

To Whom It May Concern

Please to Take Notice that on Tuesday the 12th day of December . . . at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of the Judge of Probate at the Court House in the city of Pontiac, County of Oakland, Michigan.

The Honorable Judge of Probate in and for said County, will hear my petition that my name and my wife's name be changed from Frank Tlorzinsky, also known as Frank James Glowinski, Frank Glowzneki, Frank Glowzinski, Frank Glowzynski and Frank Glvanjoski and Florence Glowinski, also known as Florence Glowzneki to Frank James Glowinski and Florence Glowinski.

Signed FRANK J. GLOWINSKI
(Frank Tlorzinsky)

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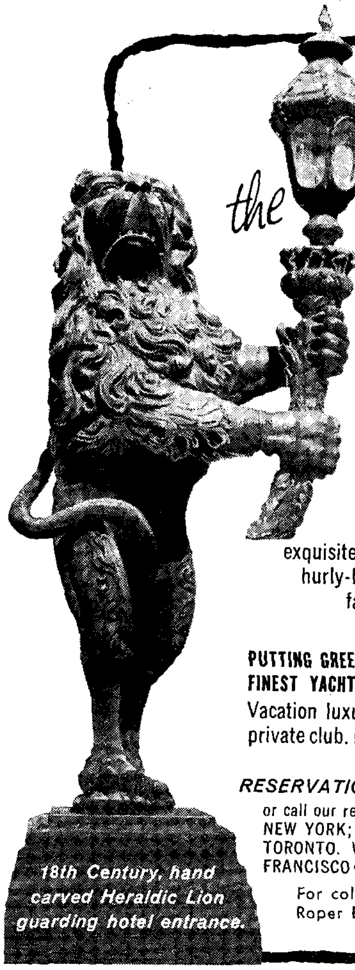
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Herald & Express*]

CHATTANOOGA, TENN. (AP)—Service station attendant Avery H. Hunt is beginning to expect the worst.



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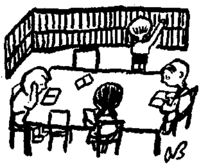
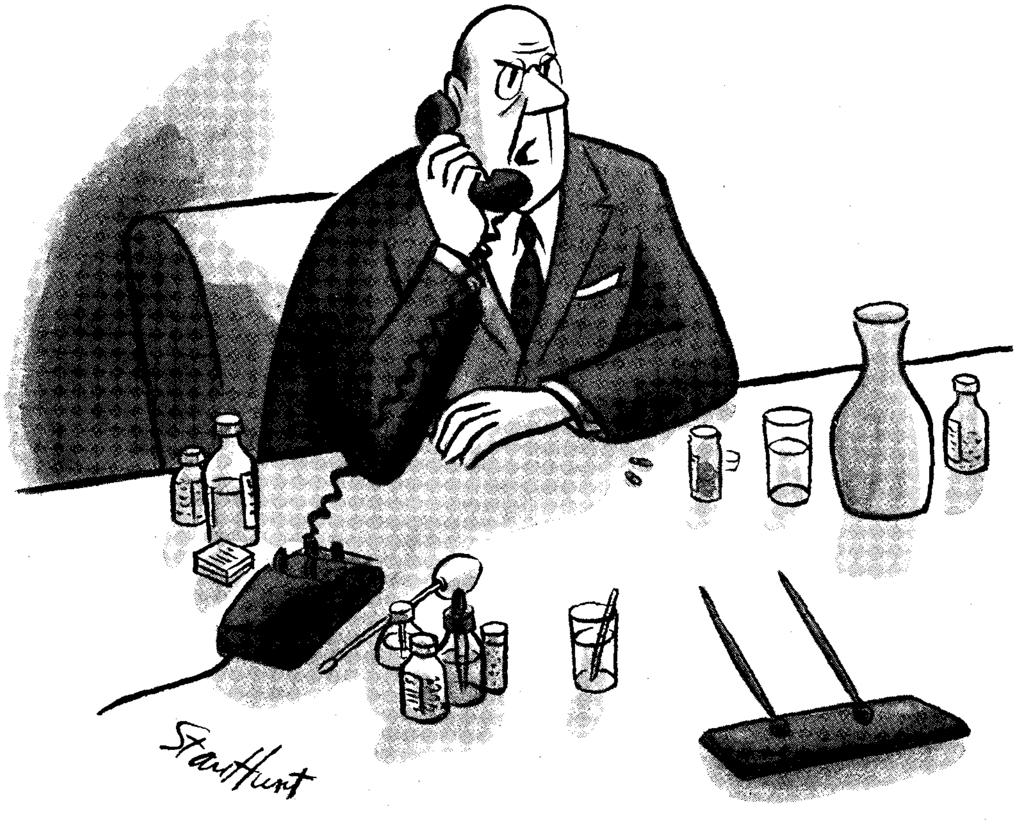


A FAINT note of irony attaches to the title, "Russians as People" (Dutton), that Wright W. Miller has chosen for his study of Soviet life. It has a scholarly and noncommittal air, that title, and yet it offers, obliquely, a measure of the distance we all have travelled in the Cold War. For who would trouble to write a book called "Englishmen as People" or "Frenchmen as People"? One never thinks of them as anything else. Clearly, it is different with the Russians. In all our necessarily frequent thoughts of Russia these days, the specific human character of the people seldom plays a part. Our anxious attention is almost wholly focussed upon the activities of the Soviet government and the Communist Party. When we think of "the Russians," we think of the situation in Berlin, of the possibility of war, or of the recent atmospheric tests of the hydrogen bomb and the radioactive particles we will imbibe with our first green salad next spring. The nature of the Russian people does not figure prominently in these preoccupations. By compelling our attention to the people, Mr. Miller is filling what can only be called an unfelt need, but his book is nonetheless valuable on that account, and the need is no less real for having passed unnoticed.

Any Western social scientist who tries to study life in the Soviet Union must operate under a severe handicap; namely, that the government does not allow him to gather sociological information in an orderly way. He cannot make use of the surveys and statistics and controlled samples by means of which, in other parts of the world, he attempts to arrive at social truths. He is obliged to take life as he finds it, in the lump. This restriction seems to bother Mr. Miller not at all. He evidently considers life stimulating as he finds it, and sets about capturing a sense of the Russian character without the aid of so much as a single graph. Perhaps he is no social scientist. It is not easy to be sure on this point, since his publishers offer no biographical information beyond observing that his visits to the Soviet Union span a period of twenty-six years, and *Who's Who* has snubbed him altogether. It is evident, however, that Mr. Miller, whatever else he may be, is an Englishman. He starts by talking about the weather:

> One must begin with the winter, the greedy exhausting winter which, as the peasants used to say, "has a belly on him like a priest." The priest brought forth nothing from the land, but he planted himself at peasant tables and expected to eat his fill. And Winter, bringing forth nothing, planted himself across Russia as the great waster and consumer—eating away the hardwon hoards of grain and cabbage, of cucumbers salted in the pickling pond and firewood stacked in the frozen passageway, making lean the wolves who pulled down horses and cattle, wasting the fat of the hibernating bear, and wasting away the patience, the energies, the imaginations and the very breath of human beings in the stale air of the huts where they huddled about the earthen stove.
>
> And still in fifty thousand Soviet villages, and in Soviet cities under the wail of factory sirens and the hoot of American-style locomotives Winter is the great waster and consumer, wearying body and soul for more than half the year.

To anyone accustomed to the tones and cadences of sociological prose, this is both an odd and a fascinating way to start such a book. As one reads further, the feeling of oddity vanishes and the fascination grows, for with a succession of vivid glimpses Mr. Miller fairly creates a season and a nation. His language is everywhere specific, arising from experience and appealing to the senses. One almost begins to feel the cold that ravages peasant faces with the scars of frostbite, that attacks the feet of anyone imprudent enough to stand and gossip on Moscow streets, that pursues the Russians indoors and glazes the woodwork of waiting rooms with the frozen breath of those who huddle there, awaiting permits, passes, allotments, or trains. After the icy rains of November, one rejoices with the author in the first snow, which lights up the Russian scene, and then one succumbs, with him, to the memory of other interminable winters, "a formless and inescapable burden, like the shawls of old age." In this first chapter, the people seem almost incidental, mere illustrations of the ancient power of the cold. One briefly glimpses ice fishermen on the Volga, who "patiently sit or lie, blue-black with cold, dangling a line through the hole they have forced with stakes and saws," or one observes that "far out on the aerodromes girls in shaggy ground-length coats keep their positions for hours at a time, flagging the planes in and out with their cheeks stung to a bright orange." Only occasionally do we find ourselves close enough for conversation, and then the speaker invariably proves to be "typical" or "representative" of nobody but himself. Mr. Miller, to the amusement of his more



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sophisticated Moscow acquaintances, pays a winter visit to the country, calling upon a Russian friend who pursues the dual professions of novelist and chairman of a collective farm. The hut is sealed against the winter air, and its interior is stifling, steaming, and still cold. His host is in bed for warmth, but rises to regale the visitor with tea and what amounts to a small feast. The national passion for prodigal hospitality, the author observes with mingled ruefulness and gratitude, is one of the nonpolitical reasons that a foreigner finds it difficult to discover what ordinary domestic life in Russia is really like. He tactfully broaches this question, and his host replies, in newly acquired English, to this effect:

> "In the winter," he said, "the peasant come and say 'Dmitri Ignatievitch, there is a fox who eat our hen. Take your gun and shot him.' And I take my gun and shot him. The peasant come and say, 'Dmitri Ignatievitch, there is a *wolf* who eat our *horse*. Take your gun and shot him.' And I take my gun and shot him. The peasant come and say, 'Dmitri Ignatievitch, there is a BEAR who eat our COW. Take your gun and shot him.' And I take my gun and shot him. But in the night, in winter, I like that very much. Then I am sitting, with one, two, three, four, six, eight, ten, twelve glass beer before me and I am *thinking, thinking, thinking!*"

As answers go, this one is decidedly roundabout. It would defy tabulation by the most dedicated social statistician, because the real burden of its meaning is carried by the immeasurable qualities of tone, of flavor, of spirit. It is not a factor but a detail, and it contributes to a rich, almost Dickensian jumble of living ingredients whose cumulative effect is a remarkably strong and vivid impression of the Russian winter.

Having artfully produced this impression, Mr. Miller turns and calmly takes it to pieces again, to discover its significance. Foreigners, he observes, are apt to make too much of the influence of the climate on Russian character, perhaps because the Russians themselves are obsessed by it. He points out that much of our American Middle West actually endures colder winters than does European Russia, and yet the Middle West does not enjoy a worldwide celebrity for cold. But the Middle West was settled by emigrants from countries more advanced than Russia, who had both the will and the means to dominate their climate. In historical Russia, by contrast, "the climate mattered *because of* Russian backwardness, and it encouraged habits of labor and of life which were bound to persist when the Bolsheviks began their assault upon the climate and upon the miserable, monotonous poverty

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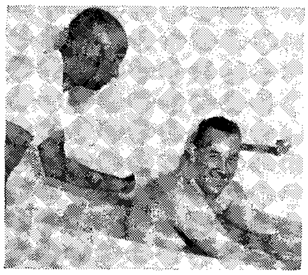

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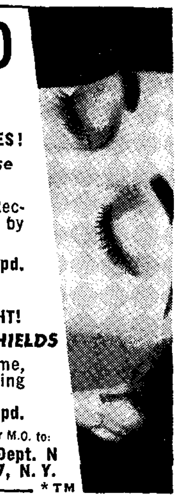

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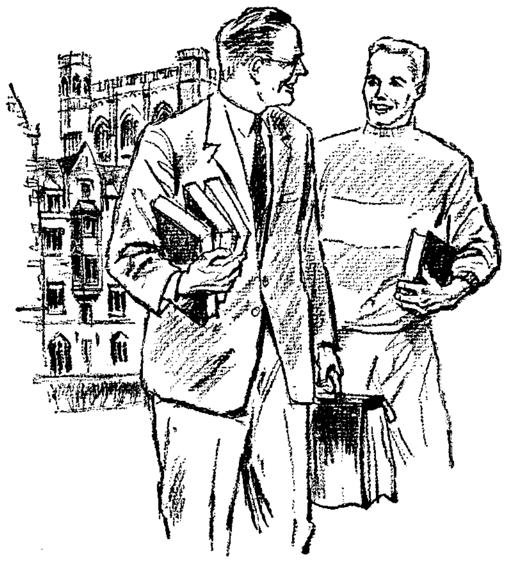
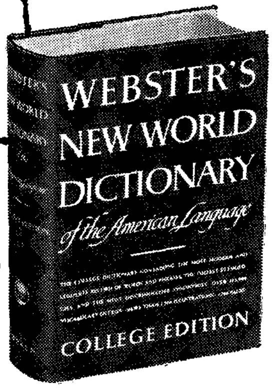
of the world of objects." Among the habits that derive at least in part from the ancient pattern of the seasons, Mr. Miller lists the tendency of the Russians to intersperse bouts of furious activity with periods of passive, plodding endurance. Despite the new tempo imposed by industrial life, he says, the country still has a long way to go in preparing adequately for the predictable emergencies of the seasons, and in building roads and bridges that will bear traffic throughout the year. Unusual conditions of any kind tend to revive the old methods, and students still try, in spite of admonitions, to "take their work by storm." This alternation of rhythm appears to be as typical of leisure as of labor among the Russians, and is revealed "in the preference, for example, which they have usually shown for luxury rather than comfort, for the occasional feast rather than a steady standard of living." The rigors of winter, the author suggests, have colored the whole Russian outlook. "Winter is a serious matter, and winter still helps to make life serious all through the Soviet year."

The foregoing brief scrutiny of a single chapter can give no real sense of the substance or the merit of the book, but it may give some notion of its method. To arrive at his ends, Mr. Miller relies not just upon a disciplined and inquisitive intelligence but upon a cultivated sensibility as well. Using the techniques of the literary artist, he aims first at giving an immediate, *intuitive* knowledge of the life he is dealing with, and it is from this living matrix that he then draws his conclusions. The consequence of this policy is that his conclusions, when they come, do not merely fall upon the surface of the mind with the brittle click of a "finding" but descend into the consciousness with a resonance. The virtues of this method become steadily more apparent as one progresses in the book. Every anecdote, every glimpse, it seems, reinforces every other, and one's sense of the Russian national character expands as does one's sense of the protagonist of a skillful novel. The conclusions themselves, moreover, appear to interlock and to bear one another up. The result is an unusual density of texture. One may take up the book anywhere and find oneself involved in the whole. It is by way of an aside that the author first mentions "that generous feeling of unlimited space which the Russians call *prostor*," and he illuminates the term with a mildly humorous story: "No *prostor* in the mountains," said the old priest who was sent to the Caucasus for his health. "You couldn't see a thing for the mountains!" The





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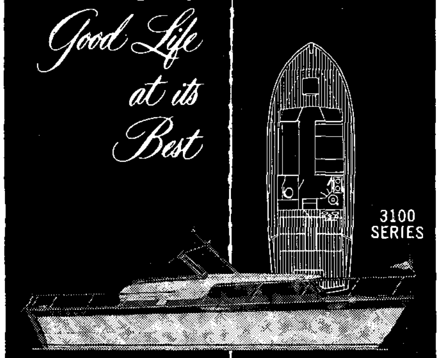

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concept is dropped for some pages, then reappears and is amplified in a description of the Russian steppe, which strikes the author as both breathtaking and monotonous, exhilarating in its suggestion of unlimited distances and dull in its nearer view, which lacks form or feature. The landscape finds a direct and rather depressing echo in the towns, whose buildings commonly are separated widely, in a setting of sheer meaningless space. At this point, the implications multiply and multiply again. One learns that whatever, architecturally speaking, is grand and permanent has always come from a central authority—the Czar, the Church, or the State—and whatever is cramped or ephemeral has always been the work of the individual. This knowledge, in its turn, reverberates in subsequent discussions of Russian social organization. The notion of spaciousness also introduces the vague but powerful sense of community among the Russians, which has stirred foreign observers to believe, according to their political convictions, that they are witnessing the new brotherhood of man or the old regimentation of tyranny, when actually they are witnessing something considerably unlike either. From this one is led, by natural degrees, to a consideration of Russians as individuals—their apparently incorrigible slapdashery, their tendency to concentrate upon targets and campaigns, to put first things first and the rest nowhere—and Russians in the mass, in which we make the suggestive discovery that the sacrament of confession, in the Russian Church, seems to aim at "the restoring of the penitent to the community rather than the cleansing of an individual erring soul." And from these considerations—but perhaps it is enough to say that one has merely to tug at seemingly the most negligible strand of thought in order to pull the whole book into one's lap. I can only suggest that the interested reader pull it into his own lap and read it. —DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER!, by Sean O'Faolain (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Mr. O'Faolain's highly individual short stories are concerned with the uneasily muted lives of some of the modern Irish, in Ireland and in other countries. In "One Night in Turin," we are introduced to an elderly Cork lawyer—a successful, well-to-do man who considers himself a seasoned citizen of the world—and we watch as his self-esteem is at first flattered and

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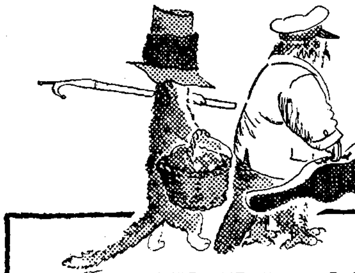

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then dented during his pursuit of a beautiful retired opera singer twenty years his junior. In the title story, an Irish girl who has emigrated to New York and made a fairly satisfactory marriage is disheartened during her visits home by her crippled sister's ruthless bouts of reminiscence. The writing is crisp and forthright, with an occasional shadow to emphasize, but never to darken, the subdued play of life which is constant in Mr. O'Faolain's work.

THE TRIAL OF CALLISTA BLAKE, by Edgar Pangborn (St. Martin's). Mr. Pangborn's writing is clear and even-tempered, but when he turns his full attention on his heroine, a singularly unattractive and loquacious nineteen-year-old who is accused of murdering her lover's wife, he becomes somewhat overwrought in his determination to prove that the accused girl is a saint, and not the monster she appears to be. What he does prove is that she is incapable of understanding and accepting the difficult terms that are imposed by ordinary life upon all human beings except infants and perhaps hermits, and for that reason his book succeeds as a powerful argument against capital punishment. The trial that makes the framework of the story takes place in a small city not very far from New York, and the year is 1959.

GENERAL

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL, by Queen Victoria, with an introduction by Raymond Mortimer (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). The Queen's own disarming, peculiarly entertaining prose, describing a pair of state visits. In 1855, Victoria's government thought the sovereign and her consort should meet Napoleon III and his consort, since their two countries were allied in the Crimean War. The Queen was reluctant to cement even political relations with a man she considered an adventurer, but, for the good of her people, she invited the Bonapartes to Windsor in April. She fell for them both, and returned their visit the following August. Her diary for these two occasions is delightful because it is so innocently—well, Victorian. The Queen's fascination with dress, her passion for protocol, her formidable self-importance, and her gullibility are quaintly enchanting.

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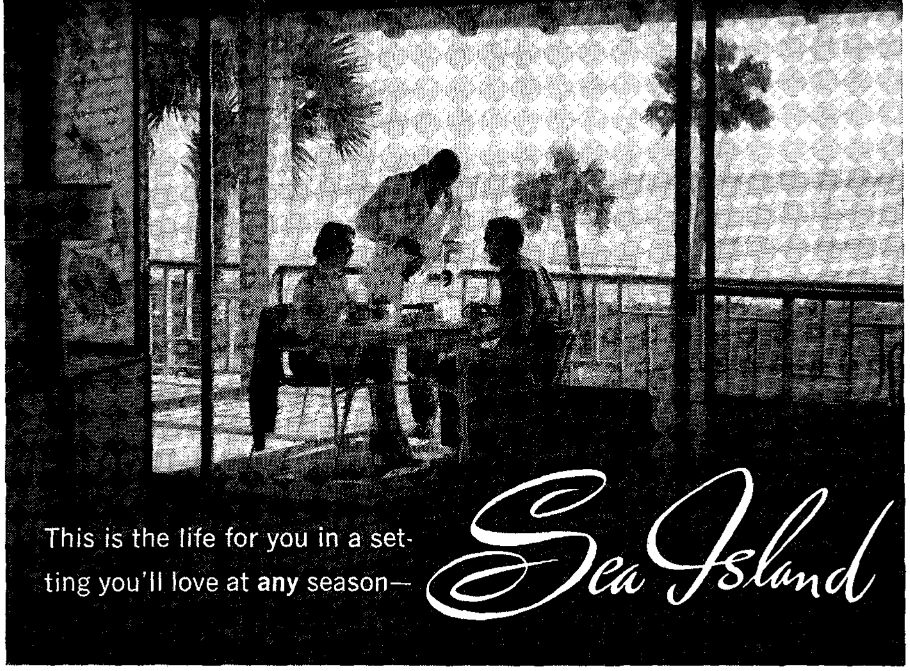

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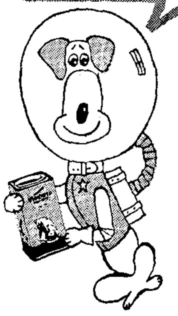

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GUIDE-POSTS

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precision by the man who commanded them. Viscount Slim realizes that his battlefront got less publicity than almost any other, so he carefully explains the landscape—tactical, strategic, and political—against which his men first suffered defeat and then returned to win an imposing victory. He stops his narrative occasionally to draw lessons from the mistakes—his own, as often as not. Even if infantry warfare is now obsolescent, Slim's lessons are valuable; they teach the leadership of men.

SCENES FROM THE BATHHOUSE, by Mikhail Zoshchenko, translated and with an introduction by Sidney Monas (University of Michigan Press). Zoshchenko, who died in 1958, was a Soviet satirist who became briefly famous in the West when he was singled out for bitter attack by Andrei Zhdanov in 1946. This collection of short, formless sketches is sometimes funny, in a coarse and savage fashion, but more often—particularly in the literary parodies—unexportable. The most interesting piece is a long autobiographical fragment, "Before the Sun Rises," in which Zoshchenko explores his own melancholia, using an odd combination of Freudian and Pavlovian psychology.

THE STRANGE LIFE OF OBJECTS, by Maurice Rheims, translated from the French by David Pryce-Jones (Atheneum). A yarn-spinning discussion of the art-and-antiques market, past and present, by one of France's leading art-and-antiques auctioneers. M. Rheims is learned but not a bit academic; his eye for objects is commercial, knowledgeable, and affectionate. He knows the price of everything and has strong opinions about the value of many things. And he writes with a self-confident expansiveness that is entirely warranted.

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AN AMERICAN SABBATH

[*Betty Allen in the Portland* (*Ore.*) *Oregon Journal*]

Sign of the times? Claude and Charlotte Davies have invited 150 of their former Windermere neighbors in Seattle to a "hangover breakfast" Sunday, following the Oregon-Washington football game Saturday. Their teen-age sons, Tom and Dick, dressed as orderlies, will meet the guests at their cars and take them into the house on stretchers or in wheel chairs. Inside, blood plasma (in the form of Bloody Marys) will be dispensed and the Davies' daughter, Anne, in a nurse's uniform, will supply aspirins and seltzer. Invitations are in the form of prescription blanks, closing with an "RXvp."

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FRENCH
Good Seasons

New ideas for Old Fashion French Dressings no one can buy

. . . recipes with this favorite GOOD SEASONS MIX

Good Seasons Old Fashion French Dressing. Subtly flavored with herbs and spices, this is the kind of oil-and-vinegar dressing mixed by master chefs. Light, fresh—truly continental. Takes just seconds to mix. Easy directions are on the Good Seasons envelope. You combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. The water, or a substitute liquid, makes the blend smoother. You can use many substitutes—see recipes below for suggestions.

French Cottage Cheese Dressing. Prepare the Good Seasons Dressing but substitute two tablespoons of cottage cheese for the water. This makes the herb-spice flavor a little brighter. And the flecks of cottage cheese add a creamy contrast—nice touch in tossed salads.

Rum-Nut French Dressing. Just use light rum instead of the water in the dressing. Final touch: 2 tablespoons of chopped nuts. Delightful on all fruit salads. Or in one of mixed greens, slices of avocado and apple. This is *one* salad with fruit that men really like.

Sesame Seed French Dressing. Add two tablespoons of toasted sesame seeds to your Old Fashion French Dressing. Adds a crisp and nut-like taste to perk up all green salads. Especially fine in spinach salads.

Get the new Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 8 Mixes: Italian, Classic, Cheese-Garlic, Onion, Bleu Cheese, Exotic Herbs, Garlic, Old Fashion French.

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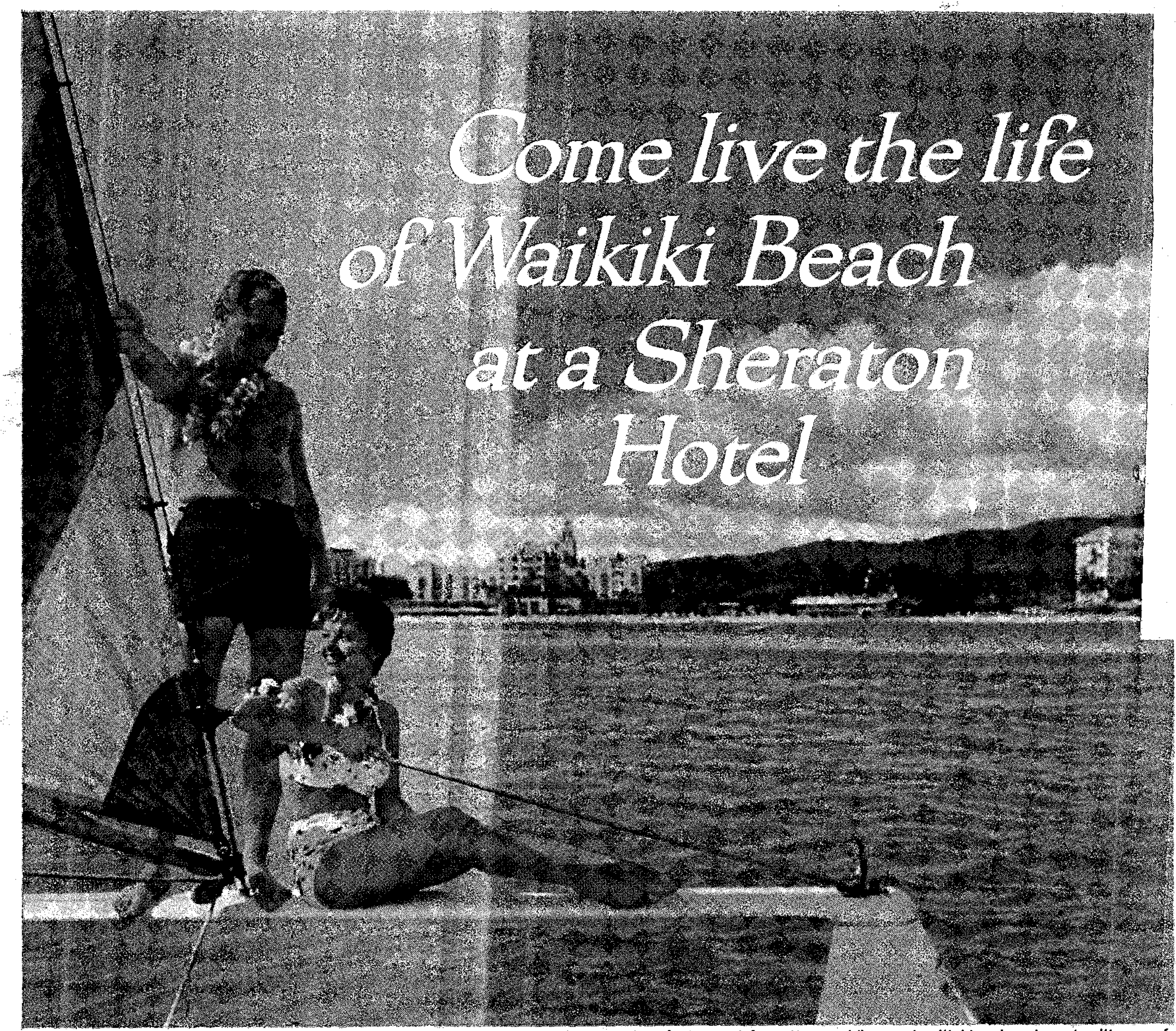

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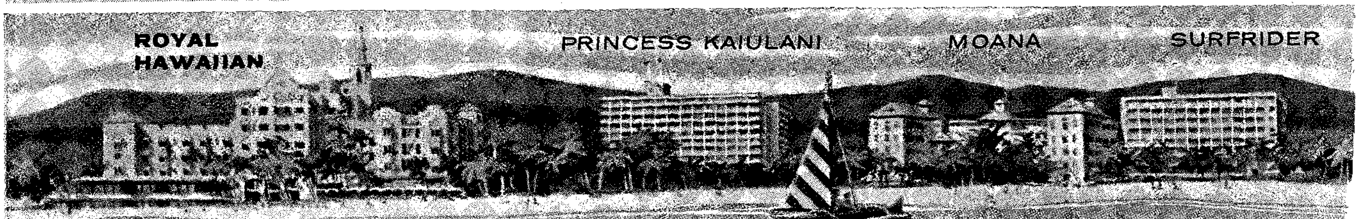

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII

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